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Kindergarten

INTERACTIVE
Read-Aloud
ANTHOLOGY WITH PLAYS



Macmillan/McGraw-Hill

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Printed in the United States of America

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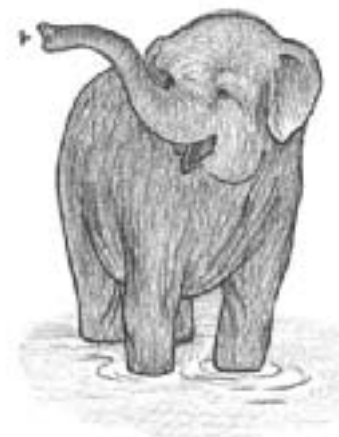
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INTERACTIVE *Read-Aloud* ANTHOLOGY with PLAYS

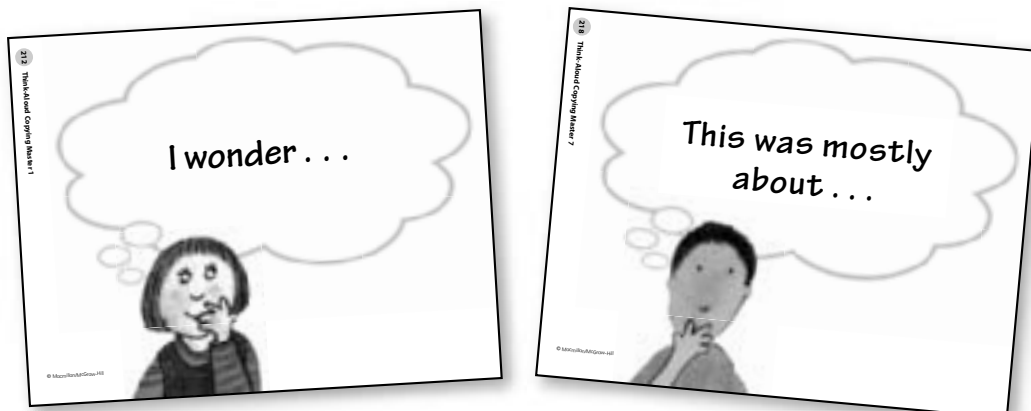
~~~~~ Developing Listening Comprehension ~~~~~

Read Alouds help to build children's listening comprehension. This anthology offers selections from a variety of genres, including fiction, folktales, legends, and fables to share with children. Instruction is provided with each selection to develop specific **comprehension strategies**. Children are asked to **set a purpose for listening**, as well as to **determine the author's purpose** for writing. Using the instruction provided, each Read Aloud becomes an enjoyable, purposeful learning experience.

~~~~~ What Makes a Read Aloud Interactive? ~~~~~

With each selection, **Teacher Think Alouds** are provided to help you model the use of comprehension strategies during reading. Using Think Alouds allows children to listen and to observe how a good reader uses strategies to get meaning from text. After reading, children are given the opportunity to apply the comprehension strategy. Children are asked to "think aloud" as they apply the strategy. By listening to a **student Think Aloud** you can determine if the child is applying the comprehension strategy appropriately and with understanding.

Think-Aloud Copying Masters included in the Read-Aloud Anthology provide sentence starters to help children "think aloud" about a strategy.



You Are Beautiful as You Are

an Aesop fable
retold by Heather Forest

Genre: Fable

Comprehension Strategy: Listening Comprehension

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: A fable is a short story that teaches a lesson. Some fables state the lesson directly. Other fables leave readers to figure out the lesson for themselves.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

admire: respect

strutted: walked in a proud way

imitate: copy

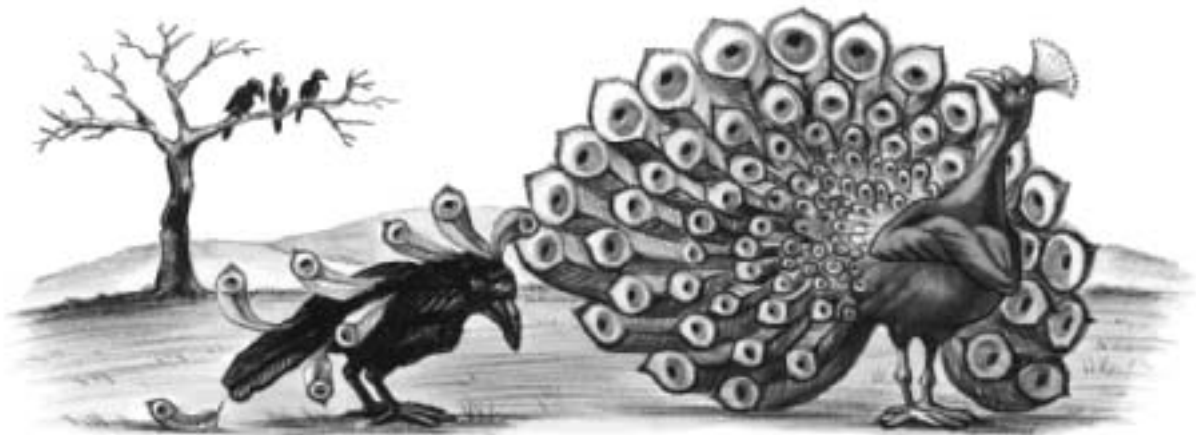
bruised: hurt

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to the fable and ask what happens to the crow when he tries to be like a peacock.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



You Are Beautiful as You Are

an Aesop fable

retold by Heather Forest

Genre Study

Fable: Fables usually have animal characters that talk and act as people do.

Think Aloud

¹How silly Crow must look with all those peacock feathers stuck into him. I think he shows how foolish he is by wanting to be something he is not.

Think Aloud

²I wonder what it means when the author says "no one wanted his company!" The next sentence says that he sat alone. So I think the author meant that none of the other crows wanted to be with him.

There was once a crow who did not like his feathers. "I wish I were a peacock!" he would say. "You are beautiful as you are!" the other crows insisted. "How plain and dull you seem to me!" he'd complain, and fly off to admire peacocks.

The peacocks strutted about with their colorful tailfeathers outstretched. To the delight of the crow, some of the peacock feathers lay on the ground when the peacocks left.

Crow flew down to the ground and stuck the feathers into his wings and tail. He attached a few sticking up from his head.¹

"Now I am as beautiful as a peacock," he said.

But when he went to join them in their strutting, the peacocks poked and pecked him. What a fuss!

"You are not a peacock," they said. "Don't imitate us!"

Bruised and still dragging some broken peacock feathers in his tail, he returned home.

After all his insults, no one wanted his company!²

As he sat alone, the other crows said, "It's foolish to try and be what you're not. Learn to love the feathers you've got!"





After Reading

Retell the Story: Invite children to retell the fable by acting it out. Have children take turns playing the parts of the peacocks, the crows, and the crow who wanted to be a peacock.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share a question they have about the fable.

“I wonder . . .”

Cultural Perspective

The peacock is the national bird of India. Some people in India believe that whenever the peacock spreads its tail in a decorative way, it is a sign that it is going to rain.

Think and Respond

1. Why did the crow want to be a peacock? *Possible responses: He thought that peacocks were more beautiful than crows. He wanted to look like a peacock.*
Analytical
2. How are the animals in this fable like people? *Possible response: They talk and act as people do. They have feelings similar to those of people.* **Genre**
3. What lesson did the author want you to learn? *Possible response: to be yourself and be happy with who you are* **Author's Purpose**



The Gingerbread Boy

a folktale

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Listening Comprehension

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 4



Before Reading

Genre: Folktales started long ago as stories that people told each other. Like other folktales, there are many versions of this story.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

woods: forest

chuckled: laughed

sly: sneaky

Set a Purpose for Reading: Invite children to listen to find out what happens to the gingerbread boy.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

The Gingerbread Boy

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a little old man with his little old wife in a little old house in the woods. They were very happy, but they had no children and they did want a little boy of their own.

One morning when the little old woman was baking gingerbread she chuckled to herself and said, "I'll make my little old man a gingerbread boy."

So she took a piece of spicy dough, and she rolled it out smooth, and she cut it out in the shape of a fine gingerbread boy. She gave him raisins for eyes, and a wide smiling mouth, and down the front of his jacket she put a row of currant buttons. Then, with a little pat, she popped him into the hot oven.

When she thought the gingerbread boy should be baked clean through, the little old woman, still chuckling to herself, opened the door to peek in. But before she had time to put a finger on him, the gingerbread boy hopped right out of the oven, skipped through the kitchen door, and ran down the path to the woods.

The little old woman ran after him, calling, "Come back, come back!"

But the gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man."¹

He was right. The little old woman could not catch him. The little old man saw the gingerbread boy run past with the little old woman after him.

"Come back, come back!" he called.

But the gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman.
And I can run away from you, too.
I can, I can."

Genre Study

Folktales: Many folktales start with the words "Once upon a time ..."

Think Aloud

¹ I think that the gingerbread boy thinks he's very special. He thinks he is very fast. I can tell this by the words that he chants.

Think Aloud

²I notice that each time the gingerbread boy runs away, he sings his little song and adds the names of the people who have chased him. I wonder if the bunny will chase him next.

Then into the woods he dashed.

A plump bunny nibbling greens at the edge of the woods looked up as the gingerbread man ran past, and his bunny nose quivered hungrily.

"Come back, come back," he called.

But the gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And the little old man
And I can run away from you, too.
I can, I can."²

The bunny hopped along as fast as he could, but he could not catch him either, so the gingerbread boy ran on deeper into the woods.

A fuzzy bear cub sniffing for honey looked up as he passed, and his little red tongue flipped out hungrily.

"Come back, come back," he called.

But the gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,
I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And the little old man
And the bunny
And I can run away from you, too.
I can, I can."

The bear cub scrambled along as fast as he could, but he could not catch him. So the gingerbread boy ran on into the deep woods.

A fox peeked out of hiding as he passed, and his sharp eyes shone hungrily.

"Watch out, gingerbread boy," he called.

The gingerbread boy only laughed and cried out:

"Run, run as fast as you can,
You can't catch me,

I'm the gingerbread man.
I've run away from the little old woman
And the little old man
And the bunny
And the bear cub
And I can run away from you, too.
I can, I can."

But the fox did not run after him.

He just said sweetly, "I don't want to catch you, gingerbread boy. But there is a river just ahead, and I will give you a ride across on my tail if you like, so that the little old woman and the little old man and the plump bunny and the fuzzy bear cub will not be able to catch you."

The gingerbread boy looked at the river ahead. He looked at the woods behind. Then he looked at the fox.

"Kind fox, since your tail is so far from your mouth I will accept the ride," he decided.

So he hopped onto the fox's tail and the fox started across the river. As the water grew deeper he called to the gingerbread boy: "Hop on my back or you will get wet."

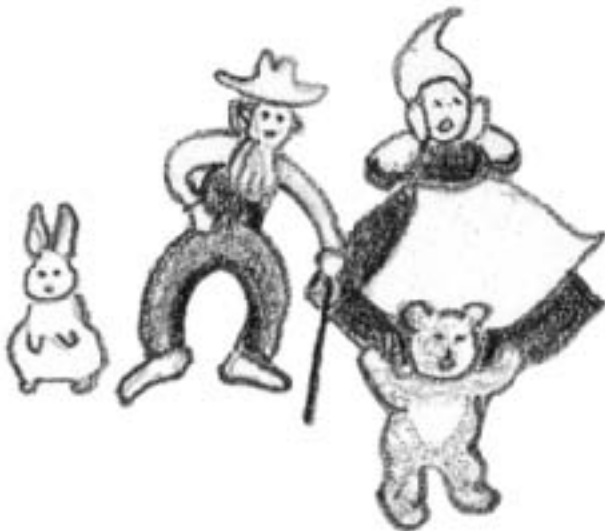
So the gingerbread boy hopped up onto the fox's back, and on they went. Then the water got still deeper and the fox called out, "Hop up on my head or you will get wet."

So the gingerbread boy hopped up onto the fox's head. Suddenly the sly fox flipped his head and opened his mouth and in popped the gingerbread boy.³

And that was the end of that gingerbread boy.

Think Aloud

³I figured out the fox was going to play a trick on the gingerbread boy because the author told me the fox was sly, or sneaky.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children draw a picture that shows the ending of the story. Have them use their pictures to retell the story.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 4 to prompt children to share something that they noticed about the gingerbread boy.

"I figured
out _____
because ..."

Cultural Perspective

Gingerbread has been baked in Europe for hundreds of years. In some places, it was a soft spiced cake; in others, it was a flat cookie. It was almost always cut into shapes, such as men, women, or animals. Some children may not have tasted gingerbread. If possible, bring in some for them to taste.

Think and Respond

1. Do you think the old man and woman were sad that the gingerbread boy was eaten? *Possible response: No, because the gingerbread boy ran away and laughed at them.* **Analytical**
2. What other folktales have you heard in which a fox or wolf is sneaky, or sly? How are the tales alike/different? *You may wish to prompt students by suggesting such tales as *The Three Little Pigs* and *Little Red Riding Hood*. The fox/wolf is always hungry; he wants to eat another character.* **Genre**
3. What do you think the author wants to teach you with this story? *Possible response: People should not brag because they might not be as good as they think.* **Author's Purpose**

THE CLEVER TURTLE

a folktale
retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Listening Comprehension

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 4



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story that has been told and retold for many years. Like other folktales, there are other versions of this story from different countries and different cultures. This folktale originated in Brazil.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce these words before reading the folktale:

clever: smart

angry: mad

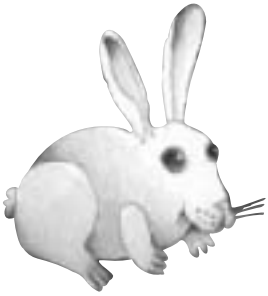
Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen for details that show that the turtle is clever.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.





Think Aloud

¹ I wonder what the word hoe means. The sentence says that the father picked up the hoe and went to work in the garden, so I think a hoe must be a type of gardening tool.

THE CLEVER TURTLE

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

WHEET-WEEDLE-WHOO, wheet-weedle-who, wheet-wheet-wheet-who. Every day, Turtle sat by the Amazon River and played her flute. All the birds and animals loved to listen to her play.

One day, a man walking through the forest heard her beautiful music. Wheet-weedle-who, wheet-weedle-who, wheet-wheet-wheet-who.

He stopped to listen. When he saw that a turtle was playing the flute, he thought about dinner.

"Turtle soup would be a treat tonight," he thought.

So he picked Turtle up and carried her home.

He put Turtle into a cage made of branches and closed the lid.

"Don't let the turtle out of the cage," he said to his children.

"Tonight we will have turtle soup."

Then the father picked up his hoe and went to work in the garden.¹ The children played in the yard.

Turtle did not want to be made into soup. She started to play her flute. Wheet-weedle-who, wheet-weedle-who, wheet-wheet-wheet-who. The children stopped their game and listened.

"Turtle is playing the flute!" they shouted.

"I can dance as well as play," called Turtle. "I can even play and dance at the same time. If you open the lid you can watch me."

The children opened the lid, and Turtle started to dance. Wheet-weedle-who. Crash bam. Wheet-weedle-who. Crash bam. Turtle's shell banged against the sides of the cage as she danced.

The children laughed and clapped.

Turtle danced for a while, then she stopped.

"I am stiff from dancing in this little cage," she said. "I need to stretch my legs. Let me go for a short walk. Then I can dance some more for you."

The children wanted to see Turtle dance again. They lifted Turtle out of the cage.²

"Don't go far," they said.

Turtle walked around and around the yard. She walked closer and closer to the forest. Then she crawled under some leaves and disappeared.

The children looked and looked for Turtle.

"Turtle! Turtle!" they called.

But there was no answer.

"Father will be angry," they said. "What can we do now?"

The children found a big, smooth stone and painted it to look like a turtle. Then they put the painted stone in Turtle's cage.

"It is dark in the cage," they said. "Father will think that the turtle is still in there."

When the father came home, he lit a fire and put some water in a pot.

"Bring me the turtle," he said.

The children brought the painted stone and threw it into the pot. CRASH!

"The shell is hard," said the father. "But the meat will be soft when it is cooked."

After some time, the father decided the soup must be ready. He spooned the painted stone out of the pot. The stone fell onto his dish and broke it.

The father looked at the silent children.

"You let the turtle go," he said. "Now we have nothing to eat tonight. But tomorrow is another day. In the morning I will try to find the turtle."

The next day the father walked into the forest. He looked and looked for Turtle. Then he got tired and went home. Do you think he ever found Turtle again?

Think Aloud

²I figured out that Turtle is clever because she got the children's attention by playing the flute. Then she tricked them into opening the lid of the box. Finally, she got them to let her out of the box.



Genre Study

Folktale: A folktale often has a lesson, or moral. In this case it is not stated in the story.



After Reading

Retell the Story: Invite children to draw three pictures: one that shows what happened at the beginning of the story, one for the middle, and one for the end.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 4 to prompt children to share how they know that Turtle is clever.

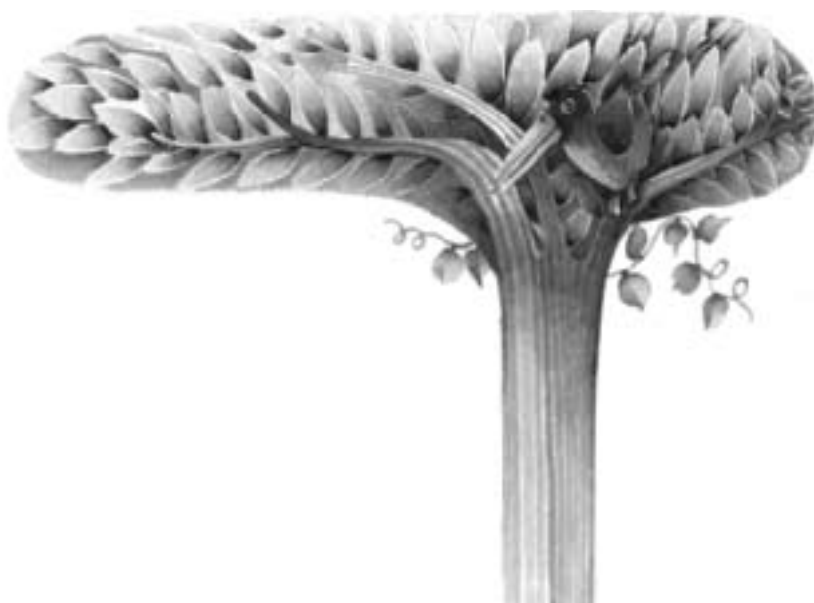
"I figured
out _____
because ..."

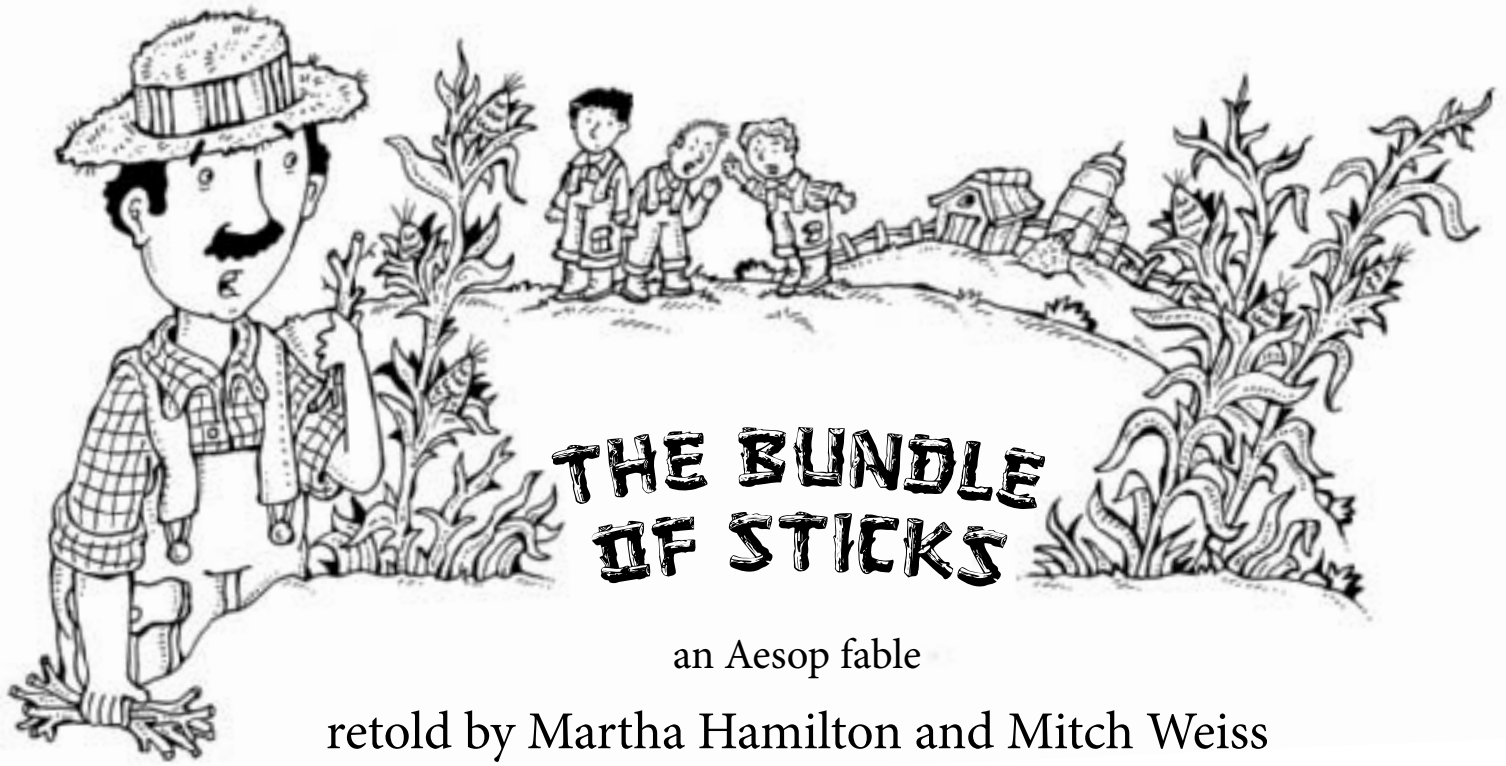
Cultural Perspective

To help children appreciate the Brazilian culture, have them make turtle masks for a carnival celebration.

Think and Respond

1. Do you think the father ever found the turtle again? *Possible response: No, because Turtle is too clever; she will hide from the father.* **Analytical**
2. Folktales often have animals in them that act like real people. How is the turtle like a real person? *Possible response: She talks and plays the flute. She is very clever.* **Genre**
3. What do you think the author wants to teach you with this story? *Possible response: Being clever can get you out of sticky situations.* **Author's Purpose**





Genre: Fable

Comprehension Strategy: Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: A fable is a short story that teaches a moral, or lesson. Often the main character has a problem to solve.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

bundle: a bunch

argue: fight or disagree

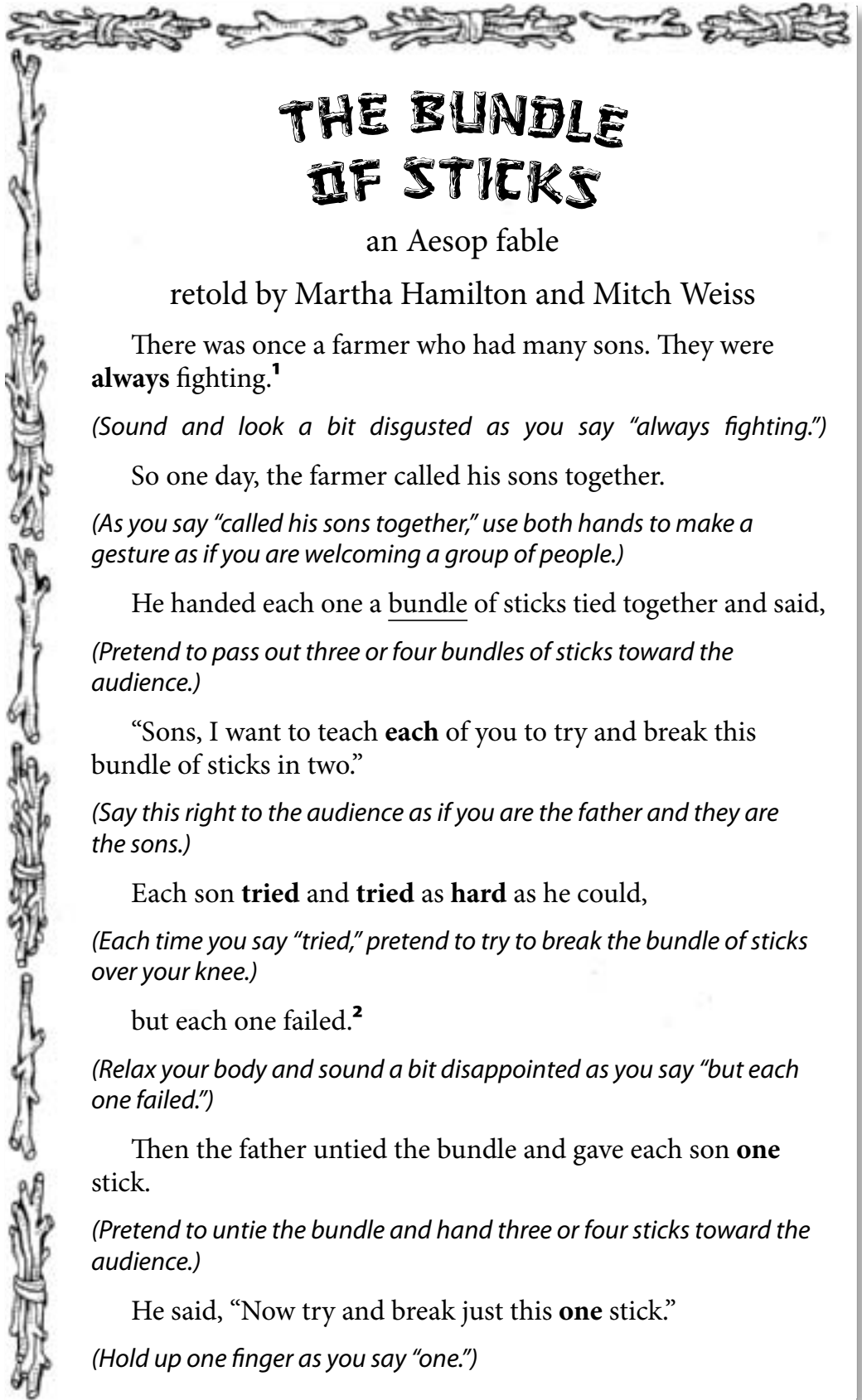
strength: feeling or sense of being strong

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to the fable to find out the farmer's problem and how he solves it.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

an Aesop fable

retold by Martha Hamilton and Mitch Weiss

There was once a farmer who had many sons. They were **always** fighting.¹

(Sound and look a bit disgusted as you say "always fighting.")

So one day, the farmer called his sons together.

(As you say "called his sons together," use both hands to make a gesture as if you are welcoming a group of people.)

He handed each one a bundle of sticks tied together and said,

(Pretend to pass out three or four bundles of sticks toward the audience.)

"Sons, I want to teach **each** of you to try and break this bundle of sticks in two."

(Say this right to the audience as if you are the father and they are the sons.)

Each son **tried** and **tried** as **hard** as he could,

(Each time you say "tried," pretend to try to break the bundle of sticks over your knee.)

but each one failed.²

(Relax your body and sound a bit disappointed as you say "but each one failed.")

Then the father untied the bundle and gave each son **one** stick.

(Pretend to untie the bundle and hand three or four sticks toward the audience.)

He said, "Now try and break just this **one** stick."

(Hold up one finger as you say "one.")

Think Aloud

¹ I figured out the farmer has a problem because his sons are always fighting. I wonder how he will solve his problem.



Think Aloud

² This reminds me of when I tried to cut a stack of paper with scissors. It was hard to do, so I separated the stack and cut just a few papers at a time.

Each son **tried** and each one **broke** his stick **easily**.

(Pretend to break the single stick across your knee as you say "Each son tried." Then hold out both hands and have a look on your face to show that it was a cinch as you say "broke his stick easily.")

"My sons," said the father, "if you work together you will be as **strong** as that bundle of sticks."

(Say this right to the audience as if you are the father speaking directly to the sons.)

(Gesture with both hands as if you are holding a bundle of sticks.)

"**But** if you argue, you will be as **weak** as that single stick."³

(Hold up one finger as you say "single stick.")

The moral of my story is: Working together brings strength.

(Say the ending slowly and firmly, and then take a bow.)

Think Aloud

³ I wonder if the sons will listen to their father and try to work together. That would solve his problem.

Genre Study

Fable: Most fables have a moral. In this case, the moral is clearly stated at the end of the story.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Invite children to retell the story to classmates. Encourage them to use gestures and change their voices for the characters as they tell the story.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share something they might have had questions about in the story.

“I wonder . . .”

Cultural Perspective

This fable was first told long ago in Greece by a slave named Aesop. Greek farmers have a difficult time growing their crops. The soil is rocky and the farmers work hard to grow wheat, olives, grapes, and corn. Like many farm families around the world, Greek farm families work together to grow their crops.

Think and Respond

1. Why do you think the father used the sticks instead of just telling his sons that working together brings strength? *Possible response: The sticks were an example that the boys could see and experience rather than just being told.* **Analytical**
2. Many fables have animals as the main characters. Who are the characters in this fable? *Possible response: a farmer and several sons* **Genre**
3. What do the authors want to teach you in this story? *Possible response: People working together are stronger than people working alone.* **Author's Purpose**

The Squeaky Old Bed

a folktale

by Barbara Baumgartner

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 3



Before Reading

Genre: Tell children that a folktale is a story that has been told and retold for many, many years. This particular folktale is from Puerto Rico.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce these words before reading:

squeaky: a high-pitched noise

grumbled: complained in a low voice

Set a Purpose for Reading: Invite children to listen for the important events that make up the story. Tell them to listen for a pattern.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



The Squeaky Old Bed

by Barbara Baumgartner

Think Aloud

¹I was able to picture in my mind the boy playing under the bed because underneath my bed it looks dark like a cave, too.



Think Aloud

²I notice that the author repeats the person or animal sounds each time an animal is added to the story. That helps me remember all the animals and people.

Think Aloud

³I see a pattern here. The grandpa went out to buy a pig. I wonder if he will buy even more animals.

Long ago in Puerto Rico, there lived a grandma and a grandpa who were raising their little grandson. Now, the little boy liked to play under the bed. It made a wonderful hiding place, and he could pretend that he was in a secret cave.¹

But when the bed squeaked, the little boy was scared, so he cried, "Boo-hoo!"

Then his grandma said, "Don't cry, little boy. That's only the sound of this squeaky old bed."

One day the grandpa went to the market and got a dog for the little boy. Every day the dog played under the bed with the little boy.

But when the bed squeaked, the dog barked, "Ruff, ruff!"

And the little boy cried, "Boo-hoo!"

Then the grandma said, "Don't bark, little dog. Don't cry, little boy. That's only the sound of this squeaky old bed."

One day the grandpa went to the market and got a cat for the little boy. Every day the cat played under the bed with the dog and the little boy.

But when the bed squeaked, the cat said, "Meow, meow!"

The dog barked, "Ruff, ruff!"

And the little boy cried, "Boo-hoo!"²

Then the grandma said, "Don't meow, little cat. Don't bark, little dog. Don't cry, little boy. That's only the sound of this squeaky old bed."

One day the grandpa went to the market and got a mouse for the little boy. Every day the mouse played under the bed with the cat, the dog, and the little boy.

But when the bed squeaked, the mouse said, "Squeak, squeak!"

The cat said, "Meow, meow!"

The dog barked, "Ruff, ruff!"

And the little boy cried, "Boo-hoo!"

Then the grandma said, "Don't squeak, little mouse. Don't meow, little cat." Don't bark, little dog. Don't cry, little boy. That's only the sound of this squeaky old bed."

One day the grandpa went to the market and got a pig for the little boy. Every day the pig played under the bed with the mouse, the cat, the dog, and the little boy.³

But when the bed squeaked, the pig said, "Oink, oink!"

The mouse said, "Squeak, squeak!"

The cat said, "Meow, meow!"

The dog barked, "Ruff, ruff!"

And the little boy cried, "Boo-hoo!"

Then the grandma said, "Don't grunt, little pig. Don't squeak, little mouse. Don't meow, little cat. Don't bark, little dog. Don't cry, little boy. That's only the sound of this squeaky old bed."

One day the grandpa decided to take a nap on the bed. But when he lay down, the bed squeaked.

Then grandpa grumbled, "Ah, me!"

The pig said, "Oink, oink!"

The mouse said, "Squeak, squeak!"

The cat said, "Meow, meow!"

The dog said, "Ruff, ruff!"

And the little boy cried, "Boo-hoo!"

Then the grandma said, "Don't grumble, old man. Don't grunt, little pig. Don't squeak, little mouse. Don't meow, little cat. Don't bark, little dog. Don't cry, little boy. That's only the sound of this squeaky old bed."

Just then the bed broke. The old man fell off. The little pig ran away. The little mouse ran away. The little cat ran away. The little dog ran away. The little boy wasn't hurt, because the bed didn't fall on him. And the grandma just laughed and laughed and laughed.

Genre Study

Folktale: Some folktales are cumulative tales; characters or actions are added to them to make a pattern. There is very little plot, but much repetition and rhythm.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children act out the story. Assign the roles of the grandma, grandpa, boy, dog, cat, mouse, and pig.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 3 to prompt children to share the pictures they have in their minds of the final scene.

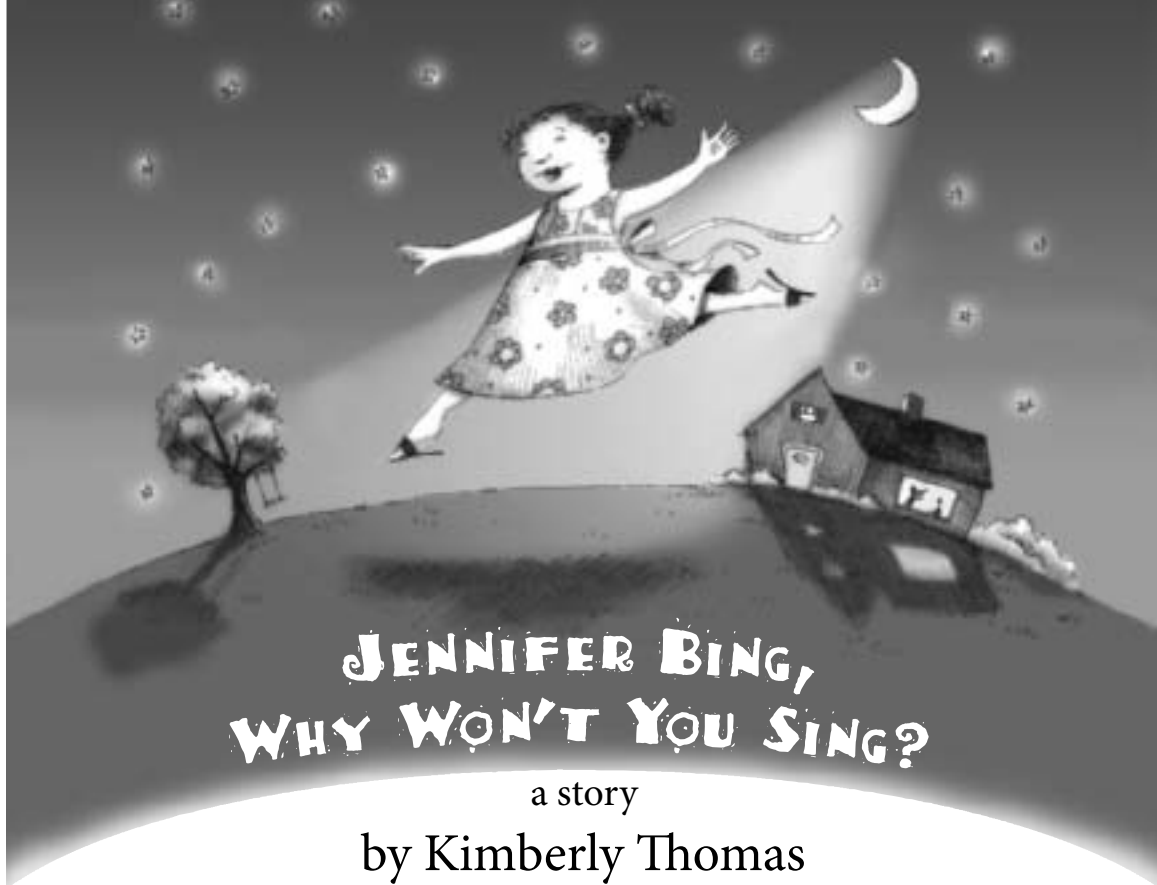
"I was able to picture in my mind . . ."

Cultural Perspective

In Puerto Rico, people may speak English or Spanish. "Grandmother" in Spanish is *abuela* and "grandfather" is *abuelo*.

Think and Respond

1. What caused the bed to break? *Possible response: The grandpa's weight probably caused the old bed to break.* **Inferential**
2. How is this folktale like other folktales you know? (Point to "The Gingerbread Boy" as an example.) *Possible response: They have parts that repeat over and over throughout the story.* **Genre**
3. Why do you think the author wrote this story? *Possible response: to pass along the folktale to others* **Author's Purpose**



Genre: Fiction

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 6



Before Reading

Genre: Tell children that a story tells about something that did not really happen. A story has a setting, where it takes place, and a plot, or events. The people, animals, or things in the story are the characters.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

musical: sounding pleasant, relating to music

talented: having natural abilities or talents

dance: to move the feet and body to music

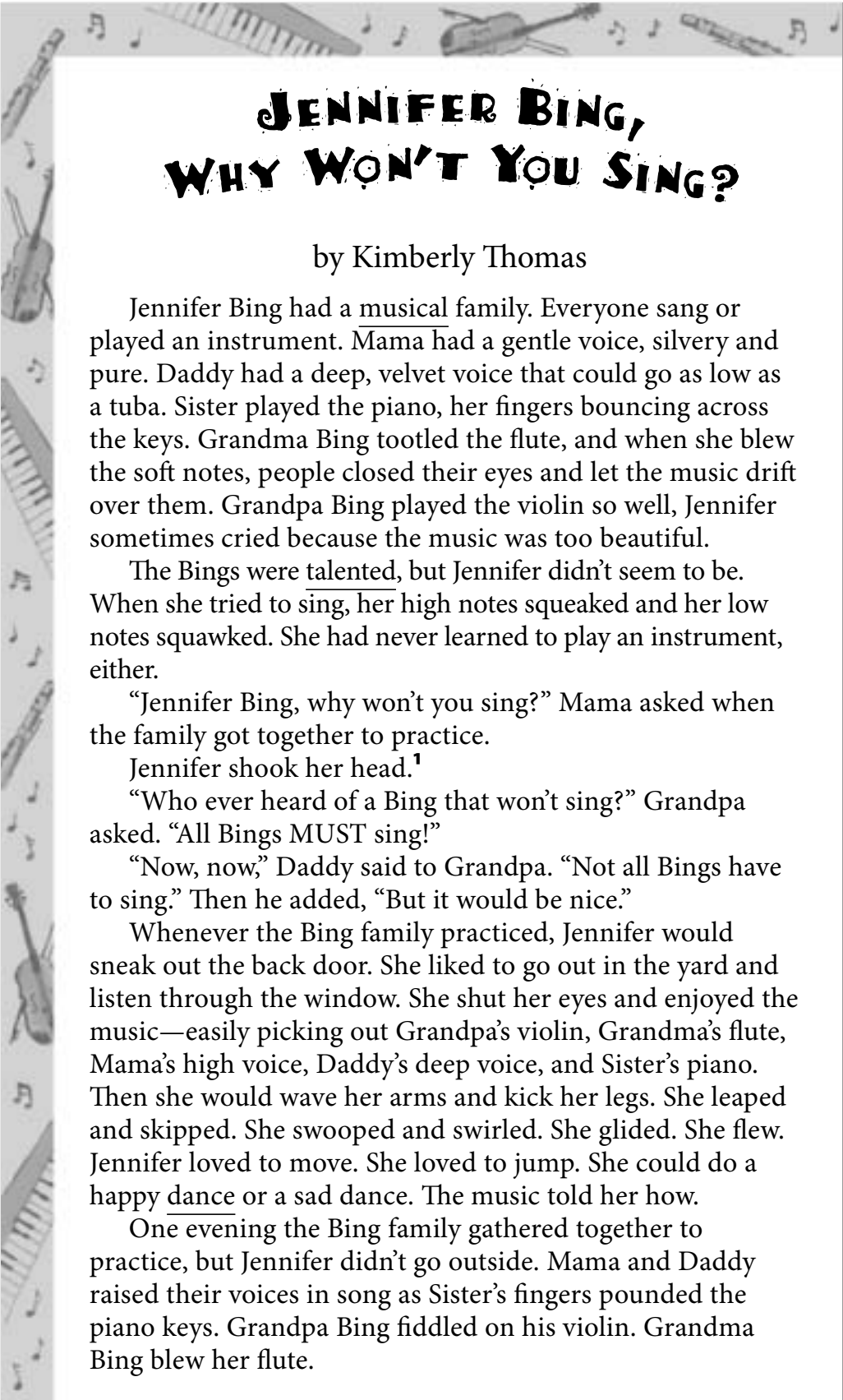
graceful: elegant and beautiful

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out the girl's problem in the story.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



JENNIFER BING, WHY WON'T YOU SING?

by Kimberly Thomas

Jennifer Bing had a musical family. Everyone sang or played an instrument. Mama had a gentle voice, silvery and pure. Daddy had a deep, velvet voice that could go as low as a tuba. Sister played the piano, her fingers bouncing across the keys. Grandma Bing tootled the flute, and when she blew the soft notes, people closed their eyes and let the music drift over them. Grandpa Bing played the violin so well, Jennifer sometimes cried because the music was too beautiful.

The Bings were talented, but Jennifer didn't seem to be. When she tried to sing, her high notes squeaked and her low notes squawked. She had never learned to play an instrument, either.

"Jennifer Bing, why won't you sing?" Mama asked when the family got together to practice.

Jennifer shook her head.¹

"Who ever heard of a Bing that won't sing?" Grandpa asked. "All Bings MUST sing!"

"Now, now," Daddy said to Grandpa. "Not all Bings have to sing." Then he added, "But it would be nice."

Whenever the Bing family practiced, Jennifer would sneak out the back door. She liked to go out in the yard and listen through the window. She shut her eyes and enjoyed the music—easily picking out Grandpa's violin, Grandma's flute, Mama's high voice, Daddy's deep voice, and Sister's piano. Then she would wave her arms and kick her legs. She leaped and skipped. She swooped and swirled. She glided. She flew. Jennifer loved to move. She loved to jump. She could do a happy dance or a sad dance. The music told her how.

One evening the Bing family gathered together to practice, but Jennifer didn't go outside. Mama and Daddy raised their voices in song as Sister's fingers pounded the piano keys. Grandpa Bing fiddled on his violin. Grandma Bing blew her flute.

Think Aloud

¹I can relate to Jennifer because there was a time when people wanted me to dance, but I did not want to because I did not think I was a good dancer.

And suddenly Jennifer flew across the floor. She skipped! She leaped! She shuffled and spun! And she didn't stop until the music stopped. Then she looked at the startled faces around her.

"Jennifer Bing!" Mama said. "Who taught you to dance?"

"Nobody taught me, Mama," Jennifer said. "The music tells me how."

Grandpa patted her on the head. "Such a talented Bing," he said.

"Such a graceful Bing," Grandma said.

"Such a musical Bing," Daddy said.

"Such a singing Bing!" Sister said.²

And Jennifer Bing was very happy, because she could sing after all. Not with her voice. Not with a musical instrument. No! She sang with her whole body, and she liked her own singing best of all.



Genre Study

Fiction: Some stories have a problem in them that a character has to solve.

Think Aloud

²I thought the things the characters said were important in this story because they show how family members feel about each other. I can see that Jennifer's family is proud of her because she found her own way to be musical.



After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children draw a picture of Jennifer Bing's dance. Then have them use their pictures to help retell the story.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 6 to prompt children to share what they observed from the story.

"I thought _____
was important
because . . ."

Cultural Perspective

Music and dance exist in almost every culture. Here are some kinds of music and dance and where they originated:

jazz—America

samba—Brazil

polka—Czechoslovakia

waltz—Austria

merengue—Dominican Republic

tango—Spain

Have children listen to some cultural music and dance or move creatively to it.

Think and Respond

1. Why didn't Jennifer sing like the rest of her family? *Possible response: She did not sing well and did not feel that she should join in with the others.* **Analytical**
2. What is the setting, or where does the story take place? *Possible response: The story takes place at Jennifer's home.* **Genre**
3. What do you think was the author's reason for writing this story? *Possible response: to show children that not everyone is good at everything and to encourage readers to try new things until they find something they like to do*
Author's Purpose

The City Mouse and the Country Mouse

an Aesop fable

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Fable

Comprehension Strategy: Ask Questions

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a fable is a short story that teaches a lesson. It often has animal characters that talk and act like people. Invite children to recall fables they have read or heard before, such as “You Are Beautiful as You Are” and “The Bundle of Sticks.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

feasted: ate well

stored: put something away neatly

ashamed: embarrassed

cautiously: carefully

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to the story to find out what happens to the country mouse when she goes to the city.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. The note about the genre may be used during subsequent readings.





The City Mouse and the Country Mouse

an Aesop fable

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre Study

Fable: Fables use animal characters that talk and act like people. In this story, the main characters are mice.

Think Aloud

¹ *I wonder why the City Mouse says what she does to the Country Mouse about the food she eats. I wouldn't say that because I wouldn't want to hurt the Country Mouse's feelings.*

There was once a happy little Country Mouse, who lived in a big wheat field. In the summer she feasted on grains of wheat or on bits of bread from the farmers' lunch boxes. When the weather grew cold she moved into the farmhouse and picked up bits of cake and bread and cheese which the cook dropped on the kitchen floor. These she stored away in her little mouse hole in the attic until she had a good supply laid in for the winter.

Now one day during the winter the little Country Mouse's cousin, a City Mouse, came to visit her. When they had chatted for a while, the little Country Mouse took her visitor to see her attic pantry. Proudly she showed her the mound of cheese bits, the heaps of bread and cake crumbs, and the neat piles of nuts and dried peas.

But when the City Mouse had eaten a hearty dinner, she wiped her whiskers daintily and said, "You poor thing! So this is the way you live, on leftovers dried up in the attic. Come with me to the city and I will show you a real feast!"¹

The Country Mouse immediately felt rather ashamed of her simple home, so she quietly went along with the City Mouse to visit her.

The City Mouse led the way into a huge brick house, up a great staircase, and into a dining room.

The rich people who lived in the big house with the City Mouse were just having dinner, so the two little mice hid behind the door.

"Keep very still," said the City Mouse. "When they leave the table we can have all the food that is left."

The eyes of the little Country Mouse grew big and round at that, for she had never seen so much food in her whole busy life. So she sat very still until, with a scuffling of feet and scraping of chairs, the big people left the table.

"Come on," squeaked the City Mouse.

Peeking cautiously to the right and left she led the way across the room, up onto a chair, and from the chair onto the table, with the Country Mouse scampering along behind her.

The Country Mouse took a long look around her at the table still crowded with good things, and sighed a deep, happy sigh.

"This is wonderful," she said, taking a big bite out of a beautiful cheese. "You live just like a prince!"

She had scarcely finished squeaking when, with a snarl, a cat pounced up on the table. After her came the cook, shouting and waving a big spoon. And into the room bounded two dogs, barking fiercely.² Then there was a terrible row! In the midst of it the two mice skittered down to the floor and dodged into a handy hole.

"We'll wait until all is quiet again and go back for some more," whispered the City Mouse.

But her country cousin shook her head firmly.

"We'll wait until it is quiet again and then I'll go home as fast as I can. You are welcome to all the fine food you can get, my friend. As for me, I prefer my dry crusts in my peaceful attic!"



Think Aloud

²I can really picture in my mind what it was like when the cat, dogs, and cook came into the room. It must have been very scary for the two mice! I wonder what the Country Mouse thinks now about the city.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Help children make mouse finger puppets out of construction paper. Invite them to use their puppets to retell the story in the form of a puppet show. Be sure to have children revisit the questions they asked to set a purpose for reading.

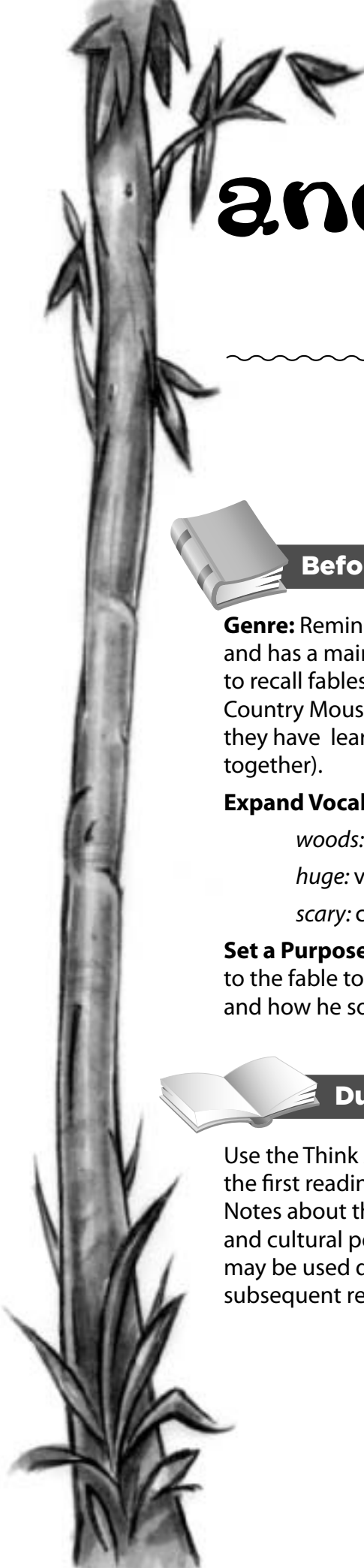
Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share a question they have about the story.

“I wonder . . .”

Think and Respond

1. Do you think the Country Mouse will ever visit the city again? Why? *Possible response: No, because she is afraid of the city. She is happy in the country.* **Critical**
2. How are the two mice like characters in other fables? *Possible responses: They are animals; they talk and act like people.* **Genre**
3. What does the author want you to learn from this fable? *Possible response: Be happy with what you have.* **Author's Purpose**



The Lion and the Mouse

an Aesop fable
retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Fable

Comprehension Strategy: Ask Questions

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a fable is a short story that teaches a lesson and has a main character who must often solve a problem. Invite them to recall fables they have read or heard, such as “The City Mouse and the Country Mouse” and “The Bundle of Sticks.” Discuss with children the lessons they have learned from these fables (be happy with what you have; work together).

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

woods: forest

huge: very big

scary: causing fear

Set a Purpose for Reading: Invite children to listen to the fable to find out what problem the lion has and how he solves it.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



The Lion and the Mouse

an Aesop fable

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre Study

Fable: In a fable, the lesson is usually found at the very end of the story. Sometimes the lesson is clearly stated in the story. Other times it is not stated but the reader can figure it out. In this fable, the lion tells the reader the lesson.

Think Aloud

¹ I wonder if that little mouse really will help the lion some day. I think the mouse should do something for the lion because he made a promise so that the lion would let him go.

One day, a lion was sleeping in the woods.

A little mouse came up to the lion. She was looking for something to eat. She walked slowly.

She was looking down, so she couldn't see the lion. She walked up on a foot of the lion. The lion jumped up. When the lion jumped up, he did not let the mouse go. The lion spoke to the mouse.

"Why were you on my foot?" he asked.

The huge lion was scary.

The mouse said, "I was looking for something to eat. I did not see your foot."

The lion said, "I am looking for something to eat, too. Now I have something to eat. I will eat you up."

The mouse said, "You are very big and scary. I am little, but I will help you some day. So don't eat me."

The lion said, "YOU? YOU couldn't help ME. You are too little."

"Let me go," said the mouse. "You will see. I will be your friend."

The lion said, "It is funny to have a mouse for a friend, but I like you. This time I will not eat you. I will let you go. You may live."¹

Then the lion let the mouse go.

Then one day, a man and a woman walked into the woods. They came to the sleeping lion. The woman spoke to the man.

"Look at this lion," she said. "We can take this lion to the king."

The lion was too big for the man and the woman to take.

The man said, "We must get help."

They put some rope on the foot of the lion so he couldn't run. Then they walked out of the woods to get help.

The lion was sad, because he couldn't run. He was calling for help.

The mouse came. She spoke to the lion.

"Why do you have rope on your foot?" she asked.

The lion said, "When I was sleeping some people came. They put this rope on my foot. Now I can't run."² This is scary. I must have help."

"I can help you," said the mouse. "You are my friend. You let me live, so now I will help you."

The lion said, "What can you do to help me? You are so little."³

"I can eat some of the rope," the mouse said. "Then you can kick your foot out. When you get your foot out of the rope, you can run."

So the mouse did eat the rope. Then the lion jumped up.

"I can run!" he said. "I will live! You ARE a friend. Now I see that a little friend can be a big friend."

Think Aloud

²*This lion has a problem. His foot is tied with rope and he can't run away. I wonder how he will solve this problem.*

Think Aloud

³*I want to ask the same question. How can a little mouse help a big lion? I will listen to find out how.*





After Reading

Retell the Story: Invite children to act out the story to retell it.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share something in the fable that surprised them.

“I wonder . . .”

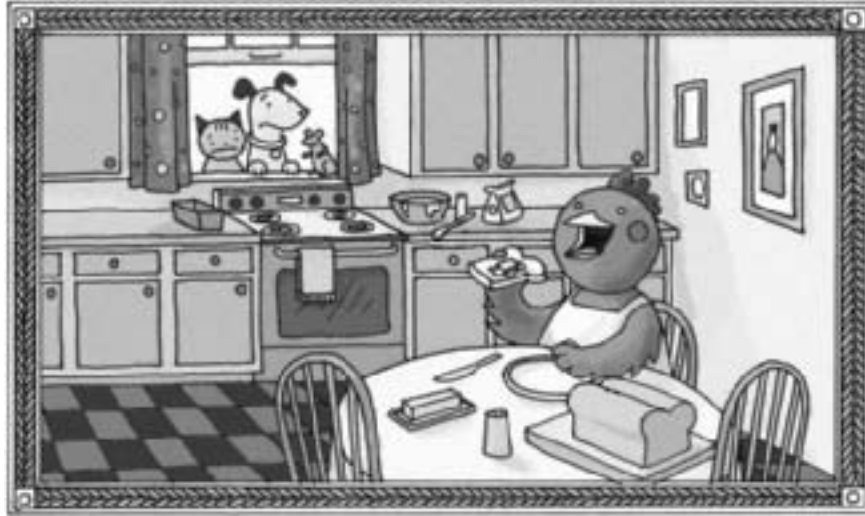
Cultural Perspective

The lion has always been called “the king of the jungle.” But long ago, lions were kept as pets by the kings, or pharaohs, of Egypt.

Think and Respond

1. Why does the lion say it is funny for him to have a mouse as a friend? *Possible responses: because lions usually eat mice; because lions are so big and mice are so small* **Inferential**
2. Think of the previous fable about the country mouse that you heard. How is it like this fable? *Possible responses: They both have animal characters; they both have a lesson or moral.* **Genre**
3. What lesson does the author teach in this fable? *Possible response: She teaches that the size of a person does not matter.* **Author's Purpose**

THE LITTLE RED HEN



a folktale retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Ask Questions

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story that has been told and retold for many years. Point out that the characters in a folktale are often animals that talk and act like people.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

grains: tiny pieces or seeds

wheat: a plant that is ground into flour, and used to make bread and pasta

mill: a flour-making factory

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out the lesson the dog, cat, and mouse learn.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



Genre Study

Folktales: Some folktales follow a pattern of actions and words, such as in "The Little Red Hen." These repeated words help the reader guess what may happen next.

Think Aloud

¹ I notice the author uses the same words over and over. After the little red hen asks a question, each animal says, "Not I," and the hen says, "Then I will do it myself."

THE LITTLE RED HEN

a folktale retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Once upon a time a dog, a cat, a mouse, and a little red hen all lived together in a cozy little house. One day the little red hen found some grains of wheat in the yard.

"Who will plant this wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen.

And she did.

The wheat grew taller and taller. It turned from green to gold. At last it was time to cut the wheat.

"Who will cut this wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen.

And she did.

After the wheat was cut, it was ready to be ground into flour.

"Who will take this wheat to the mill?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen.¹

And she did.

The little red hen carried the flour back to her house.

"Who will make this flour into bread?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen.

And she did.

When the bread was finished, the little red hen took it out of the oven. The cozy little house was filled with a delicious smell.

The dog and the cat and the mouse came running to the kitchen.

"Who will eat this bread?" asked the little red hen.

"I will!" said the dog.

"I will!" said the cat.

"I will!" said the mouse.²

"Oh no, you will not!" said the little red hen.

"You did not help me plant the wheat. You did not help me cut the wheat.

"You did not help me take the wheat to the mill.

"You did not help me bake the bread.

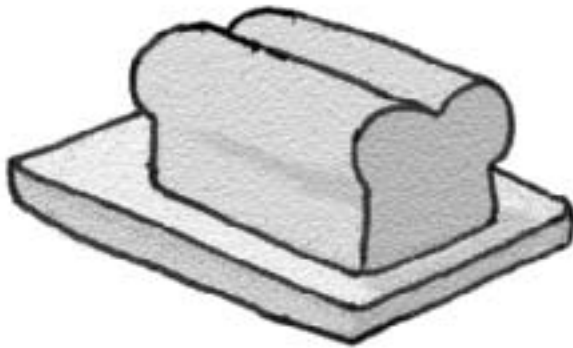
"And now you are not going to help me eat it.

"I am going to eat it all by myself."

And she did.

Think Aloud

²*I wonder if the little red hen will let them eat the bread she made all by herself. I would not let them if I were the little red hen.*





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children act out the story. Assign the parts of the hen, dog, cat, mouse, and narrator. Encourage children to chime in on the patterned parts that they know.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share any questions they had about the story.

“I wonder . . .”

Cultural Perspective

People all over the world eat bread. In France, they eat baguettes; in Israel, they eat pita bread; and in Mexico, they eat tortillas. Ask children to name types of bread they have tried.

Think and Respond

1. Do you think the little red hen was right to not share the bread with the others? Why or why not? *Accept reasonable responses. Possible response: Yes, because the other animals did not help the little red hen.* **Analytical**
2. What lesson did the animals learn? Do you think they will be more willing to help out next time? *Possible response: The animals learned they should help others. They will probably be more willing to help out next time because they will want to eat some of the bread.* **Genre**
3. What message do you think the author wanted to share with her readers? *Possible response: to show people that they should help others when asked* **Author's Purpose**

The Turtle and the Rabbit

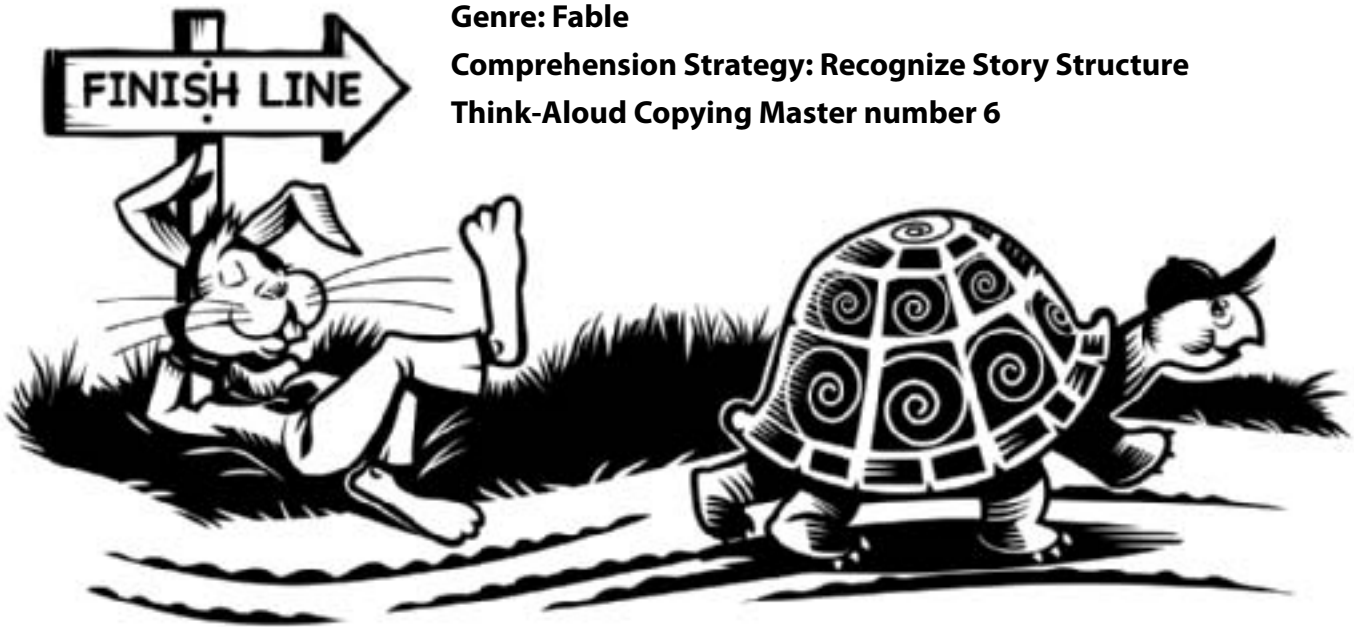
an Aesop fable

retold by Shirley Raines and Rebecca Isbell

Genre: Fable

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 6



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a fable is a short story that teaches a lesson and often has animal characters. Invite them to recall other fables they have read or heard, such as “The Lion and the Mouse” and “The Little Red Hen.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading the fable:

challenged: invited someone to participate in a contest

bound: a long or high jump

steady: staying the same; not stopping

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to learn what happens when a rabbit challenges a turtle to a race.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre may be used during subsequent readings.

The Turtle and the Rabbit

an Aesop fable

retold by Shirley Raines and Rebecca Isbell

Genre Study

Fable: In fables, the animal characters talk and act like people.

Once there was a rabbit who was very proud. He considered himself to be the finest rabbit in all the land. The rabbit was proud of how fast he could run. He had very strong back legs that helped him run like the wind. He never missed the opportunity to show off his running skills to his friends and to remind them how fast he could run.

[Pretend to run.]

One day he was bragging to his friends and showing them how very fast he could run. As he was running, he jumped over a shell in the road. Slowly a head and legs came out of the shell and it began to move along the road. The rabbit realized that it was a turtle, slowly crawling down the road.

“What a slow creature you are,” said the rabbit to the turtle. “You are so slow. I don’t know why you bother to move at all.”

The rabbit laughed at the joke he had made about the turtle.

The turtle looked at the rabbit coolly and said, “Each animal moves at his own pace. I may creep along slowly, but I get where I want to go. In fact I could get there quicker than you, fast as you are.”

The rabbit thought this was very funny. He laughed at the idea of a turtle being faster than him.

“What nonsense,” said the rabbit. “How could you possibly be faster than me? I can run as fast as the wind. You crawl along so slowly it is hard to tell if you are moving at all. Quicker than me? I would like to see that.”

[Hold your stomach and pretend to laugh.]

So the rabbit challenged the turtle to a race so they could see who was really the fastest.¹ The race was set for the next day. Everyone turned out to see the race between the fast rabbit and the slow turtle.

The fox counted down for the start of the race.

“Five, four, three, two, one, go.”

With a bound the rabbit speedily fled out of sight. The turtle slowly lifted one foot and then another as he kept his eyes on



Think Aloud

¹Rabbits can run very fast. I think that the rabbit will win the race since he moves fast and the turtle moves slowly.

the winding road in front of him. The rabbit raced along the road. Each time he would see a crowd of people lining the road he would turn and wave.

[Wave.]

He wanted them to know how fast he could run. Far, far behind was the turtle slowly lifting one leg and then another, always keeping his eyes on the road in front of him.

Soon the fast rabbit came to a marker on the road. The marker showed that he had run half the distance of the race. He couldn't see the turtle at all.

The rabbit thought, "I am so far ahead and that turtle is so slow that he is miles behind me. It will be a long time before that slowpoke turtle will be here. I think I will lie down and take a little rest in the warm sun. There will be plenty of time to win the race when I wake up."

[Stretch, yawn, then close your eyes.]

Meanwhile, way back down the road, the turtle continued to slowly crawl along, never stopping. He steadily moved first with one foot and then the other, with his eyes always on the road in front of him. As the day passed, the rabbit continued to sleep.

[Move your arms and legs slowly and steadily.]

The slow and steady turtle kept moving. He didn't stop to rest. He moved slowly along the road. Eventually the slow and steady turtle passed the rabbit, who was still sleeping by the side of the road. The rabbit was sleeping so soundly that he didn't hear the turtle pass him. When the rabbit finally awoke from his long nap, he looked behind him to see where the turtle was. He didn't see the turtle. He said, "That turtle is slower than I thought. It will be midnight before he gets to the finish line."

The rabbit stretched his legs and got back on the road to continue the race. The rabbit ran down the road and over the hill. Then he saw the most amazing sight—at the finish line was the turtle. The crowds were cheering as the turtle broke the tape at the end of the race. The turtle was declared the winner of the race. The rabbit was gasping for breath and the turtle was smiling.

[Open your mouth in mock surprise.]

"How, when, where?" spluttered the rabbit.

The turtle said, "I passed you while you were sleeping. I may be slow but I kept my eye on the goal. By being slow and steady, I won the race."²



Think Aloud

²I thought the descriptions of the turtle and rabbit were important in this story because they helped me imagine the race and made the story exciting.



After Reading

Write About It: Invite children to think of another ending to the fable. Have children draw a picture of the new ending.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 6 to prompt children to share what parts of the story made it interesting or entertaining.

"I thought _____
was important
in this story
because . . ."

Think and Respond

1. How do you think the rabbit felt when the turtle won the race? *Possible responses: surprised; sad; upset* **Inferential**
2. What is the setting, or where does the story take place? *Possible response: A forest, or in the country* **Story Structure**
3. What is the author's message? *Possible responses: Don't give up; keep trying.* **Author's Purpose**



Timimoto

a folktale from Japan
retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Tell children that a folktale is an old story that has been told many times over the years. Explain that folktales are told in all countries. This folktale is from Japan.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

overjoyed: very pleased

journey: a trip from one place to another

dock: a place for ships to stay

rumble: a deep rolling sound

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to learn who Timimoto is.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

Timimoto

a folktale from Japan
retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Once upon a time in Japan there lived an old man and an old woman. They were very lonely because they had no children. One day the old woman said to her husband, "I wish we had a child. I would like a little boy, even if he is no bigger than my finger."

That day as the old woman went to fetch water, she heard crying by the side of the path. She looked in the grass and there lay a tiny baby, only one inch long, wrapped in a red handkerchief.

The old woman was overjoyed. She took the baby home and showed him to her husband. "My wish has come true," she said. "Now we will never be lonely again."

They named the baby Timimoto.

Timimoto grew up, but not very much. When he was five years old, he was as tall as his mother's thumb. At fifteen, he was only as tall as his mother's middle finger.

One morning Timimoto said, "I am going on a journey to see the world. Do not worry about me, for I will return safely."¹

His parents were sad, but they did not want to stop him. They knew he would not be happy unless they let him go.

"You will need a sword," said his mother.

She took a sewing needle, slid it into a piece of straw, and tied it to his belt.

"Use this to defend yourself against danger," she said.

His father got a rice bowl from the cupboard and carried it down to the river. He gave a chopstick to his son and said, "Now you have a boat and a paddle."²

Timimoto climbed into his boat and paddled happily down the river. His parents waved until he disappeared behind a bend.

Suddenly Timimoto felt something slap him across his back. Turning quickly, he saw a huge green frog behind his boat. The frog's long tongue lashed out at him again.

Timimoto ducked. He pushed the chopstick as hard as he could against the giant frog's jaw. The frog tumbled over in the water and dived out of sight. Timimoto turned his boat and paddled across the river.

Think Aloud

¹I wonder what will happen to Timimoto if he goes on a journey. I am afraid something will happen to him. He is too small and might get hurt.

Think Aloud

²The use of a sewing needle for a sword and a rice bowl for a boat give me a good idea of Timimoto's size.

Near the other shore the wind blew stronger. The waves got higher and higher. One wave broke over the bowl and almost turned it upside-down. Timimoto paddled as hard as he could toward the shore. It was getting late, and he did not want to spend the night on the water.

Just ahead he saw a dock. Beyond the dock was a town. He tied up his little boat and climbed onto the dock. The dock was crowded with people rushing to town. Timimoto walked along the dock with them, taking care to stay out of the way of their huge feet.

At the end of the dock, Timimoto could see a road crowded with carts, all going to town. To keep from being run over, Timimoto climbed up onto the wheel of a cart and rode there. When the cart stopped he hopped down.

"Thank you," he called up to the driver.

The driver looked all around, then he looked down at his feet.

"Ho, little one, you must be new in town," he said. "Don't you know that a terrible giant comes out when the sun sets?"

The driver hurried away, and Timimoto saw that all the people were going into their houses.

Soon the streets were empty. The sun went down. Timimoto heard the earth rumble. He looked up and saw a huge giant with red eyes and sharp teeth standing over him. Strong fingers closed around him and lifted him into the air.³

"AH-HA! A tender little morsel!" roared the giant.

He popped Timimoto into his mouth. Timimoto drew his sword and stabbed the giant's tongue.

"AGGGGH!" screamed the giant, and Timimoto leaped from his open mouth to the ground.

The giant ran screaming into the forest. Timimoto heard cheering all around him. People poured from their houses into the street.

"You have defeated the giant!" they shouted.

All night long they feasted and danced in his honor. When the sun came up everyone went down to the dock. Timimoto untied his little boat, climbed in, and headed home.

Genre Study

Folktale: A folktale often has amazing characters such as giants, tiny people, and sometimes talking animals.

Think Aloud

³*I just knew something would happen to Timimoto. I wonder how he will get away from the giant. I will listen to find out.*



After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children draw a picture of what they think Timimoto looks like. Then have children share their pictures as they retell the story. Then have children compare Timimoto's size to the sizes of small objects they are familiar with.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share a question they had about the story.

"I wonder..."

Cultural Perspective

The chopstick Timimoto uses as a boat paddle is like a Japanese fork. In Japan, people eat with specially made sticks. They hold the chopsticks a certain way to pick up rice and other food.

Think and Respond

1. Do you think this story really happened? How do you know? *Possible response: No, because there couldn't really be a baby that is only one inch long. Giants are make-believe, too.* **Analytical**
2. Folktales are often full of make-believe characters that act like real people. Think of the other folktales you have heard like "The Gingerbread Boy" and "The Clever Turtle." How were the characters like the ones in this story? *Possible response: The cookie and the turtle speak like real people, just as Timimoto does.* **Genre**
3. What do you think the author wants you to know about a person's size? *Possible response: She wants us to know that size does not matter.* **Author's Purpose**

The Singing Wagon

a folktale
retold by Joe Hayes

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 6



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is an old story that has been told many times over the years. Point out that this folktale is told by Native Americans.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

haul: to pull or drag something

thicket: a thick growth of small trees or bushes

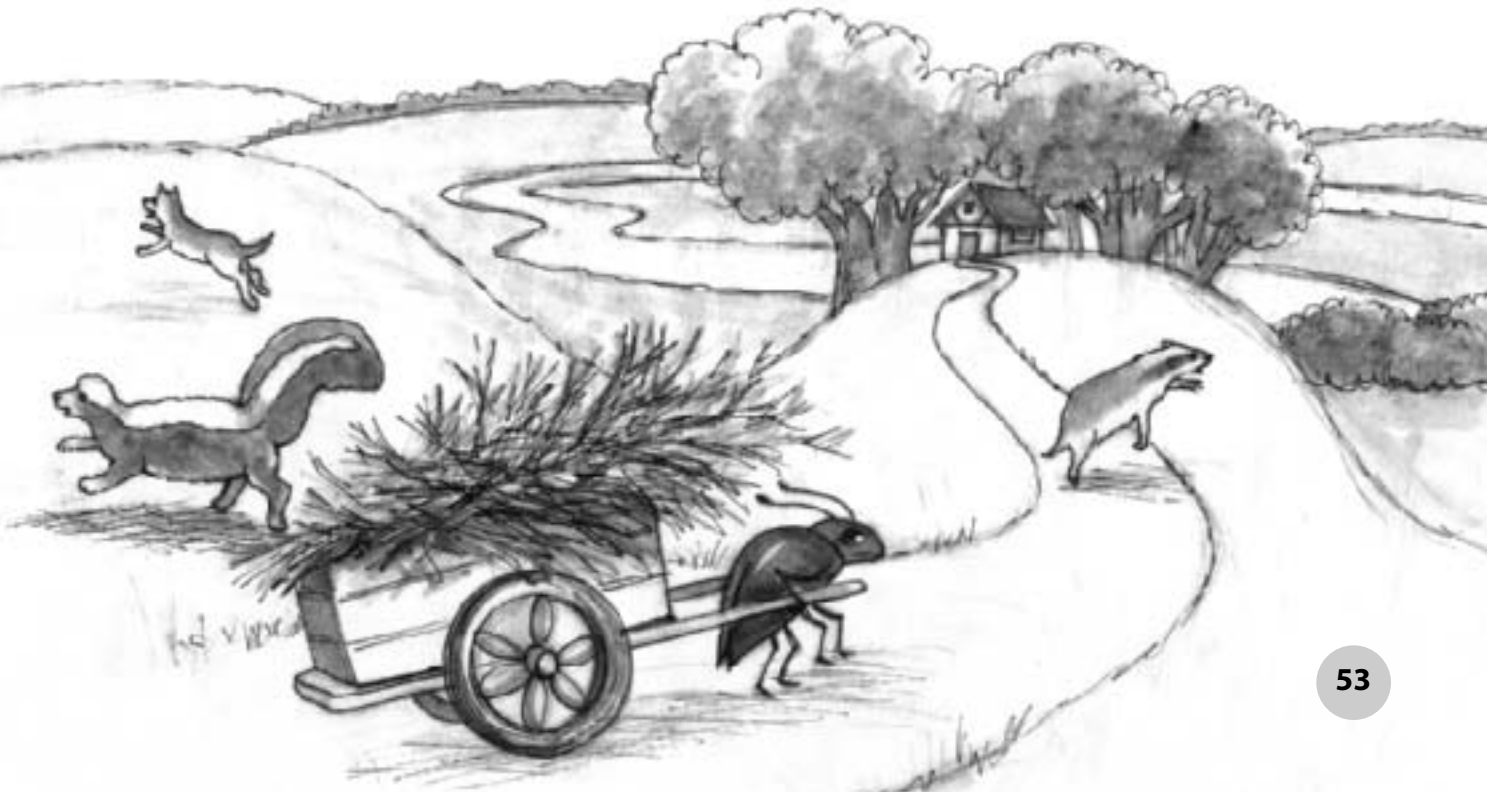
embarrassed: ashamed of something

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out what the title means.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



The Singing Wagon

retold by Joe Hayes



Black Beetle Old Man and Black Beetle Old Woman lived at the top of a small hill. In the valley below them lived many other animals.

One day Black Beetle Old Woman wanted to bake bread, so she told her husband, “Go and get me some firewood to heat my oven.”

Black Beetle Old Man had a wagon with big wooden wheels that he used to haul wood. He went outside and took hold of the handles of the wagon with his two front legs, and with his other legs he walked off pulling the wagon behind him. The empty wagon was light, and Black Beetle Old Man walked fast. The wooden wheels of the wagon rolled along silently.

Black Beetle Old Man walked down the hill and over to the river. He found many dead branches in the thicket near the river and he broke them up for firewood. He filled his wagon and then started back toward his house.

Now that the wagon was full, it moved slowly. And the wooden wheels squeaked as they rolled along—

Aii, aii, aii . . .

Tseeneh, tseeneh, tseeneh . . .

Aii, aii, aii . . .

Tseeneh, tseeneh, tseeneh . . .

It almost sounded like a song!¹

Black Beetle Old Man walked until he got close to the little hill below his house. Then he thought, “I’ll never be able to pull this wagon up the hill all by myself. I’d better go find someone to help me.”

Coyote lived nearby, so Black Beetle Old Man walked off to Coyote’s house and asked Coyote to help him. Together Black Beetle Old Man and Coyote went to where the wagonload of wood was waiting. Coyote said, “Black Beetle Old Man, you pull the wagon from in front, and I’ll push the back of the wagon.”

So they started out. And the wagon wheels began to squeak—

Aii, aii, aii . . .

Tseeneh, tseeneh, tseeneh . . .

Think Aloud

¹I think the words that tell the wagon’s sounds are important because they give me an idea of what the wagon’s “song” sounds like. I can really hear the wagon’s song when I read those words.

Coyote said to himself, "What a pretty song this wagon sings. I could dance to that song!"

Black Beetle Old Man huffed and puffed as he pulled the wagon. But instead of pushing the back of the wagon, Coyote danced along behind, lifting his knees up high and singing—

Aii, aii, aii . . .

Tseeneh, tseeneh, tseeneh . . .

When they got to the very bottom of the hill, Coyote called out, "Black Beetle Old Man, wait! Don't pull your wagon up the hill yet. I want my friend Badger to learn the song your wagon sings. Push it back to where it was while I run and bring my friend."²

So while Coyote ran to Badger's house, Black Beetle Old Man pushed his wagonload of firewood back to where he had left it when he went to get Coyote's help. Just about the time he got to the spot, Coyote arrived with his friend.

Black Beetle Old Man took hold of the handles of the wagon and started out again while Coyote and Badger pushed from behind. Soon the wheels began to squeak—

Aii, aii, aii . . .

Tseeneh, tseeneh, tseeneh . . .³

Black Beetle Old Man huffed and puffed and sweated as he pulled the wagon. Coyote danced along lifting his knees up high. And Badger bobbed his head from one side to the other and sang—

Aii, aii, aii . . .

Tseeneh, tseeneh, tseeneh . . .

When they reached the bottom of the hill, Badger said, "Black Beetle Old Man, wait! Don't pull your wagon up the hill yet. I want my friend Skunk to learn the song your wagon sings."

Black Beetle Old Man pushed his wagon away from the hill again while Badger padded off to Skunk's house.

Black Beetle Old Man took the handles of the wagon again and started out. Coyote and Badger and Skunk gave a shove from behind. And the wheels squeaked—

Aii, aii, aii . . .

Tseeneh, tseeneh, tseeneh . . .



Think Aloud

²I wonder why Black Beetle Old Man had to push the wagon back to where it was while Coyote went to get Badger. It seems like that was extra work for Black Beetle Old Man.

Think Aloud

³When I hear the wagon wheel's sing, I know something new is going to happen.



Think Aloud

⁴I know the animals are trying to be kind to Skunk so he doesn't know that his smell bothers them. Sometimes I try to say things in a nice way to my friends so I won't hurt their feelings.

Genre Study

Folktale: People tell folktales over and over again so others will remember them. The author of this folktale points out that someone has remembered this song and tells the story about it.

Black Beetle Old Man huffed and puffed and sweated and strained as he pulled the wagon. Coyote lifted his knees high as he danced. Badger bobbed his head from side to side. And Skunk waved his tail up and down.

Everyone knows what happens when Skunk starts to wave his tail around! Coyote was the first one to stop singing. He fanned a paw in front of his nose.

"Whew!" he said. "I think I'd better leave. My wife will be wondering where I am."

And Coyote ran away.

Then Badger turned his long nose away from Skunk and said, "I'd better go, too. I was in the middle of digging a new hole when Coyote came to get me. I'd better go and finish the job."⁴

And Badger ran away.

But Skunk knew the real reason why they were leaving, and he was embarrassed. Skunk went away, too.

Black Beetle Old Man had to pull the wagon up the hill all by himself. When he got home, Black Beetle Old Man was finally able to sing the song himself. While he unloaded the wagon, he sang—

Aii, aii, aii . . .

Tseeneh, tseeneh, tseeneh . . .

Black Beetle Old Woman came outside and said, "Oh! That's a beautiful song you're singing. I wish we had a baby to sing it to."

So Black Beetle Old Man and Black Beetle Old Woman made a little doll out of rags and all evening long they sat and sang to it—

Aii, aii, aii . . .

Tseeneh, tseeneh, tseeneh . . .

Finally they both fell asleep. When they woke up the next morning they couldn't remember the song. Since the wagon was empty now, it was no longer singing. And the song was forgotten.

But someone must have remembered the song because they still tell this story about it!



After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children act out the story. Assign the roles of Black Beetle Old Man, Black Beetle Old Woman, Coyote, Badger, and Skunk.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 6 to prompt children to share a thought they had about the story.

"I thought _____
was important
because _____."

Cultural Perspective

The Pueblo Indians are a group of Native Americans who live in Arizona and New Mexico. They build houses out of mud bricks called adobe. Their houses look like apartments because they are built on top of each other. *Pueblo* means *town* in Spanish.

Think and Respond

1. Does the wagon in this story actually sing? *Possible response: No, the wagon doesn't really sing but it makes noises that sound like a song.* **Analytical**
2. How is this story like other folktales you know? *Remind students of The Gingerbread Boy, The Clever Turtle, and Timimoto. Possible response: It is an old story and has talking animals.* **Genre**
3. Was the song really forgotten at the end of the story? Why or why not? *Possible response: No, because the author says that someone remembered the song and tells the story about it.* **Author's Purpose**

The Goat in the Chile Patch

a folktale

retold by Judy Sierra and Robert Kaminski

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Summarize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 7



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story that was originally passed down by word of mouth. The authors of folktale books today are retelling the stories. Ask children to remember other folktales they have heard or read, such as “The Singing Wagon” or “Timimoto.”

Expand Vocabulary: Before reading, introduce these terms:

chile: the small, spicy fruit of a pepper plant

patch: a small area of land used for growing a certain crop

yelped: barked or cried sharply

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out how everyone tried to get a goat out of a chile patch.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



The Goat in the Chile Patch

retold by Judy Sierra and Robert Kaminski

Once, a man and a woman lived on a farm. In their garden, they grew all sorts of vegetables, but their favorite vegetables of all were green chile peppers.¹ Now, one day the big billy goat broke through the fence and got into their garden and started eating all the ripe chiles.

The man and the woman ran outside as fast as they could and they tried to chase the billy goat out of the garden. They shouted and they pushed and they pulled, but they just couldn't make him leave. So they asked the rooster to help them.

The rooster flew at the goat, squawking and pecking.

"Get out of the chile patch!" the rooster screeched.

"No, you get out," said the billy goat, and he kicked the rooster up in the air.

And the billy goat went right on eating the chiles.²

So the man and the woman asked the dog to help them.

The dog ran toward the goat, barking and growling.

"Get out of the chile patch!" yelped the dog.

"No, you get out," said the billy goat, and he kicked the dog up in the air.

And the billy goat went right on eating the chiles.

So the man and the woman asked the bull to help them.

The bull snorted and pawed at the ground and gave the goat his meanest look.

"Get out of the chile patch!" bellowed the bull.

"No, you get out," said the billy goat, and he kicked the bull up in the air.

And the billy goat went right on eating the chiles.

Along came a little red ant.

"I think I can make that billy goat get out of your chile patch," said the ant.

"How can a little ant do something that the rooster, and the dog, and even the bull couldn't do?" said the man and the woman.

"Just watch me," said the ant.

The ant walked over to the billy goat.

The goat didn't even see the ant coming.

The ant walked up the billy goat's back leg.

The goat didn't even feel the ant walking.

The ant walked along the billy goat's back.



Think Aloud

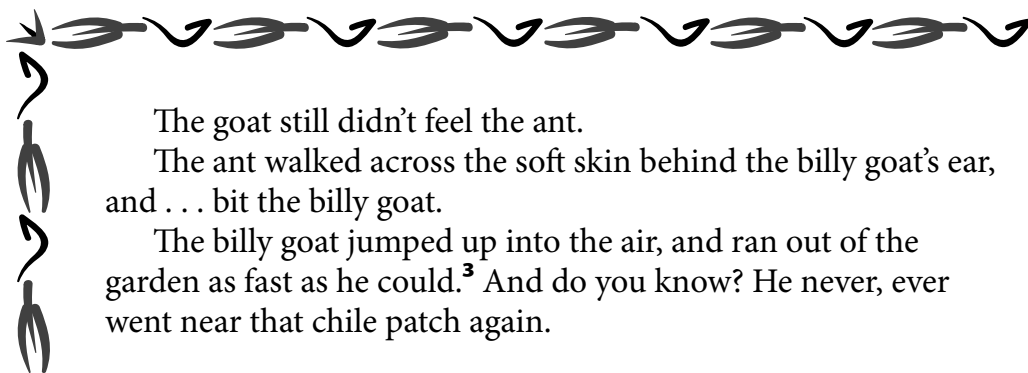
¹I know what a chile pepper is because I ate one once. I liked the taste but it was very hot.

Think Aloud

²So far in the story a billy goat is in the chile patch eating all of the ripe chiles. I wonder how they will solve this problem.

Genre Study

Folktales: Many folktales follow a pattern, in which the same event happens again and again. In this folktale, different animals ask the goat to leave but the goat kicks each one into the air.



The goat still didn't feel the ant.

The ant walked across the soft skin behind the billy goat's ear, and . . . bit the billy goat.

The billy goat jumped up into the air, and ran out of the garden as fast as he could.³ And do you know? He never, ever went near that chile patch again.

Think Aloud

³*This story was mostly about how some people and animals tried to chase a goat out of a chile patch.*



After Reading

Retell the Story: Ask children to draw two pictures: one of the problem and one of the solution. Then invite children to use their pictures to retell the story.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 7 to prompt children to summarize the story.

"This was mostly about . . ."

Cultural Perspective

The chile pepper is grown in hot places around the world.

Many people use it to spice up their food. It is especially popular in New Mexico, where this folktale was first told.

With children, make a batch of mild salsa using a recipe. Help children follow the steps. Have a mini fiesta.

Think and Respond

1. How was the problem in the story solved? *Possible response: A little ant bit the billy goat, and the goat jumped and ran out of the chile patch.* **Analytical**
2. Think about the fable "The Lion and the Mouse." How was that story similar to this folktale? *Possible response: The moral in both stories was about how small animals or people could do big things.* **Genre**
3. What message do the authors want the readers to learn? *Possible response: that small things can do great things* **Author's Purpose**

Grandfather Bear Is Hungry

a folktale

retold by Margaret Read MacDonald

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Summarize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 3



Before Reading

Genre: A folktale is a story that has been told for a long time. Invite children to name other folktales they have heard recently, including “The Goat in the Chile Patch.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

lumbered: moved in an awkward way

salmon: a type of fish that lives in cold streams

grub: a type of insect

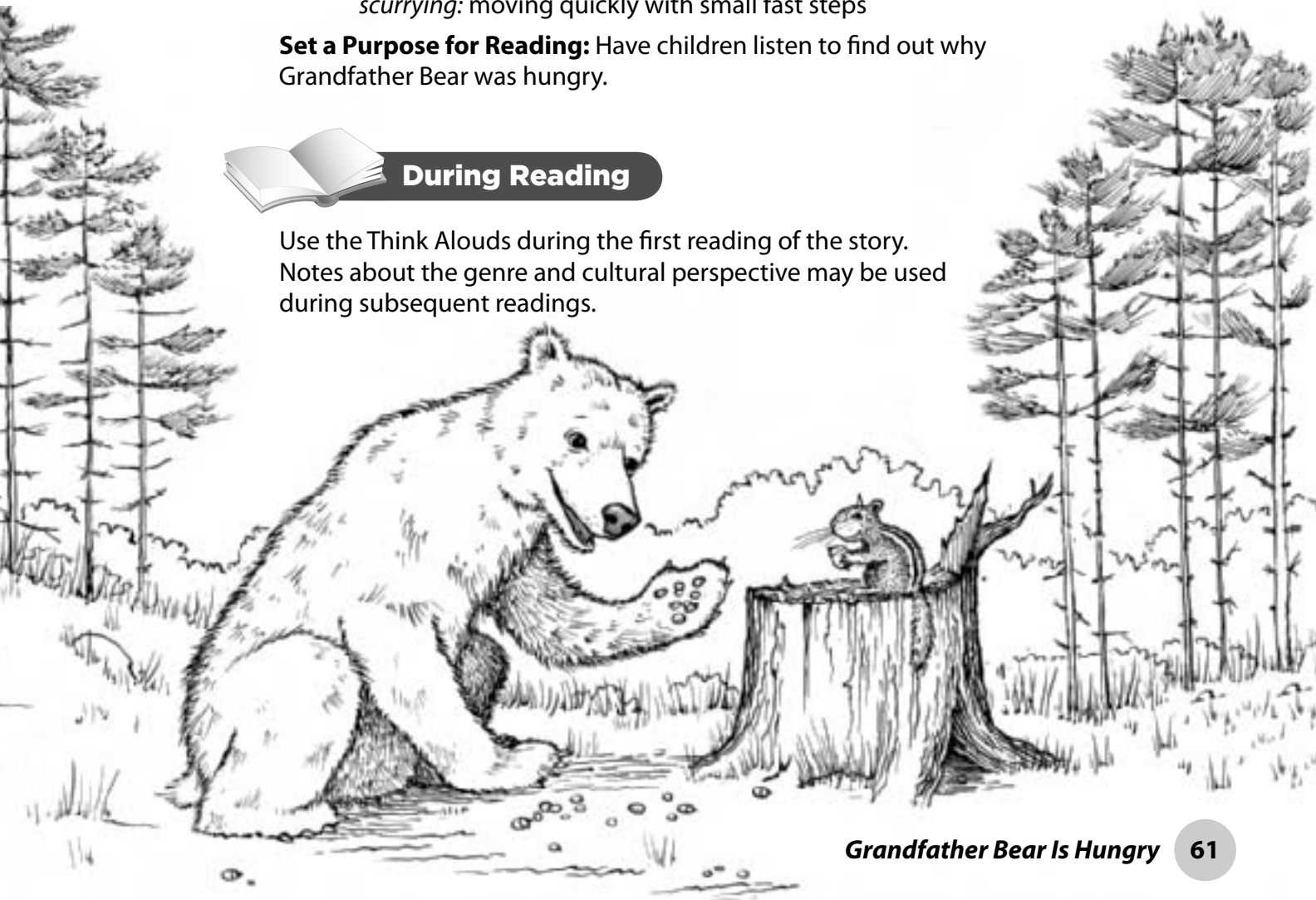
scurrying: moving quickly with small fast steps

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out why Grandfather Bear was hungry.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



Grandfather Bear Is Hungry

retold by Margaret Read MacDonald



Think Aloud

¹So far, the folktale is mostly about how Bear woke up one spring and could not find any food no matter where he looked. I wonder if he'll find something to eat.

Genre Study

Folktale: Animals often are the characters in folktales. They usually speak and act just as people do.

In the spring, when the warm sun began to shine on
Bear's cave,
Bear woke up and came out into the sunshine.
Ohhhhhh. . . . He felt . . . HUNGRY!
Bear had not eaten a thing all winter long.
"I am so HUNGRY!" growled Bear.
"I am so HUNGRY!"

Bear lumbered down to the berry patch.
It was early in the spring.
The berries were not ripe yet.
"I am so HUNGRY!" roared Bear.
"I am so HUNGRY!"

Bear galumped down to the stream.
It was too early in the spring.
The salmon were not running yet.
"I am so HUNGRY!" howled the Bear.
"I am so HUNGRY!"

Bear stormed back into the forest.
He began to claw at a rotten tree stump.
But he could not find a single grub inside the stump.
"I am so HUNGRY!"
"I am so HUNGRY!"

Bear sat down.
He put his nose between his paws and he began to moan.
"I am so HUNGRY!"
"I am so HUNGRY!"¹

Tiny Chipmunk,
who lived under the stump,
came scurrying out to see what was making such a
commotion.

"Grandfather Bear!
What is wrong?
Why are you moaning so loudly?"

Grandfather Bear looked at the tiny animal.

"I haven't eaten all winter and . . .
I am so HUNGRY!"

Chipmunk cocked his head to one side and thought.
"I still have nuts and berries stored away in my burrow,
Grandfather Bear.
I will share them with you!"²

Chipmunk disappeared down his hole.
In a moment he was back with his cheeks full of nuts
and berries.
Chipmunk dropped them in front of Grandfather Bear.

"HUNGRY!" said Grandfather Bear
and lapped up the little pile of nuts and berries.

Chipmunk ran back into his hole.
Back and forth
back and forth

Chipmunk ran,
carrying load after load of nuts and berries for
Grandfather Bear.
His food was tiny, but gradually Grandfather Bear
became full.

"Thank you, Chipmunk," said Grandfather Bear.
"You are a very small animal.
But you are kind."

Grandfather Bear reached out his huge paw.
He gently stroked his claws across the trembling back of the
little chipmunk.
And where the claws passed
five black lines were left.

"Now you are handsome," said Grandfather Bear.
"Whenever anyone sees you, Chipmunk,
they will notice your stripes,
and they will remember your kind heart."³

And so it is even today.
When you see tiny Chipmunk scurrying about
with his fine black stripes,
you will remember his kindness to Grandfather Bear.

Think Aloud

²Chipmunk is very kind
and generous. That is nice
of him to share his food
with the bear.



Think Aloud

³I was able to picture in
my mind what that
Chipmunk now looks like
because I've seen pictures
of real chipmunks in
books and magazines.



After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children draw pictures of the two characters: Grandfather Bear and Chipmunk. Ask them to use their pictures to retell the story.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 3 to prompt children to share which part of the story they were able to picture in their minds.

“I was able to picture in my mind . . .”

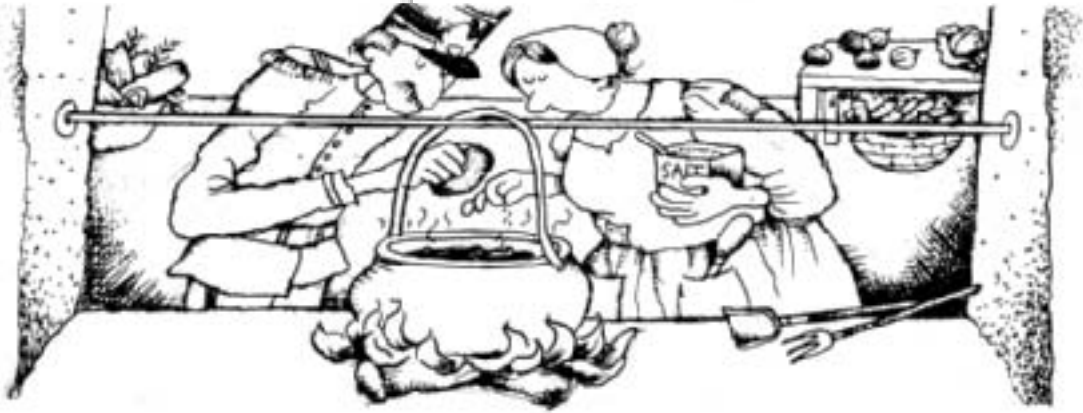
Cultural Perspective

Large, gentle bears are popular characters in Russian folktales. This is because bears are so common and well known in Russia. Explain and discuss why bears are common in Russia. Discuss why different animals live in different climates.

Think and Respond

1. Why do you think the chipmunk calls the bear Grandfather Bear? *Possible responses: Grandfather Bear is old. He is big, like an adult, and Chipmunk is small.*
Analytical
2. Folktales often have make-believe features. What happens in this tale that could not happen in real life? *Possible response: The bear and chipmunk talk like people.* **Genre**
3. Why do you think the author wrote this story? *Possible response: to tell a story about kindness and friendship* **Author's Purpose**

The Soup Stone



a Belgian folktale
retold by Maria Leach

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Summarize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 4



Before Reading

Genre: Tell children that a folktale is a story told many times. Invite them to recall folktales they have heard or read, such as “Grandfather Bear Is Hungry” and “The Goat in the Chile Patch.” Explain that folktales are told in countries around the world. Point out that the folktale they will hear is from Belgium, a country on the continent of Europe.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce these words before reading:

village: a rural community, smaller than a town

longingly: a strong desire

eyeing: looking at

ladle: a spoon with a long handle, used for cooking

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out what the soldier does in the story.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

The Soup Stone

a Belgian folktale
retold by Maria Leach



One day a soldier was walking home from the wars and came to a village. The wind was cold; the sky was gray, and the soldier was hungry. He stopped at a house on the edge of the village and asked for something to eat.

"We have nothing for ourselves," the people said, so the soldier went on.

He stopped at the next house and asked for something to eat. "We have nothing ourselves," the people said.

"Have you got a big pot?" the soldier said. Yes, they had a big iron pot.

"Have you got water?" he asked. Yes, they had plenty of water.

"Fill the pot with water and put it on the fire," the soldier said, "for I have a soup stone with me."

"A soup stone?" they said. "What is that?"

"It is a stone that makes soup," the soldier replied. And they all gathered round to see this wonder.

The woman of the house filled the big pot with water and hung it over the fire. The soldier took a stone from his pocket (it looked like any stone a man might pick up on the road) and tossed it into the pot.

"Now let it boil," he said. So they all sat down to wait for the pot to boil.¹

"Could you spare a bit of salt for it?" the soldier asked.

"Of course," the woman said, and she pulled out the salt box. The soldier took a fistful of salt and threw it in, for it was a big pot. Then they all sat back to wait.

"A few carrots would taste good in it," the soldier said longingly.

"Oh, we have a few carrots," the woman said, and she pulled them out from under a bench, where the soldier had been eyeing them. So they threw in the carrots. And while the carrots boiled, the soldier told them stories of his adventures.

"A few potatoes would be good, wouldn't they?" the soldier said. "They'd thicken the soup a bit."

"We have a few potatoes," said the oldest girl. "I'll get them." So they put the potatoes in the pot and waited for the soup to boil.

Think Aloud

¹So far, the story is mostly about how a hungry soldier has people boil a rock in water. I am curious how a stone can make soup.

"An onion does give a good flavor," the soldier said.

"Run next door and ask the neighbor for an onion," the farmer told his smallest son. The child ran out of the house and came back with three onions. So they put the onions in. While they were waiting, they were cracking jokes and telling tales.

"... And I haven't tasted cabbage since I left my mother's house," the soldier was saying.²

"Run out in the garden and pull a cabbage," said the mother. And a small girl ran out and came back with a cabbage. And they put that in.

"It won't be long now," the soldier said.

"Just a little longer," the woman said, stirring the pot with a long ladle.

At that moment the oldest son came in. He had been hunting and brought home two rabbits.

"Just what we need for the finishing touch!" cried the soldier, and it was only a matter of minutes before the rabbits were cut up and thrown in the pot.

"Ha!" said the hungry hunter. "The smell of a fine soup."

"The traveler has brought a soup stone," the farmer said to his son, "and he is making soup with it in the pot."

At last the soup was ready, and it was good. There was enough for all: the soldier and the farmer and his wife, the oldest girl and the oldest son, the little girl, and the little son.

"It's a wonderful soup," the farmer said.

"It's a wonderful stone," the wife said.

"It is," the soldier said, "and it will make soup forever if you follow the formula we used today."

So they finished the soup. And when the soldier said good-bye, he gave the woman the stone to pay back the kindness. She protested politely.

"It's nothing," the soldier said and went on his way without the stone.

Luckily, he found another just before he came to the next village.³

Think Aloud

²I figured out what the soldier is doing because he keeps hinting for soup ingredients such as carrots, potatoes, and onions. He is getting the people to make the soup.

Think Aloud

³I bet the soldier will trick those villagers into making soup for him, too!

Genre Study

Folktales: Some folktales are called "trickster tales" because a character tricks another character. This folktale is a trickster tale because the soldier tricks the people into making the soup.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children act out the story. Assign roles of the soldier and villagers.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 4 to prompt children to share something they discovered while listening to the story.

"I figured
out _____
because . . ."

Cultural Perspective

The story of stone soup has been told in many countries. Each country tells the story differently. In the Swedish story, a beggar uses a nail to trick a woman into making soup.

Think and Respond

1. Did the stone really make the soup? How did you know this? *Possible response: No, it was just an ordinary stone. The people made the soup because the soldier asked them to put more things in it.* **Analytical**
2. Do you think this folktale could have really happened? Why? *Possible response: Yes, because soldiers are real and people can be tricked.* **Genre**
3. Why do you think the author told this story? *Possible responses: She wanted to tell an old story that is also funny. She wanted to show that people should share what they have.* **Author's Purpose**

The Three Little Kittens

Genre: Nursery Rhyme

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Explain to children that a nursery rhyme has short sentences that tell a story. It often has repeated words and rhyming words.

Expand Vocabulary: Before reading, introduce these words:

mittens: a glove with two sections, one covering the thumb and one covering the four fingers

naughty: badly behaved

soiled: made something dirty

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen for rhyming words in the nursery rhyme.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the nursery rhyme. Notes about the genre may be used during subsequent readings.



The Three Little Kittens



Three little kittens

They lost their mittens,

And they began to cry,

Oh, Mother dear,

We sadly fear

Our mittens we have lost.

What! lost your mittens,

You naughty kittens!

Then you shall have no pie.

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

No, you shall have no pie.

The three little kittens

They found their mittens,

And they began to cry,

Oh, Mother dear,

See here, see here,

Our mittens we have found.

Put on your mittens,

You silly kittens,

And you shall have some pie.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,¹

Oh, let us have some pie.

Think Aloud

¹I notice the author uses kitten sounds in the rhyme. I think the meow sound is used when the kittens are sad and the purr sound is used when the kittens are happy.

The three little kittens
Put on their mittens
And soon ate up the pie;
Oh, Mother dear,
We greatly fear
Our mittens we have soiled.
What! soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,²
Then they began to sigh.

The three little kittens
They washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh, Mother dear,
Do you not hear,
Our mittens we have washed.
What! washed your mittens,
Then you're good kittens,
But I smell a rat close by.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
We smell a rat close by.

Genre Study

Nursery Rhyme:

Some nursery rhymes were sung to children long ago. This nursery rhyme includes a pattern of words that is easily sung.

Think Aloud

²I wonder what will happen next. It seems like every time the kittens Mee-ow or Purr-r something new happens.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children act out the nursery rhyme. Encourage them to recall and use the rhyme words they heard during the first reading.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share any questions they have about the nursery rhyme.

“I wonder . . .”

Think and Respond

1. At the end of the selection, the kittens smell a rat. What do you think will happen next? *Possible responses: I think they will catch the rat. I think they will hide from the rat.* **Analytical**
2. Name some of the repeated words and rhyming words that are in the story. *Possible responses: mittens and kittens; dear, hear, and fear; dry, cry, sigh, and pie* **Genre**
3. Why do you think this nursery rhyme was written? *Possible responses: I think it was written so people would be amused. I think the author wanted children to enjoy it.* **Author's Purpose**

The Three Bears



an English folktale
retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story that has been told and retold over many years. Invite children to recall other folktales they have heard and read, such as “The Soup Stone” and “Grandfather Bear Is Hungry.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

porridge: a breakfast cereal made from oats

rough: sounding harsh

tumbled: fell suddenly

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to discover the story setting, or where it takes place.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

Genre Study

Folktale: Many folktales and fairy tales begin with the same phrase: *Once upon a time*. This tells the reader that the events in the tale occurred long ago. It also points out that the tale has been told many times.

Think Aloud

¹*I can't believe Goldilocks just entered the house. I would never go into someone's home without asking first.*

Think Aloud

²*I wonder what the bears will do when they discover someone's been tasting their porridge. If I were them, I would be very angry.*

The Three Bears

an English folktale

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

ONCE UPON A TIME there were three bears who lived in a little house in the forest. There was a Little Wee Bear, a Middle-sized Bear, and a Great Huge Bear.

One morning they made some porridge for breakfast. They poured it into their bowls, but it was too hot to eat. So they decided to go for a walk until it was cool.

While they were walking, a little girl named Goldilocks came to their house. She looked in the window. Then she peeked through the keyhole. When she saw that no one was home, she opened the door and went in.¹

She was hungry, and the porridge smelled good. First she tasted the porridge of the Great Huge Bear, but it was too hot. Next she tasted the porridge of the Middle-sized Bear, but it was too cold. Then she tasted the porridge of the Little Wee Bear. It was just right, so she ate it all up.

Then Goldilocks went into the living room. First she sat down in the chair of the Great Huge Bear, but it was too hard. Next she sat down in the chair of the Middle-sized Bear, but it was too soft.

Then she sat down in the chair of the Little Wee Bear. It was just right, so there she sat. But she was too heavy for it. The bottom fell out and down she came, plump onto the floor.

Then Goldilocks went upstairs into the bedroom. First she lay down upon the bed of the Great Huge Bear, but the pillows were too high at the head. Next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle-sized Bear, but the covers were too high at the foot.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the Little Wee Bear. It was just right, so she pulled up the covers. Soon she was fast asleep.

The three bears came back to eat their breakfast.²

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" said the Great Huge Bear in his great, rough voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" said the Middle-sized Bear in her middle-sized voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP!" said the Little Wee Bear in his little wee voice.

The three bears went into the living room.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!” said the Great Huge Bear in his great, rough voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!” said the Middle-sized Bear in her middle-sized voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR AND HAS SAT THE BOTTOM OUT OF IT!” cried the Little Wee Bear in his little wee voice.³

Then the three bears went upstairs into their bedroom.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!” said the Great Huge Bear in his great, rough voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!” said the Middle-sized Bear in her middle-sized voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED AND HERE SHE IS!” cried the Little Wee Bear in his little wee voice.

This woke Goldilocks up. When she saw the three bears, she tumbled out of bed and ran to the open window. Out she jumped, and ran away as fast as she could.

The three bears never saw Goldilocks again.

Think Aloud

³I can tell what will happen next because things in this story happen over and over. I think the bears will find Goldilocks upstairs in Wee Bear's bed.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children act out the story. Assign the parts of Goldilocks, the three bears, and a narrator.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share something they had questions about while listening to the story.

“I wonder . . .”

Cultural Perspective

Porridge, a cereal boiled in water or milk, is a common food in Scotland, a country in Europe.

Long ago, porridge was eaten for breakfast and the leftovers were set in slabs to dry as oatmeal snacks. People would eat them throughout the day.

Think and Respond

1. What do you think would have happened if the bears had come home early?
Possible response: I think the bears would have surprised Goldilocks when she was eating the porridge or breaking the chair. **Analytical**
2. Do you think this folktale could really have happened? Why? *Possible response: No. Bears do not talk or live in houses.* **Genre**
3. Why do you think the author wrote this story? *Possible responses: to entertain people; to make them learn that they should not take or use what is not theirs*
Author's Purpose

The Coyote and the Turtle

a folktale

retold by Barbara Kerr Wilson

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 4



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story that has been told many times over the years. Invite children to discuss folktales they have heard or read, such as “The Three Bears.” Explain that many folktales are told in different countries, such as the one they are about to hear. Point out that this folktale is from Mexico.

Expand Vocabulary: Before reading, introduce these terms:

explore: to travel to a place to discover what is there

snarled: spoke angrily

cruelly: in a mean way

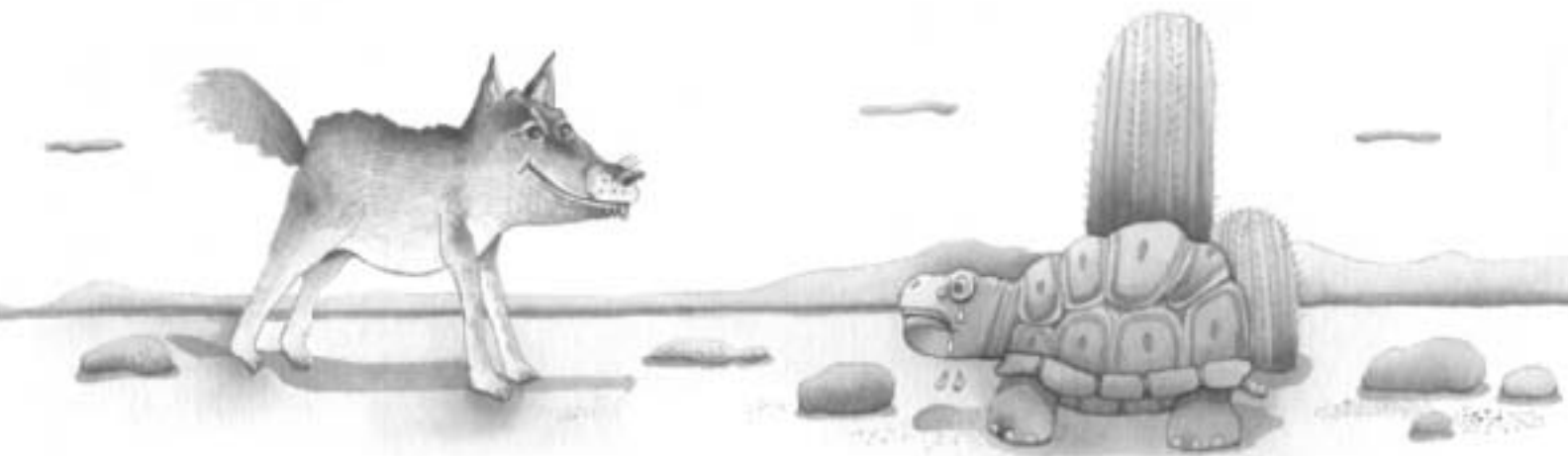
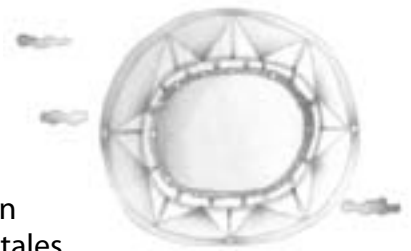
loped: ran in a relaxed and easy way

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out how the turtle solves his problem.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.





Think Aloud

¹I can understand how hot the turtle must be because I've been in hot weather and wanted to find a shady place also.

Think Aloud

²I know why the turtle is crying. He has a big problem. In the beginning he left the river to explore the desert and he doesn't know how to get back home. Now he has another problem: the mean coyote. I wonder how he will solve these problems.

The Coyote and the Turtle

retold by Barbara Kerr Wilson

One fine morning a young Turtle crawled out of the cool, deep river where he had lived for as long as he could remember. He wanted to explore the big wide world. He crawled farther and farther away from his river home, toward the hot dry desert where the cactus and the prickly pear grew.¹ What a foolish young Turtle he was! He did not realize that the hot, strong sun was bad for him. River turtles should stay near the cool water. They soon die in the hot sunshine.

As the day wore on, the sun rose in the sky and blazed down upon the hot dry desert. It did not take the little Turtle long to discover his mistake. He turned around and began to crawl back to his home. But the river was a long way away by now, and soon he could go no farther. He crawled under a spiky gray-green cactus plant to try to seek some shade. He was afraid he would never get home, and he began to cry bitterly.

In a little while, along came a Coyote. Coyotes are the desert wolves, cunning and cruel. Their coats are the color of the desert sand. This Coyote heard the little Turtle crying under the cactus plant.²

"That is a fine song the Turtle sings!" he thought. "I would like him to teach it to me."

So he asked the little Turtle to teach him his song.

"But I am not singing, Mr. Coyote," sobbed the Turtle.

"Indeed I am not. I have never felt less like singing in my life."

The Coyote did not believe him. He thought the little Turtle wanted to keep his song a secret. He sarled, showing his sharp teeth.

"If you do not teach me your song, little Turtle, I will swallow you for my dinner!"

Now, although the little Turtle had been so foolish as to leave his cool damp home in the river and venture into the hot dry desert, in other ways he was wise, like all his kind. And now he kept his wits about him.

"You would not enjoy your dinner, Mr. Coyote," he said. "Indeed, you would not. My hard shell would stick in your throat when you tried to swallow me."

The Coyote looked at the Turtle's hard shell, and saw that this was true. "In that case, little Turtle, I will take you out of the shade of the cactus plant and throw you into the hot sunshine," he said, smiling cruelly.

The little Turtle was very frightened. However, he said bravely:

"That would not hurt me, Mr. Coyote, for I would draw my head and my four feet right under my shell, out of the hot sunshine."

Of course, the little Turtle would not really be able to protect himself by doing this, but luckily for him the Coyote believed his words. He thought again.

"I know what I shall do with you, little Turtle!" he said at last. "Because you will not teach me your song, I will punish you by throwing you into the cold, deep river."

How the little Turtle smiled to himself! But he did not let the Coyote see how pleased he was. Oh, no—he pretended to be very frightened, indeed.

"Oh, Mr. Coyote, don't do that! Don't throw me into the river! I would drown in the cold, deep water! Indeed, I would!"³

"I *will* throw you into the river!" snarled the Coyote—and then he seized the little Turtle in his mouth, and carried him all the way back to the river, where he threw him *splash* into the water.

How cool and damp it was! How much better than the hot, dry desert! The little turtle swam happily into the middle of the river, where the Coyote could not reach him, and called cheerfully: "Thank you, Mr. Coyote! Thank you for bringing me home! I'm very grateful for your help, indeed, I am!"

And when the Coyote realized how he had been tricked by the little Turtle, he barked angrily and loped off into the sunshine.

Genre Study

Folktales: In some folktales, one character is tricked by another. These are often called "trickster tales." Another trickster tale is "The Soup Stone."

Think Aloud

³ I figured out why the turtle smiled to himself. He doesn't want the coyote to know he lives in the river and won't drown if he gets thrown in.



After Reading

Retell the Story: Invite children to retell the story by acting it out. Have partners take turns playing the coyote and the turtle. Encourage them to use body movements to illustrate their characters.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 4 to prompt children to share something they learned while listening to the story.

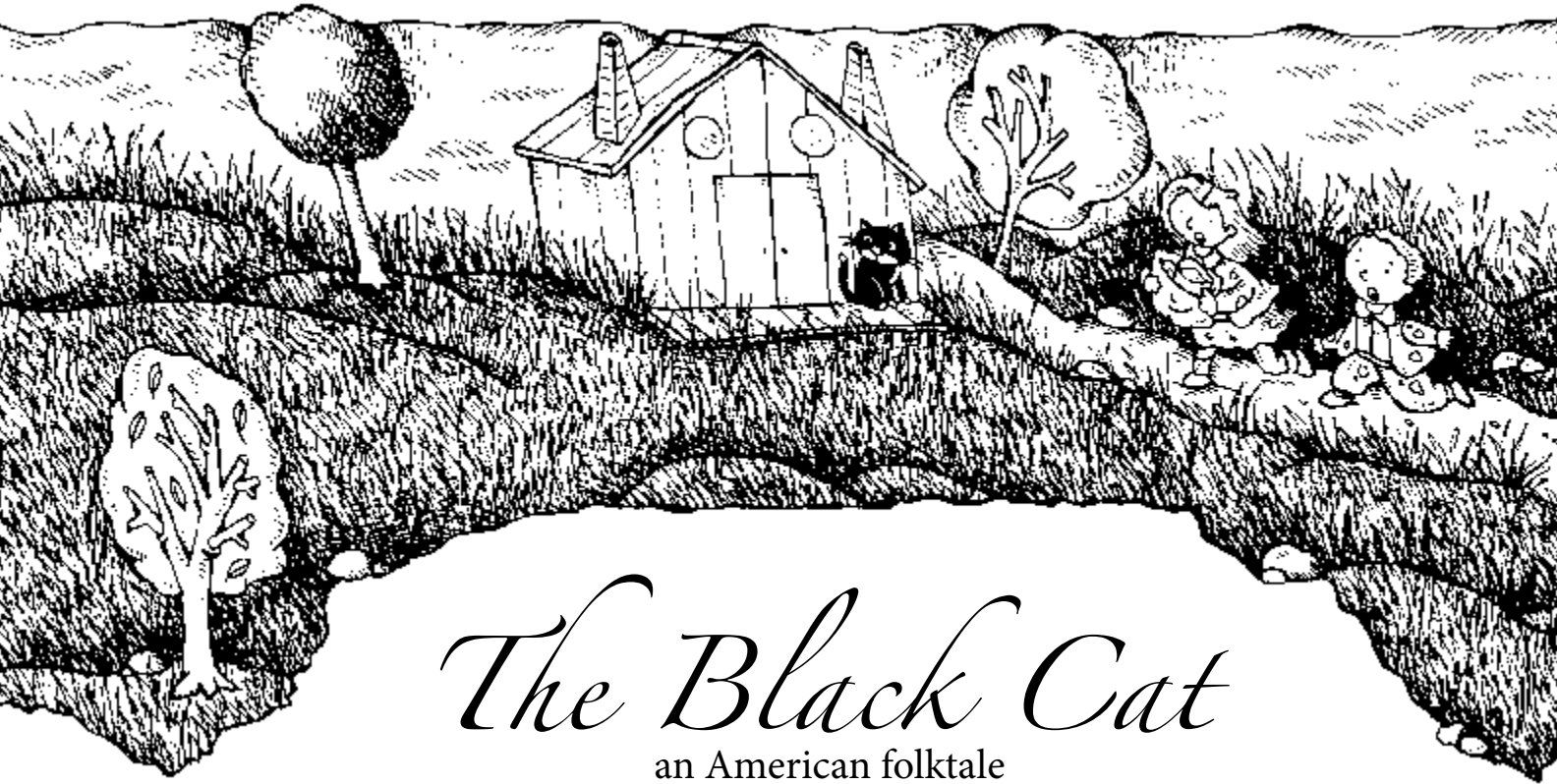
“I figured
out _____
because . . .”

Cultural Perspective

In many Mexican folktales, the coyotes are tricksters because people think they are sneaky and mean. But in other countries, the trickster might be a fox, a spider, or even a bird. Ask children to think of other stories that have animal tricksters. Discuss which animals they would choose to be a trickster and why.

Think and Respond

1. Do you think the coyote was very smart? *Possible response: No, he was easily fooled by the turtle.* **Inferential**
2. Animals in folktales often act like people. What do the turtle and coyote do to remind you of people? *Possible responses: they talk to each other; the turtle cries like a person might.* **Genre**
3. What does the author want you to learn from this tale? *Possible responses: that weaker ones can trick stronger ones; that you can solve problems by thinking smart* **Author's Purpose**



The Black Cat

an American folktale
retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Summarize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 7



Before Reading

Genre: Tell children that a folktale is a story that was passed down orally, or by word. Explain that this American folktale includes a drawing that is completed bit by bit as you read the story. Remind children that they have heard and read other folktales, such as “The Coyote and the Turtle” and “The Three Bears.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

dairy: a farm that makes milk and milk products

cream: the fatty part of milk used in cooking and with desserts

cellar: an underground room

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children look at each part of the drawing as they listen to the story.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



The Black Cat

an American folktale

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Tommy.
Here's a "T," for "Tommy":

T

He had a friend, named Sally, who lived in a dairy
down the road. Here's an "S," for "Sally":

T

S

Tommy lived in a little house in the woods with his
mother and father. The house had two rooms, like this:

□

S

There were two doors, one in each room, like this:

□

S

Each room had a special round window, like this:

□

S

To keep the house cozy on cold winter nights there
were fireplaces in each room, with pointed chimneys,
like this:

□

S





Outside the front door, grass grew thick and tall, like this:



One day, Tommy's mother sent him to buy some cream from Sally. He walked along the road to the dairy.



"The cream is down in the cellar," said Sally. "Would you like to come down with me?" Tommy and Sally went down the steps to the cellar.



"Shhh," said Sally. "I have a surprise for you." She pointed to a box in the corner. Tommy saw nothing in it but an old, torn blanket. Then he heard "mew, mew, mew." He saw the blanket moving, and a tiny head poked out. "Kittens!" he whispered.

"Yes," said Sally, "but the mother left this morning and has not come back. I am afraid she may be lost or hurt."

"I'll look for her on my way home," said Tommy. "What color is she?"

"She's black, so she may be hard to see in the woods," said Sally. "I'll come with you. With two of us looking, we're more likely to find her." Sally filled a pitcher with cream. Then she led Tommy up the steps.¹



Think Aloud

¹This part of the story was mostly about how Tommy goes to buy some cream from his friend Sally and how he discovers some kittens without a mother.



But just as Sally reached the top step, she stumbled and fell. She and Tommy both went crashing down the steps. The pitcher broke and cream splashed all over the floor.



The kittens mewled frantically. "We must find their mother soon," said Sally. "I will clean up the cream later." She found a jar with a lid and filled it with fresh cream. Then she wrapped it in some cloth to keep it cool. Tommy and Sally went back up the steps. This time, they held on to the banister.²



"I didn't see a black cat on my way here," said Tommy. "Why don't we go back on the path through the woods?" They set out, looking on both sides of the path. They walked and walked.



The path got narrower and ran along the edge of a hill. "Watch your step here," said Tommy, who was going first. "There's a patch of mud that's sli. . ." Before he could finish

Think Aloud

²I wonder what the word *banister* means. The author says they hold onto it while going up the steps. So I think a *banister* is some kind of rail to help people walk up steps without falling.

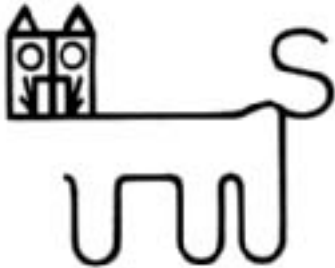




his warning, Sally slipped on the mud and fell into him. They both slid together down the hill.



When they got to the bottom, Sally felt the jar through the cloth she clutched in her hands. "We're lucky the jar didn't break," she said. "The cloth protected it." They climbed back up the hill. This time, Sally went first.



"We're almost home now," said Tommy, pointing to his house through the trees. "We'll be there in a minute or two."

But Tommy spoke too soon. He wasn't watching where he was going, so he didn't see the big rock in the middle of the path. He tripped and went flying into Sally. "Watch out," he called as he fell into her. They both tumbled down the hill once more.³



They picked themselves up and brushed themselves off. "Are you all right?" Tommy asked Sally.

"Yes," she said, "and so is the cream. Let's go carefully now. If there's any more bouncing and jouncing, this



Think Aloud

³Tommy and Sally keep falling or dropping things. Every time something happens, another line is drawn in the picture. I figure out that the events in the story have something to do with the picture. I think this will be a completed picture at the end of the story. What could it be?



cream will turn into butter.” They walked wearily up the hill.



Tommy and Sally looked both ways before they crossed the road. “We can cross now,” said Tommy. “There are no cars.”

“And no black cat,” said Sally. Sadly they crossed the road. They hadn’t found the mother cat. Where could she be? They went up the path to Tommy’s house and suddenly Sally squealed, “Look, Tommy! Look who’s standing there as if she’s been waiting all morning just for us to bring her some sweet, fresh cream.”

“Why, there she is!” shouted Tommy. “We found her! THE BLACK CAT!”



Genre Study

Folktale: This folktale has a surprise ending that includes a drawing of a black cat.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children make finger puppets of the main characters and use them to retell the story.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 7 to prompt children to summarize the story.

“This was mostly about . . .”

Cultural Perspective

To many people around the world, black cats mean bad luck. But in England, black cats are believed to bring good luck. Invite children to talk about “lucky” things they might have.

Think and Respond

1. Why did Tommy buy cream from Sally? *Possible response: She lives in a dairy so her family must own a dairy that sells milk and cream.* **Inferential**
2. Could this folktale really have happened? Why? *Possible responses: Yes. It has characters that act the way real people do.* **Genre**
3. Why do you think the author wrote this story? *Accept all reasonable responses. Possible response: She wanted to tell an old story with a surprise ending.* **Author’s Purpose**

Ms. Mouse Needs a Friend

a folktale

retold by Margaret Read MacDonald

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Summarize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 7



Before Reading

Genre: Share with children that a folktale is a story that has been passed down by people who have retold it over and over again. Explain that folktales are fiction, which means that parts of the story are make-believe. Help children remember other folktales with make-believe parts, such as "The Three Bears" and "The Coyote and the Turtle."

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

hatchet: a small ax that can be used with one hand

wail: a loud cry

snicker: to laugh disrespectfully

mink: a small animal with soft, brown fur

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out why Ms. Mouse needs a friend.



During Reading

Then use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



Ms. Mouse Needs a Friend

retold by Margaret Read MacDonald

One cold winter morning Ms. Mouse woke up feeling thirsty. She found her little cup and her little hatchet and went right down to the frozen pond. Ms. Mouse sat down and went to work. First she chopped a hole in the ice. Then she dipped her cup in the cool water and began to drink.

“Aaahhh.” How good that cold water tasted!

Ms. Mouse drank it all down. She dipped her little cup and had another cool drink.

“Aaaahhh.” Just one more.

Ms. Mouse dipped her cup and drank again. Ms. Mouse packed away her cup and started to stand up.

But, “Oh! Oh!” Ms. Mouse had sat still on the ice so long, her TAIL had frozen fast to the ice!

“Eee! Eee!
I’m STUCK!
Eee! Eee!
I’m STUCK!”

She began to wail.

Then Ms. Mouse thought, “I must find a friend to rescue me. Who could I call on for help?”¹

She remembered Snowshoe Rabbit. Ms. Mouse began to call,

“Snowshoe Rabbit!
Help, help!
Snowshoe Rabbit!
Help, help!
I need a friend!”

Snowshoe Rabbit heard her. He came out of his hole and looked around.

“Ms. Mouse must be in trouble!”

Snowshoe Rabbit leaped down the hillside to help her.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Mouse. I’ll be your friend.”

Snowshoe Rabbit reached out his paw to help her.

But when she saw him coming, Ms. Mouse began to snicker. “Oh, look at those BIG FEET. What BIG FEET Snowshoe Rabbit has!”²

When Snowshoe Rabbit heard her, he stopped. His feelings were hurt. “I guess she doesn’t want me for a friend after all.”



Think Aloud

¹So far, this folktale is mostly about how Ms. Mouse goes out to the frozen pond to get a drink and gets her tail frozen in the ice. How will she ever get loose?

Think Aloud

²I wonder why Ms. Mouse said such a mean thing about the rabbit. The rabbit wants to be her friend and help her.



Snowshoe Rabbit turned around and went back to his hole.
Ms. Mouse was still stuck on the ice.

“Oh, oh,” said Ms. Mouse. “Maybe I said the wrong thing.”
She began to struggle again.

“Eee! Eee!
I’m STUCK!
Eee! Eee!
I’m STUCK!”

Who could she call?
Maybe Mink could help.

“Mink!
Help, help!
Mink!
Help, help!
I need a friend!”

Mink heard Ms. Mouse calling. He came out of his den.
“I’m coming, Ms. Mouse. I’ll be your friend.”

Mink came racing down the path to the pond. He put out his
paw to help Ms. Mouse.

But when Mink came close, Ms. Mouse began to snicker.
“Yuck, yuck, what BAD BREATH you have! *Ick*, what BAD
BREATH!”

Mink was offended. “Maybe she doesn’t want me for a friend
after all.”

Mink turned away and scurried back to his den.

“Oh, oh,” said Ms. Mouse. “Maybe I said the wrong thing.”
And she began to wail again.

“Eee! Eee!
I’m STUCK!
Eee! Eee!
I’m STUCK!”

Who could she call?
Fox! He might help.

“Fox!
Help, help!
Fox!
Help, help!
I need a friend!”

Fox, sleeping in his den, heard her.

"I'm coming, Ms. Mouse. I'll be your friend."

And Fox came running to help.

But before he could put out his paw to aid her, Ms. Mouse began to snicker. "Just look at that LONG TAIL! What an UGLY TAIL!"

Fox felt very bad. "Maybe she doesn't want me for a friend after all."

Fox turned and hurried back to his home.

"Oh, oh," said Ms. Mouse. "Maybe I said the wrong thing." She was still stuck.

"Eee! Eee!
I'm STUCK!
Eee! Eee!
I'm STUCK!"

Who could she call?
Bear!

"Bear!
Help, help!
Bear!
Help, help!
I need a friend!"

Bear was sleeping in his den. He heard that mouse calling and calling.

Bear jumped up. Bear lunged out of his den. He gallumphed right down to the frozen pond . . .

WHACK! With one stroke of his huge paw, he knocked Ms. Mouse free. Then he was gone back up the hill and into his den before she could say one thing.

Ms. Mouse was free. But that huge bear had hit her so hard that it had broken her little tail right off.

Poor Ms. Mouse. She ran off to her little home crying,

"Eee! Eee!
I chose the wrong friend!
Eee! Eee!
I chose the wrong friend!"

Don't be like Ms. Mouse. If someone offers you a hand in friendship, take it. Just overlook any faults and be a friend. Or you might end up like Ms. Mouse . . . with a strong friend, but NO TAIL!³

Genre Study

Folktale: Many folktales have parts that are repeated many times. In this folktale, many animals come to help Ms. Mouse, but she turns them away with her bad behavior.



Think Aloud

³I wonder if Ms. Mouse will have learned her lesson and not say mean things about her friends anymore.



After Reading

Retell the Story: Divide the children into three groups. Have one group summarize the beginning of the story, the second group the middle, and the third group the end.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 7 to prompt children to summarize important events in the story.

“This was mostly about . . .”

Cultural Perspective

This folktale is from Siberia, a part of Russia. The brown bear is one of the most well-known and popular animals in the country of Russia.

Think and Respond

1. Why do you think Ms. Mouse kept saying those mean things to the animals?
*Possible responses: Maybe she did not think before she spoke or maybe she thought she was better than all of the others. **Inferential***
2. Folktales often have repeating parts. What parts of this story are repeated?
*Possible response: the phrases that Ms. Mouse says each time she struggles and calls an animal to help **Genre***
3. What do you think the author wants to teach you with this story? *Possible responses: People who say mean things will not have any friends. If someone nice wants to be your friend, be the person's friend even if he or she isn't "perfect" in your eyes. **Author's Purpose***



Why the Moon Is in the Sky

an Ashanti folktale from West Africa

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Summarize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 7



Before Reading

Genre: Tell children that folktales are stories that are created to explain events that are important to a group of people. This story is an African folktale that explains why the moon is in the sky. Guide children to think about why people long ago might have told stories about the moon.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

plump: rounded and slightly overweight

silvery: like silver, shiny

reward: something given in return for what somebody has done

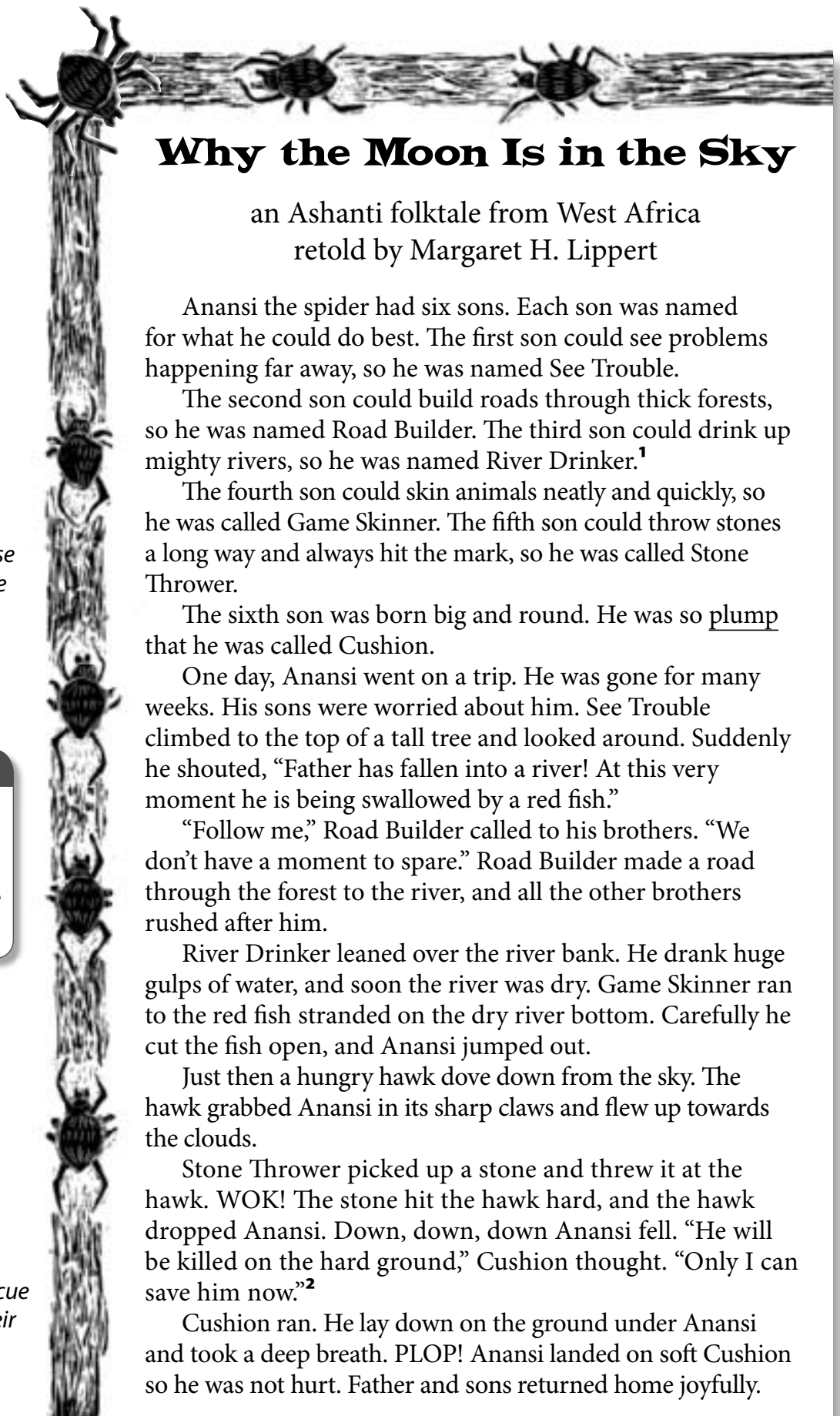
argued: disagreed with somebody

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out what the title means.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



Why the Moon Is in the Sky

an Ashanti folktale from West Africa

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

Think Aloud

¹*What strange names these are! I think that before the folktale ends these sons will do what their names say they can do.*

Genre Study

Folktale: Many folktales are about people, but some have animal characters who act like people.

Think Aloud

²*I figured out that all of Anansi's sons try to rescue him. They are using their special abilities to save their father.*

Anansi the spider had six sons. Each son was named for what he could do best. The first son could see problems happening far away, so he was named See Trouble.

The second son could build roads through thick forests, so he was named Road Builder. The third son could drink up mighty rivers, so he was named River Drinker.¹

The fourth son could skin animals neatly and quickly, so he was called Game Skinner. The fifth son could throw stones a long way and always hit the mark, so he was called Stone Thrower.

The sixth son was born big and round. He was so plump that he was called Cushion.

One day, Anansi went on a trip. He was gone for many weeks. His sons were worried about him. See Trouble climbed to the top of a tall tree and looked around. Suddenly he shouted, "Father has fallen into a river! At this very moment he is being swallowed by a red fish."

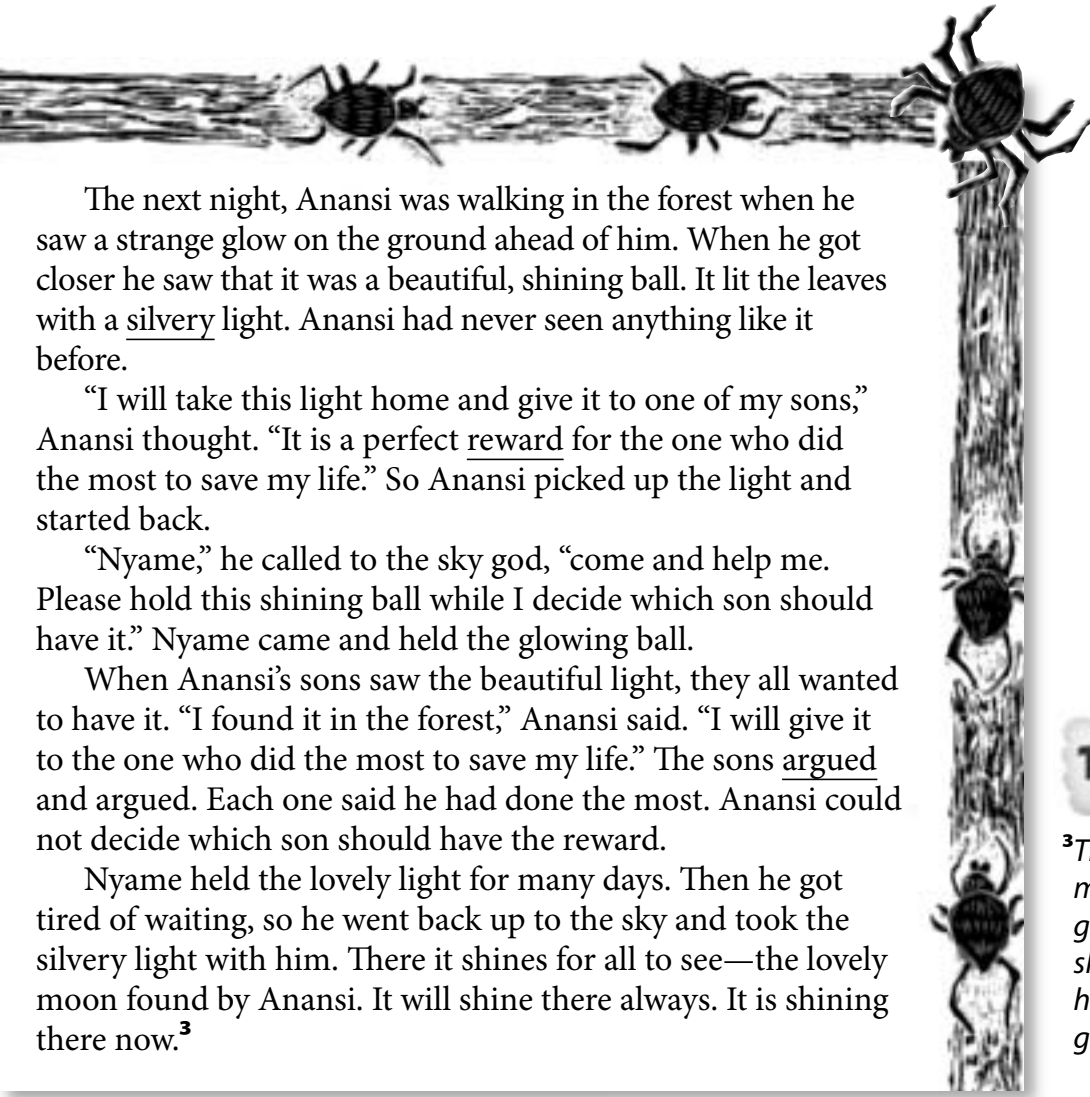
"Follow me," Road Builder called to his brothers. "We don't have a moment to spare." Road Builder made a road through the forest to the river, and all the other brothers rushed after him.

River Drinker leaned over the river bank. He drank huge gulps of water, and soon the river was dry. Game Skinner ran to the red fish stranded on the dry river bottom. Carefully he cut the fish open, and Anansi jumped out.

Just then a hungry hawk dove down from the sky. The hawk grabbed Anansi in its sharp claws and flew up towards the clouds.

Stone Thrower picked up a stone and threw it at the hawk. WOK! The stone hit the hawk hard, and the hawk dropped Anansi. Down, down, down Anansi fell. "He will be killed on the hard ground," Cushion thought. "Only I can save him now."²

Cushion ran. He lay down on the ground under Anansi and took a deep breath. PLOP! Anansi landed on soft Cushion so he was not hurt. Father and sons returned home joyfully.



The next night, Anansi was walking in the forest when he saw a strange glow on the ground ahead of him. When he got closer he saw that it was a beautiful, shining ball. It lit the leaves with a silvery light. Anansi had never seen anything like it before.

“I will take this light home and give it to one of my sons,” Anansi thought. “It is a perfect reward for the one who did the most to save my life.” So Anansi picked up the light and started back.

“Nyame,” he called to the sky god, “come and help me. Please hold this shining ball while I decide which son should have it.” Nyame came and held the glowing ball.

When Anansi’s sons saw the beautiful light, they all wanted to have it. “I found it in the forest,” Anansi said. “I will give it to the one who did the most to save my life.” The sons argued and argued. Each one said he had done the most. Anansi could not decide which son should have the reward.

Nyame held the lovely light for many days. Then he got tired of waiting, so he went back up to the sky and took the silvery light with him. There it shines for all to see—the lovely moon found by Anansi. It will shine there always. It is shining there now.³

Think Aloud

³The end of the story is mostly about how Anansi gave the sky god the shining ball to hold while he tried to decide who to give it to as a reward.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children draw a picture of the sky at night, including the moon. Then ask children to retell the story of why the moon is in the sky.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 7 to prompt children to summarize why the moon is in the sky.

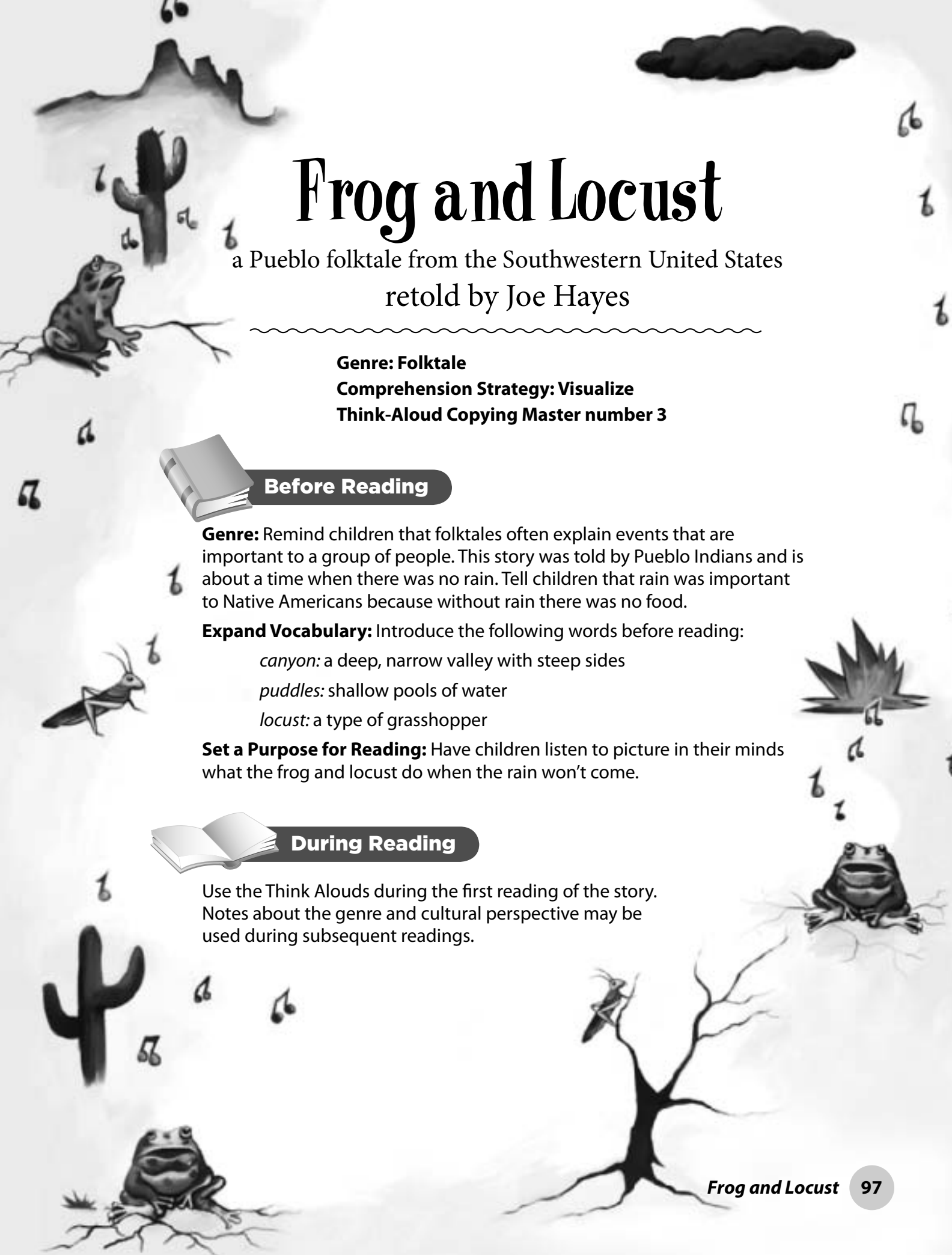
“This was mostly about . . .”

Cultural Perspective

Anansi is a folk hero who is sometimes a spider and sometimes a man. He is part of many legends and folktales from West Africa.

Think and Respond

1. If Anansi had a son who could tell wonderful stories, what do you think his name would be? *Possible response: Great Storyteller* **Analytical**
2. What parts of this folktale are make-believe? *Possible responses: The unusual abilities of the sons; the talking spiders; the shining ball and sky god.* **Genre**
3. Why do you think the author wrote this story? *Possible response: to share a traditional story that explains how the moon came to be* **Author's Purpose**



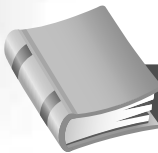
Frog and Locust

a Pueblo folktale from the Southwestern United States
retold by Joe Hayes

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Visualize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 3



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that folktales often explain events that are important to a group of people. This story was told by Pueblo Indians and is about a time when there was no rain. Tell children that rain was important to Native Americans because without rain there was no food.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

canyon: a deep, narrow valley with steep sides

puddles: shallow pools of water

locust: a type of grasshopper

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to picture in their minds what the frog and locust do when the rain won't come.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

Frog and Locust

a Pueblo tale from the Southwestern United States
retold by Joe Hayes

Think Aloud

I can imagine what it looked like with no rain for a whole year. The trees must have looked like sticks, and the ground brown and all dried up.



Genre Study

Folktales: In many folktales, animals can talk and act like humans. In this one, the animals think and talk to each other like humans.

Once it didn't rain for a whole year. The grass turned brown and died. Trees and bushes lost their leaves.¹ In the canyon bottom, where a lively stream usually flowed, there were just a few puddles of water left. And every day those puddles got smaller and smaller.

Living at the edge of one puddle was a frog. The frog saw his puddle get smaller with each passing day, and he knew that if it didn't rain the puddle would soon dry up. And he would die!

But the frog knew how to sing a rain song. So he sang to see if he could bring some rain. The frog croaked—

R-R-RAIN, R-R-RAIN, R-R-RAIN . . .

But his song wasn't loud enough to reach the top of the mountain, and that is where the Rain God lived. The Rain God couldn't hear the frog singing, and no rain came.

Not far from the frog's puddle was a bush, and living in the bush was a locust. The locust knew that if it didn't rain, he wouldn't live through the summer. So as he clung to the bush the locust buzzed—

R-r-r-rain-n-n-n, r-r-r-rain -n-n-n . . .

But that song wasn't loud enough to reach the top of the mountain either. And when the locust saw that there were no clouds in the sky, and it wasn't going to rain, he started to cry—

Ee-he-he-he-he . . .

The frog heard someone crying, so he hopped over there. He looked up and croaked—

WHAT'S THE MATTER-R-R . . . ?

WHAT'S THE MATTER-R-R . . . ?

The locust told him, "If it doesn't rain, I'm going to die!"

When the frog heard that, he thought about how the same thing would happen to him if it didn't rain, and he started to cry too—

WAH-WAH-WAH . . .

But then the locust got an idea. He thought—when one person works all alone, he doesn't get much done. But when people work together, they can do a lot of work. So the locust said, "Frog, maybe we should sing together."

The frog thought that was a good idea. So they added their songs together—

R-R-RAIN . . . r-r-r-rain-n-n . . .

R-R-RAIN . . . r-r-r-rain-n-n . . .

It still wasn't loud enough to go to the top of the mountain.² But it was loud enough to go to the next puddle up the canyon. And living over there was another frog. On the other side of the canyon, there were even more frogs. They heard the frog sing and thought they would join in and sing along with him. They all sang—

R-R-RAIN, R-R-RAIN, R-R-RAIN . . .

In the nearby bushes, and in the bunches of grass still growing at the puddle's edge, there were also more locusts. They heard the song and thought they'd join in too—

R-r-r-rain-n-n, r-r-r-rain-n-n . . .

Soon all the frogs and locusts were singing—

R-R-RAIN . . . r-r-r-rain-n-n . . .

R-R-RAIN . . . r-r-r-rain-n-n . . .

It was a loud song! It went clear to the top of the mountain!

The Rain God heard the song. He climbed up to the center of the sky and gathered dark clouds all around him. From the distant mountains he made the cool wind begin to blow. Rain drops started falling.³ The rain fell faster . . . and faster. It was a big storm!

The canyon stream filled back up with water. The trees and bushes got new leaves. The whole land came to life again. And it was all because the frogs and locusts worked together!

And that's why it is to this day that if one person's fields are dry and dying, he doesn't go off by himself and sing for rain. But all the people gather together. They dance with one heart, and with one voice they sing. And in that way they can always bring the rain.



Think Aloud

²I think the problem is that the Rain God can't hear the frog and locust song for rain. I think they will have to get others to sing to make it louder.

Think Aloud

³I was able to picture in my mind the dark clouds gathering in the sky and the raindrops beginning to fall. I have seen storms like this before.



After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children draw a picture to show how frog and locust worked together. Have them use their pictures to retell the story.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 3 to prompt children to share something they could visualize from the selection.

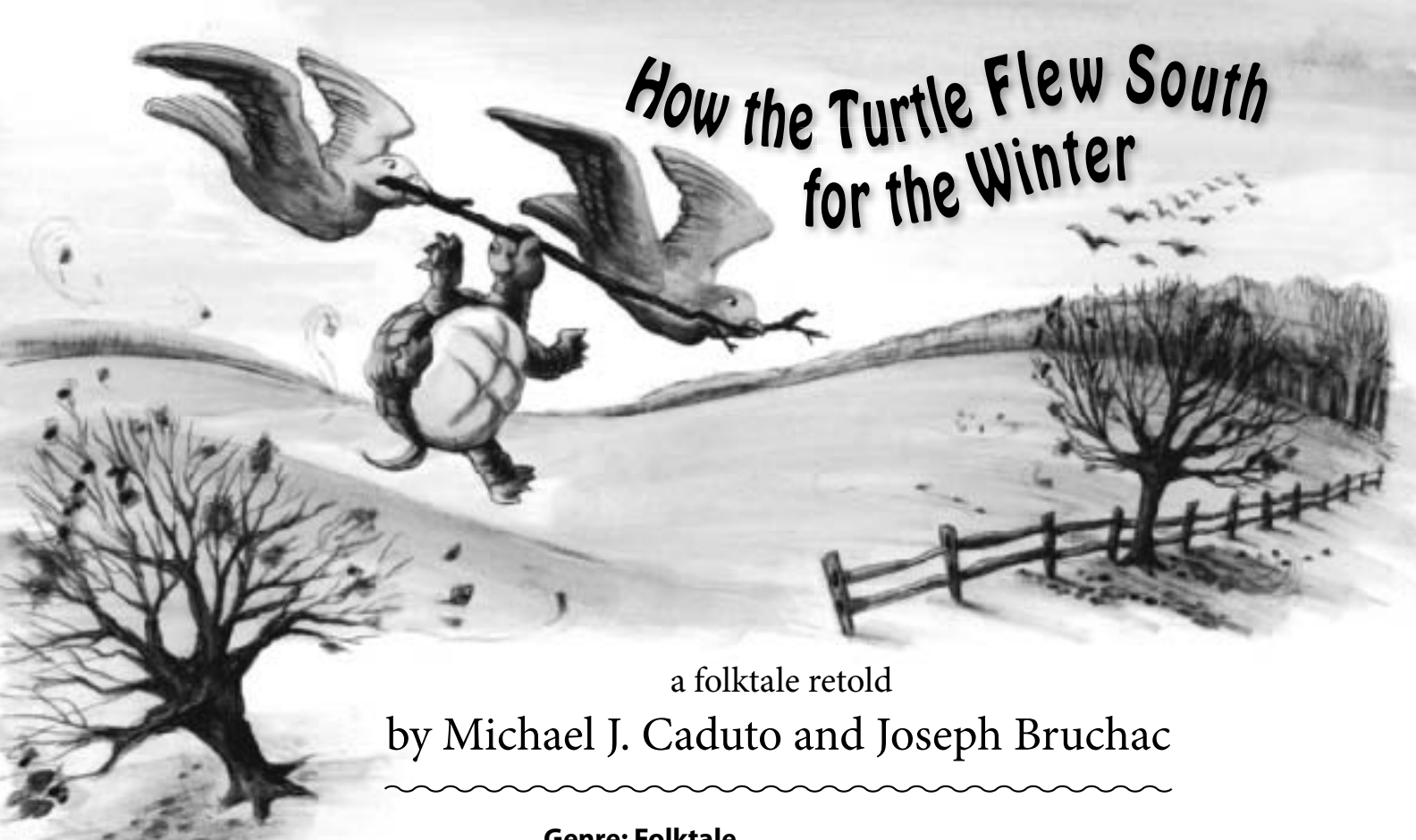
“I was able
to picture in
my mind . . .”

Cultural Perspective

The Pueblo Indians still dance and sing together to bring rain to dry land.

Think and Respond

1. What would happen to your community if it did not rain for one year? *Possible responses: The plants might die. The grass would turn brown.* **Analytical**
2. How do you know this folktale is make-believe? *Possible responses: The insects talk in the story; they can't talk in real life.* **Genre**
3. What does the author want you to learn from this story? *Possible response: People can get more done when they work together.* **Author's Purpose**

A black and white illustration of a turtle being carried by two birds over a winter landscape. The birds are flying in a V-formation, with the turtle hanging from their beaks. The landscape features snow-covered ground, bare trees, and a fence. The title "How the Turtle Flew South for the Winter" is written in a large, stylized font at the top right.

How the Turtle Flew South for the Winter

a folktale retold

by Michael J. Caduto and Joseph Bruchac

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Visualize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 3



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story handed down by word of mouth. Some folktales explain how something came to be. Explain that this is a Sioux Indian folktale that explains why turtles hibernate, or sleep, during the winter. Invite children to recall other folktales they have heard that explain things, such as "Frog and Locust" or "Why the Moon Is in the Sky."

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

aspens: a type of tree

pleaded: begged urgently

ached: was in constant pain

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to picture in their minds how the turtle flew south.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

Genre Study

Folktale: Long ago, many folktales were told to children to answer questions they had about the world around them. While many of these questions have now been answered, folktales are still told to entertain and delight children.

Think Aloud

¹I imagine that Summer is a person because it says that Summer lives down south all the time. But I know that Summer isn't a real person. It's a season.

Think Aloud

²This is funny! I was able to picture in my mind Turtle flying through the sky while holding onto the stick. If I saw a real turtle doing this, I would be so surprised.

How the Turtle Flew South for the Winter

by Michael J. Caduto and Joseph Bruchac

It was the time of year when the leaves start to fall from the aspens. Turtle was walking around when he saw many birds gathering together in the trees. They were making a lot of noise and Turtle was curious.

"Hey," Turtle said, "What is happening?"

"Don't you know?" the birds said. "We're getting ready to fly to the south for the winter."

"Why are you going to do that?" Turtle said.

"Don't you know anything?" the birds said. "Soon it's going to be very cold here and the snow will fall. There won't be much food to eat. Down south it will be warm. Summer lives there all of the time and there's plenty of food."¹

As soon as they mentioned the food, Turtle became even more interested. "Can I come with you?" he said.

"You have to fly to go south," said the birds. "You are a turtle and you can't fly."

But Turtle would not give up. "Isn't there some way you could take me along?" He begged and pleaded. Finally the birds agreed just to get him to stop asking.

"Look here," the birds said, "can you hold onto a stick hard with your mouth?"

"That's no problem at all," Turtle said. "Once I grab onto something no one can make me let go until I am ready."

"Good," said the birds. "Then you hold on hard to this stick. These two birds here will each grab one end of it in their claws. That way they can carry you along. But remember, you have to keep your mouth shut!"

"That's easy," said Turtle. "Now let's go south where Summer keeps all that food." Turtle grabbed onto the middle of the stick and two big birds came and grabbed each end. They flapped their wings hard and lifted Turtle off the ground.² Soon they were high in the sky and headed toward the south.

Turtle had never been so high off the ground before, but he liked it. He could look down and see how small everything



looked. But before they had gone too far, he began to wonder where they were. He wondered what the lake was down below him and what those hills were. He wondered how far they had come and how far they would have to go to get to the south where Summer lived. He wanted to ask the two birds who were carrying him, but he couldn't talk with his mouth closed.

Turtle rolled his eyes. But the two birds just kept on flying.

Then Turtle tried waving his legs at them, but they acted as if they didn't even notice. Now Turtle was getting upset. If they were going to take him south, then the least they could do was tell him where they were now!

"Mmmph," Turtle said, trying to get their attention. It didn't work. Finally Turtle lost his temper.

"Why don't you listen to . . ." but that was all he said, for as soon as he opened his mouth to speak, he had to let go of the stick and he started to fall.³ Down and down he fell, a long long way. He was so frightened that he pulled his legs and his head in to protect himself! When he hit the ground he hit so hard that his shell cracked. He was lucky that he hadn't been killed, but he ached all over. He ached so much that he crawled into a nearby pond, swam down to the bottom and dug into the mud to get as far away from the sky as he possibly could. Then he fell asleep all through the winter and didn't wake up until the spring.

So it is that today only the birds fly south to the land where summer lives while turtles, who all have cracked shells now, sleep through the winter.

Think Aloud

³At first I thought that Turtle was going to make it down south, but now I find out that he talks and lets go of the stick. Turtle seems to like talking a lot.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children fold a sheet of paper in thirds. Ask them to draw a picture of what happened in the beginning, a picture of what happened in the middle, and a picture of what happened at the end.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 3 to prompt children to share something they visualized while listening to the story.

"I was able
to picture in
my mind . . ."

Cultural Perspective

The name Sioux means "Little Snake." This name was given to them by an enemy tribe. Visit www.lakota.com/online/words.english.htm and teach children some Lakota words.

Think and Respond

1. Why did Turtle have to fly south? Why couldn't he walk there? *Possible response: Because it would take too long, and by the time he got down south, winter would be over in the north.* **Analytical**
2. How is this folktale similar to or different from "Frog and Locust"? *Accept all reasonable responses. Possible responses: The animals talk and act like humans; the folktale tells why something is in the world.* **Genre**
3. What is the reason the author wrote this story? *Possible response: to create an imaginative explanation; to explain why turtles hibernate during the winter* **Author's Purpose**

THE MITTEN

an Ukrainian folktale
retold by Alvin Tresselt

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Visualize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 4



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story with no known author. Folktales were originally passed down orally for many years. The authors of folktales today are retelling the stories. Explain that this is an old Ukrainian tale that has been retold in written form by several different authors. Children may remember that they enjoyed the retelling of “How the Turtle Flew South for the Winter” and “Frog and Locust.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

trudging: walking with slow, tired steps

scurrying: moving at a hurried pace, usually with small fast steps

boar: a pig or hog

seams: lines of stitches used to hold two pieces of fabric together

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen and visualize what happens to a lost mitten.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.





THE MITTEN

a Ukrainian folktale
retold by Alvin Tresselt

It was the coldest day of winter, and a little boy was trudging through the forest gathering firewood for his grandmother.

"Bring back all you can find," the old woman had said as she sat knitting a pair of mittens.

"The north wind blows cold, and we must have a good fire to keep us warm."

All morning the boy worked, picking up sticks, until his sled was well loaded. Then a very strange thing happened. Just as he picked up the last stick he dropped one of his mittens in the snow.

Now, how a boy could do this on the coldest day of winter I'll never know, but that's the way my grandfather tells the story.

Off he went with his load of wood, and the mitten was left lying on a snowdrift.

As soon as he was out of sight a little mouse came scurrying through the woods. She was very cold, and when she spied the little boy's mitten with its feathery fur cuff, she popped right in to get warm. It was just the right size for a tiny mouse.

Presently a green frog came hip-hopping over the snow.

"Anybody home?" she asked when she saw the mitten.

"Only me," said the mouse, "and come in quickly before you freeze."

They had no sooner settled themselves snugly in the red wool lining when an owl flew down.

"May I join you in that lovely mitten?" he asked.

"If you mind your manners," replied the mouse, for owls always made her nervous.

"And don't wiggle around too much," added the frog, "because it's a bit tight in here."

It wasn't long before a rabbit came down the forest path.

"Is there room for me in that nice warm mitten?" asked the rabbit. "It's awfully cold out here."

"Not much space left," said the mouse and the frog and the owl. "But come in. We'll see what we can do."

Even before the rabbit had gotten herself tucked in, a fox trotted up to the mitten, and after a good deal of trouble she got

Genre Study

Folktale: Folktales were often told by older family members to younger family members.

herself in along with the others. The mouse was beginning to think maybe she shouldn't have been so generous, but with the bitter wind outside, what else could she do? And now, as if things weren't bad enough, the next visitor was a big gray wolf who wanted to come in, too.

"I don't know how we'll manage it," said the mouse, "But we'll try."

Everyone moved around a bit, and finally the wolf was squeezed into the mitten. It was very crowded by now, but at least it was warm. Things has just gotten arranged nicely when the animals heard a great snorting. It was a wild boar, and he was very anxious to get in out of the wind.

"Oh, dear!" cried the mouse, for the mitten was already beginning to stretch a little. "We just don't have any more room!"

"I'll be very careful," said the boar.

With that he squinched himself into the mitten along with the mouse and the frog, the owl, the rabbit, the fox and the wolf. I know this is so because my grandfather told me.

But the worst was yet to come, for who should appear now but a bear! He was very big and very cold.

"No room! No room!" cried the animals even before the bear had a chance to speak.

"Nonsense!" said the bear.

"There's always room for one more." And without so much as a please or thank you, he began crawling into the mitten. He put his paw in first, and the mitten creaked and groaned. He put his other paw in and one of the seams popped. Then he took a big breath and pushed himself in.¹

Now while all this was going on, along came a little black cricket. She was very old, and her creaky legs ached with the cold. When she saw the mitten she said to herself, "Now that looks like a nice warm place. I'll just hop over and see if I can squeeze in too!"

But, ah me, that's all that was needed to finish off the poor old mitten. The cricket had no more than put her first scratchy foot inside when, with a rip and a snap, the stitches came apart, the old leather cracked and the soft red lining split in half, popping all the animals into the snow!

Well at this very moment the little boy discovered that he had only one mitten, so back he went to see where he might have dropped the other one. But all he could find were the ripped-apart pieces. And he thought he saw a little mouse scurrying away with a bit of red wool perched on her head.



Think Aloud

¹I was able to picture in my mind all those animals squeezed into that mitten. I know that each time a new animal comes along it has to push harder to get inside.

Think Aloud

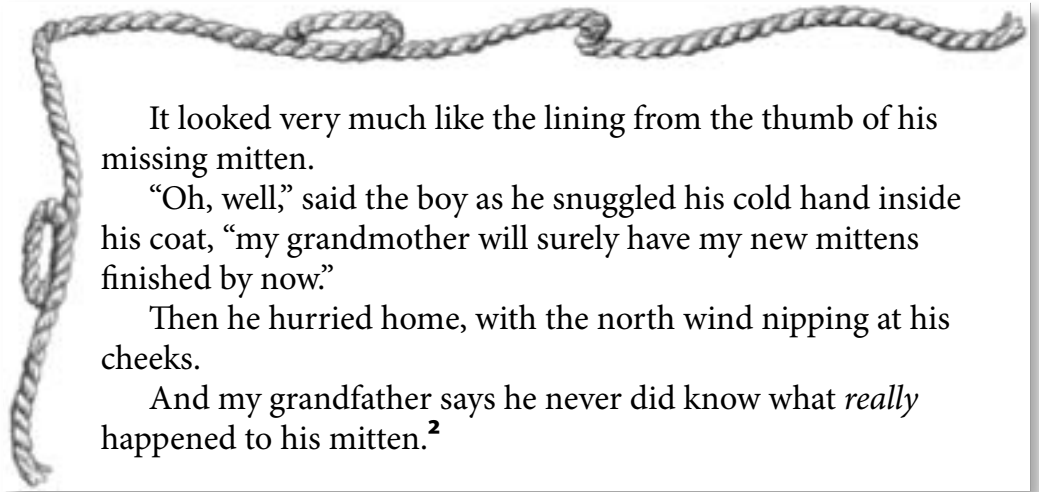
²I figured out that the boy in the story grew up to be the storyteller's grandpa. At the end it says that his grandpa never really knew what happened to his mitten.

It looked very much like the lining from the thumb of his missing mitten.

"Oh, well," said the boy as he snuggled his cold hand inside his coat, "my grandmother will surely have my new mittens finished by now."

Then he hurried home, with the north wind nipping at his cheeks.

And my grandfather says he never did know what *really* happened to his mitten.²



After Reading

Retell the story: Have children draw a picture of their favorite part of the story and retell it to the class.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 4 to prompt children to share something they discovered while listening to the selection.

"I figured out _____ because _____."

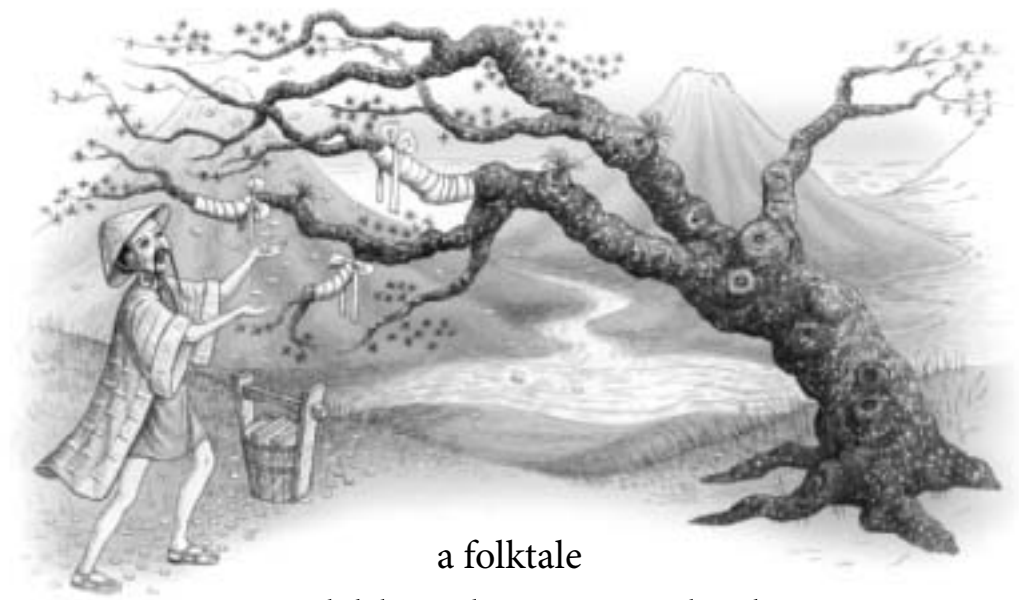
Cultural Perspective

Located in eastern Europe, the Ukraine is a land where winters are long and cold. Folktales such as this one were probably told around the fireside to help pass the long, cold winter days and nights.

Think and Respond

1. Who is telling the story? Who is the story about? *Possible response: A child is telling the story that his or her grandfather told. The story is about the grandfather when he was a boy.* **Analytical**
2. What parts of the story could happen in real life? *Possible responses: the boy losing his mitten; the grandma knitting the mittens* **Genre**
3. Why do you think the author wrote this story? *Possible response: The author wants to share a funny story that he learned from his grandfather.* **Author's Purpose**

THE STICKY-STICKY PINE



a folktale

retold by Florence Sakade

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story that has been told and retold for many years. This particular retelling is from Japan. There are various versions of this story from different countries and cultures. Remind children of other folktales they have heard, such as “The Mitten” and “How Turtle Flew South for the Winter.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

sap: a liquid that flows through trees

oblong: an oval shape

remain: stay

living: alive, not dead

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out what the title of the story means.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

Genre Study

Folktales: A folktale often has a moral. In this case, the moral is unstated.

Think Aloud

¹I know that tree sap isn't really blood. It's sort of like blood because it is a liquid that flows through a tree.



Think Aloud

²I wonder what the word prosperity means. The next part tells me that the tree made the woodcutter very rich. So I think that prosperity has to do with having a lot of money.

THE STICKY-STICKY PINE

retold by Florence Sakade

Once there was a woodcutter. He was very poor but very kind. Never would he tear off the living branches of a tree to make firewood. Instead, he would gather only the dead branches on the ground. He knew what happened when you tore a branch off a tree. The sap, which is the blood of a tree, would drip and drip, just as though the poor tree were bleeding.¹ So, since he didn't want to harm the trees, he never tore off the branches.

One day he was walking beneath a high pine tree hunting for firewood when he heard a voice, saying:

"Sticky, sticky is my sap,
For my tender twigs are snapped."

The woodcutter looked and, sure enough, someone had broken three limbs off the pine and the sap was running out. Skillfully, he mended them, saying:

"Now these tender twigs I'll wrap,
And in that way stop the sap."

And he tore a piece from his own clothes to make a bandage.

No sooner had he finished than many tiny gold and silver things fell from the tree. It was money—a lot of it. The surprised woodcutter was almost covered up with it. He looked at the tree and smiled and thanked it. Then he took the money home.

There was a great amount and he slowly realized that he was now a very rich woodcutter indeed. Everyone knows that the pine tree is the sign of prosperity in Japan and, sure enough, the grateful pine had made him very rich.²

Just then a face appeared in the window. It was the face of another woodcutter. But this woodcutter was neither nice nor kind. In fact, it was he who had torn off the branches of the pine and had broken its twigs. When he saw the money he said:

"Where did you get all that money? Look how nice and bright it is."

The good woodcutter held up the money so the other could see. It was oblong in shape, the way money used to be in Japan, and he had five basketfuls. He told the bad woodcutter how he had got the money.

“From that big pine tree?”

“Yes, that was the one.”

“Hmm,” said the bad woodcutter and ran away as fast as he could go. He ran right up to the old pine tree, and the tree said:

“Sticky, sticky, is my blood.

Touch me, you’ll receive a flood.”

“Oh, just what I want,” said the bad man, “a flood of gold and silver.” He reached up and broke off another branch. The pine tree suddenly showered him. But it showered him with sticky, sticky sap—not gold and silver at all.

The bad woodcutter was covered with sap. It got in his hair and on his arms and legs. Since it was so sticky, he couldn’t move and though he called for help, no one could hear him. He had to remain there for three days—one day for each branch—until the sap became soft enough for him to drag himself home.

And, after that, he never broke another branch off a living tree.³

Think Aloud

³I like the end of this story because it shows how the bad woodcutter learned to be kinder to living trees.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Invite children to retell the story by acting it out. Have children take turns playing the parts of the good and the bad woodcutter and the narrator.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share a question they have about the folktale.

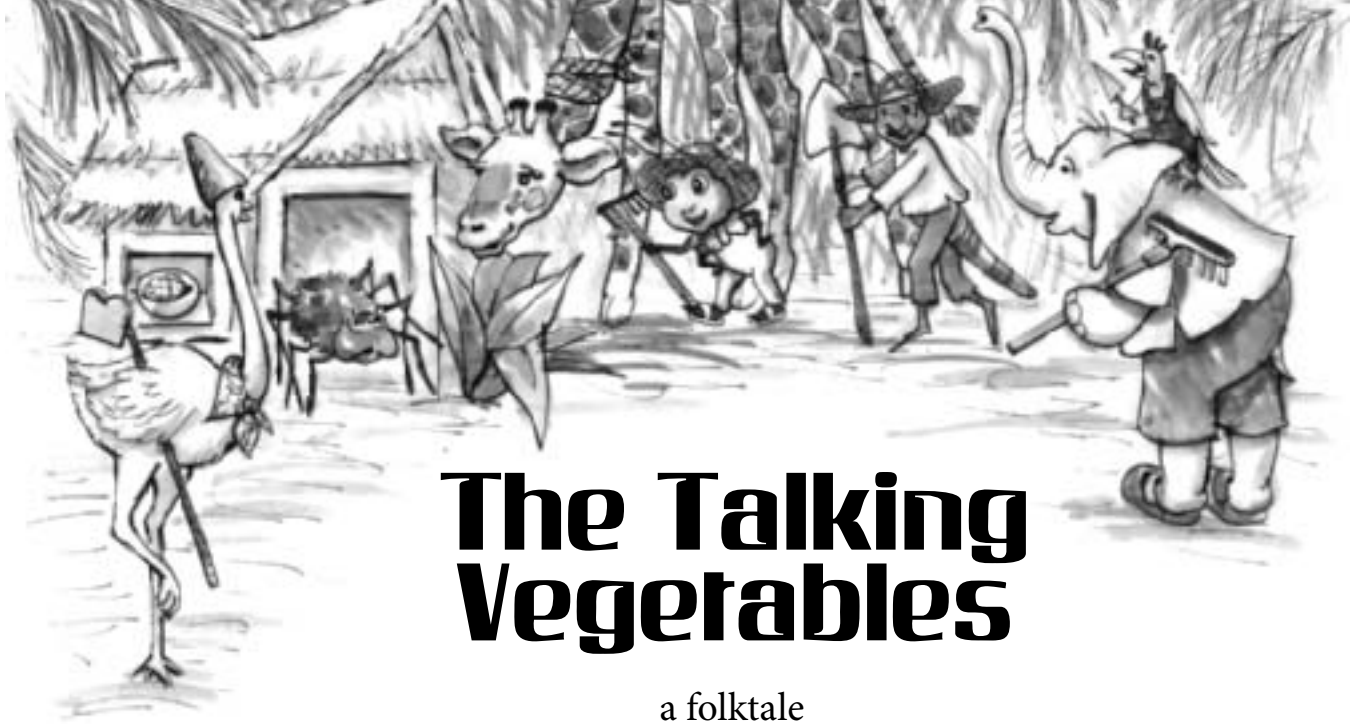
“I wonder . . .”

Cultural Perspective

People in Japan value the pine trees that grow there, which they call *matsu*. The tall trees protect the land and shelter people from the wind.

Think and Respond

1. Why did the tree shower the bad woodcutter with sap instead of with money?
Possible responses: He broke off a branch; he did not mend it. He was not nice so the tree wanted to teach him a lesson. Analytical
2. Do you think this folktale could have really happened ? Why? *Possible response: No, because trees don't give money to people. Genre*
3. What do you think the writer wants to teach you with this story? *Possible response: People who do kind things will be rewarded and those who are greedy or who harm others will be punished. Author's Purpose*



The Talking Vegetables

a folktale

retold by Won-Ldy Paye and Margaret H. Lippert

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 4



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that folktales are stories that are retold many times over the years. They often include animals that talk and act like people. Tell them that this folktale is from Liberia and that Liberia is in West Africa. Remind children of another African folktale that they have heard, "Why the Moon is in the Sky."

Expand Vocabulary: Before reading, introduce these words:

vines: a plant that climbs along a surface

waterway: a river or canal

ached: felt pain

ripen: become ready to eat

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to the selection to tell what happens at the beginning, middle, and end of the story.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

Genre Study

Folktales: Some folktales, especially those from Africa, use words that imitate or copy sounds of things, such as “Bam” for the knocking on Spider’s door.

Think Aloud

¹I figured out that the word *bed* has more than one meaning. I know that they are not *raking beds* where people sleep. These *beds* are garden beds where vegetables can be planted.

Think Aloud

²I don’t think Spider is a very nice character. He was too lazy to help plant, but now he wants to eat vegetables. He should have known he would get tired of plain rice.

The Talking Vegetables

retold by Won-Ldy Paye and Margaret H. Lippert

BAM! BAM! BAM!

“Who’s pounding on my door so early in the morning?”

Spider shouted.

“Your neighbors. Time to clear the land for our village farm.”

“Go away,” said Spider. “I’m tired.”

“But we need you,” they said. “If everyone helps, there will be enough vegetables for all of us.”

Spider yawned. “I have plenty of rice. I don’t need your vegetables.”

Everyone in the village walked down the road to a clearing in the forest. Everyone except Spider. They worked all day cutting down bushes, tearing out vines, and digging up roots. They raked smooth beds and built a waterway.¹

The next morning, the people came again to Spider’s door.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

“Who’s there?” Spider called.

“Your neighbors. Come help us plant the seeds.”

“I said no, and I meant no. Now go away,” said Spider.

The villagers carried seeds to the farm and planted them in straight rows. They planted cassava, tomato, squash, pumpkin, cabbage, cucumber, pepper, and many different kinds of beans and greens.

A month later, Spider’s neighbors knocked on his door again.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Spider opened his door and shouted. “What do you want now?”

“Time to weed the farm,” they answered.

“I didn’t help before, and I’m not helping now,” Spider said. He slammed the door and went back to bed.

All day the people pulled weeds. Their knees hurt, their backs ached, and their hands were sore.

In time, the vegetables began to ripen. The villagers picked what they wanted. Anybody who needed food went to the farm.

One day Spider said to himself, “I’m getting tired of rice. Plain rice, day after day after day. I live here. I’m part of this village too. I’m going to pick myself some vegetables to go with my rice.”²

When he got to the farm he couldn't believe his eyes. Huge cucumbers lay on the ground. Giant pumpkins rested under green leaves. Juicy tomatoes hung from vines.

"Wow!" said Spider. "Those tomatoes look delicious. I'll just take one, or maybe two."

Spider went through the gate and reached out to pick a tomato from the nearest plant. The tomato shook itself and said, "What are you doing?"

Spider said, "Wha . . . ? A talking tomato?"

The tomato said, "Why do you think you can pick me when you didn't come to clear the land or plant my seeds or pull the weeds? Get out of here!"

Spider backed away. He looked around and said, "There are so many fat cucumbers on that vine. I'll just take one, or maybe two."

But as he walked toward the cucumber vine, it started moving away from him. Spider was surprised. He'd never seen a moving vine before. The vine twisted all over the ground. "You can't pick us," said a cucumber. "You didn't clear the land. You didn't plant our seeds. You didn't pull the weeds."

Spider ran to the other side of the farm. Ahead he saw a perfect pumpkin—big enough, but not too big. "I'll grab that pumpkin on my way out of the farm," he said. But he couldn't lift it. The pumpkin stuck to the ground. He tugged and pulled, but the pumpkin wouldn't move. "You can't take me," the pumpkin said. "You didn't help make the farm. Go away."

Spider tried to find his way out of the farm, but the vegetables reached up to grab him. Leaves covered his eyes. Stems stretched out to trip him. Spider staggered toward the gate and ran all the way back to the village. When he got home he was tired and hungry.

That night, and every night after that, he put a pot of water over the fire, boiled some rice, and ate the rice for dinner. Plain rice.³



Think Aloud

³I wonder if Spider will have learned a lesson at the end of this story. Maybe the next time his neighbors ask for help he will give it.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children tell what happened at the beginning, middle, and end of the story.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 4 to prompt children to share something they figured out while listening to the story.

"I figured
out ____
because ____."

Cultural Perspective

Cassava, a root vegetable that looks like a sweet potato, is used in Africa to make many foods. A cassava is dried in the hot sun to make *lafun*. It is used in a heavy soup known as *foufou*.

Think and Respond

1. Do you think Spider deserved what he got at the end of the story? Why? *Possible response: Yes, because he was lazy and did not help his neighbors.* **Critical**
2. How is the folktale like "The Little Red Hen"? *Possible responses: They both teach a lesson about working together. Both have lazy characters who don't help.* **Genre**
3. What does this story teach you about working together? *Possible responses: Everyone needs to take time to work together. If you do not help, you will not get rewarded.* **Author's Purpose**

THE RABBIT AND THE ELEPHANT



a folktale from Ghana
retold by Ruthilde Kronberg
and Patricia C. McKissack

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Recognize Story Structure

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 6



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story that is passed along orally through many retellings. Explain that they will hear a folktale from Ghana, a country in Africa. Many African folktales include animals that talk and act human. Invite children to recall other folktales they have heard or read, such as “The Talking Vegetables” and “The Sticky-Sticky Pine.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce these words before reading:

haughtily: proudly

conceited: being too proud

hoes: weeding tools

bossy: telling others what to do

humbly: not proudly, respectfully

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to identify the problem of the main characters, Rabbit and Elephant and how it is solved.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



Think Aloud

¹Elephant is not very nice. I would not want to help him because he is mean and doesn't treat others nicely.

Think Aloud

²I notice that the author uses rhyming words in the song: zain, grain, and rain. It also has a steady beat. I can see how it would be fun to sing this song while working in a garden.

THE RABBIT AND THE ELEPHANT

a folktale from Ghana

retold by Ruthilde Kronberg and Patricia C. McKissack

One day Elephant decided to ask his neighbors to help him make a farm. On the way he met Rabbit.

"A good morning to you, Elephant," said Rabbit politely.

"G'mornin', Rabbit," replied Elephant haughtily.

"May I ask where you are going?" asked Rabbit.

"I am going to ask my neighbors to help me make a farm," said Elephant.

"Oh, dear," said Rabbit. "I was going to do the same thing."

"Don't waste your time," said Elephant. "No one will come to help you. They're all coming to help me."

"Hmmmmm," said Rabbit. "I think there are enough neighbors to help both of us. Maybe a few would like to help me rather than you."

"Don't talk nonsense," snorted Elephant. "Don't you know that it is an honor to help an elephant make a farm?"¹

Rabbit watched Elephant stomping down the road. "Elephant is getting very conceited," she muttered. "I wonder if I could teach him a little lesson."

Rabbit began to think, and suddenly she had an idea. She went home and made many hoes. Then she fastened some iron dancing rattles to them. The following day she took them to her plot of land and began to hoe. Each time she hoed, the rattles on the hoe turned and sang, "Zain, zain, zain, zain, zain, zain, zain, zain."

It sounded so nice that Rabbit made up a little song:

Zain, zain, zain, zain,
Hoe the ground and plant the grain.
Pray for sun and pray for rain,
Zain, zain, zain, zain.²

After a while Baboon came along. He was in a bad mood. He really didn't want to help Elephant with his farm, but he had been to afraid to say no to him. As soon as he saw the hoes with the dancing rattles and heard Rabbit's song, he stopped and said, "Rabbit, can I try your hoe?"

"Sure," replied Rabbit. She gave Baboon her hoe and got herself another one.

Soon Baboon and Rabbit were hoeing and singing:

Zain, zain, zain, zain,
Hoe the ground and plant the grain.
Pray for sun and pray for rain,
Zain, zain, zain, zain.

A bit later a big crowd of animals came. They were walking very slowly. None of them wanted to be the first to arrive at Elephant's farm. They stopped and watched by Rabbit's garden. After a while Rabbit asked where they were going.

"Elephant told us to come and help him make a farm," replied the animals. "We don't want to go, but we were afraid to say no. We would rather stay with you. Elephant is so bossy."

"Why don't you stay then?" asked Rabbit. "I have many hoes with iron dancing rattles on them."

"But what will happen if Elephant comes after us?" cried the animals.

"If we stick together and stand up to him, he might learn not to be so bossy," replied Rabbit.

"Good idea!" cried the animals. They picked up Rabbit's extra hoes and began to hoe and sing.

Zain, zain, zain, zain,
Hoe the ground and plant the grain.
Pray for sun and pray for rain,
Zain, zain, zain, zain.

Soon Elephant came stomping down the road. When he saw all his neighbors working in Rabbit's garden, he stopped in his track and gasped for breath.

"How dare you make a farm for Rabbit when I told you to help me!" shouted Elephant.

The other animals froze, but Rabbit looked Elephant straight in the eye and said courteously, "Excuse me, Elephant. Just for curiosity's sake, ask your neighbors if they really want to come and help you to make a farm."

"It's an honor to help an Elephant make a farm!" said Elephant. "Am I not the biggest and strongest animal around here? If you don't do what I tell you to do, I can stomp you all into the ground."

"First you'll have to catch us," replied Rabbit. "And second, you will never find anyone to help you make a farm if you threaten us that way. Why don't you join us, and when we are



Genre Study

Folktale: Folktales are fictional stories. They have parts that are make-believe and could not happen in real life, such as animals hoeing to make a farm.

Think Aloud

³I thought this repeating song was important in the story because it shows how much fun it made it to hoe. No one could resist the song... not even grumpy Elephant!

done with my farm, we will go with you and help you make your farm."

"Yes!" cried all the animals. "Come and join us and have some fun. Listen to those rattles and join our song."

"But I am—" sputtered Elephant, but no one ever heard the rest of his sentence because Rabbit handed him a hoe. Soon he was hoeing with the rest of the animals, singing happily:

Zain, zain, zain, zain,
Hoe the ground and plant the grain.
Pray for sun and pray for rain,
Zain, zain, zain, zain.³

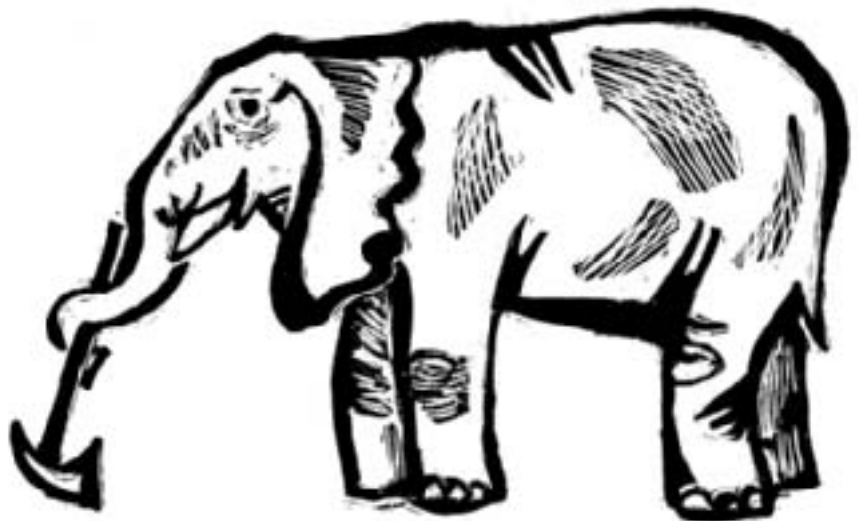
Later on Rabbit and all the animals went and helped Elephant make his farm.

When they were done, Elephant said, "I never had such a good time in my life. I think I learned something today."

"What did you learn?" asked the animals.

"I learned that it is fun to work together in peace and harmony," replied Elephant humbly.

"Good for you!" cried the animals. And they went home feeling good.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have the children retell the folktale by acting it out. Have them take turns playing the parts of the different animals.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 6 to prompt children to share something they found important while listening to the story.

"I thought _____
was important
in this story
because ..."

Cultural Perspective

In Ghana the elephant is a symbol of power and greatness.

Think and Respond

1. How did Elephant change from the beginning of the story to the end? *Possible response: Elephant was mean and conceited in the beginning. At the end he worked with and helped the other animals. He seemed nice.* **Analytical**
2. How is this folktale like the folktale "The Talking Vegetables"? *Possible responses: They both were about helping others and working together. They both had animals or insects that talked and acted like people.* **Genre**
3. What does the author teach you about helping others? *Possible response: It is fun to help others, especially when the one you are helping is nice.* **Author's Purpose**

The Elephants and the Bees

a folktale from Thailand
retold by Margaret Read MacDonald

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Ask Questions

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Tell children that this folktale is an animal tale from Thailand. The main characters are elephants and bees. Invite children to recall other folktales that have animals as the main characters, such as “The Rabbit and the Elephant” and “The Talking Vegetables.”

Expand Vocabulary: Before reading, introduce these terms:

raged: moved or spread with great force

escape: get away

billow: form big moving clouds

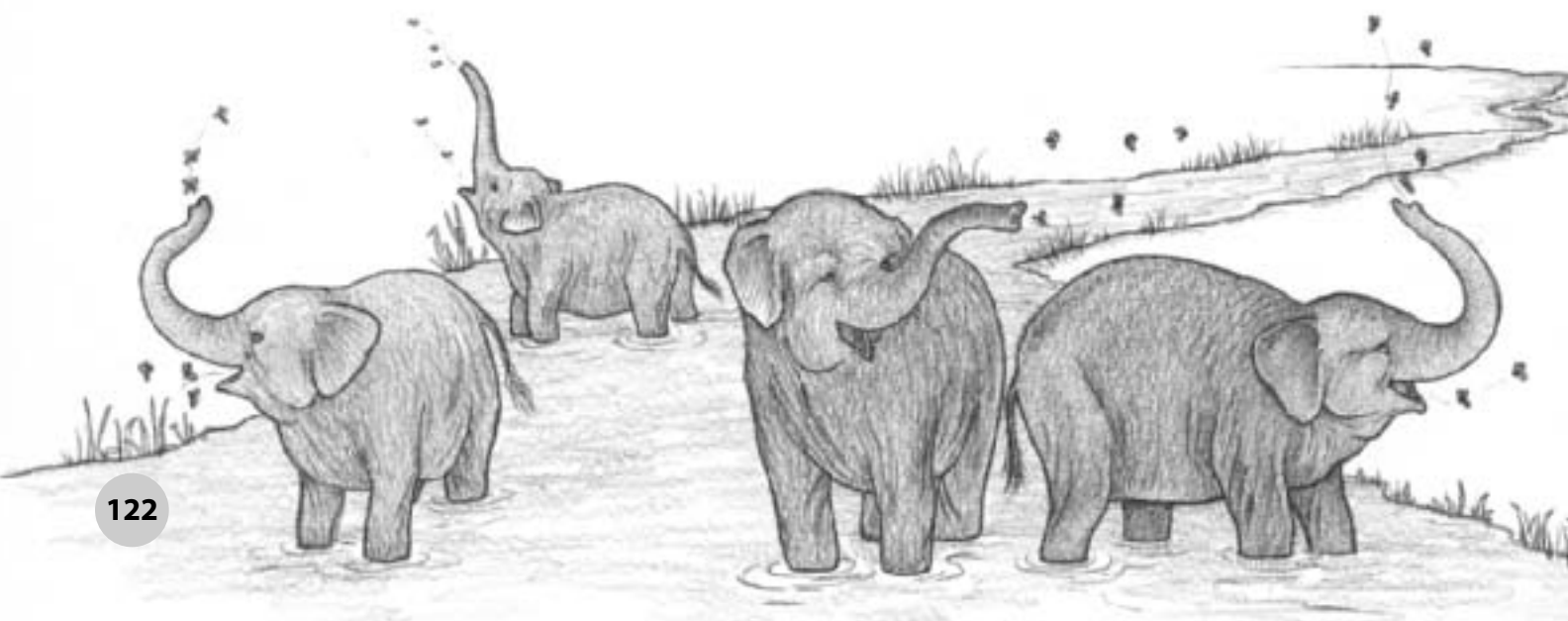
repay: pay someone back for something they did or gave

Set a Purpose for Reading: Ask children to listen how the elephants and bees help each other.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.





The Elephants and the Bees

a folktale from Thailand

retold by Margaret Read MacDonald

Once a fire raged through the forest.
The elephants were terrified.
They did not know which way to go to escape.

Just then a cloud of bees buzzed over their heads.

“Bees! Bees!
Help us escape!
You can fly high in the air and see the flames.
Tell us which way to go!”

“Bzzzz . . . Bzzzz . . . Sure. We’ll help you.”

The bees flew high into the air.
They looked to the east.
Fire!
They looked to the west.
Fire!
They looked to the south.
Fire!
They looked to the north.
There was a river!
The elephants could be safe there.

“Come on, elephants.
We will lead you to safety.
Follow us!”

And they led the way.

“Bzzzzzzzzzz . . .”

Up the hill.

“Bzzzzzzzzzz . . .”

Down the hill.

“Bzzzzzzzzzz . . .”

Think Aloud

¹I can picture in my mind a pig's nose because I've seen pictures of pigs. I am picturing a pig's nose on an elephant. I don't think elephants really had noses like pigs.



Think Aloud

²I notice the author uses Bzzzzzz a lot. This helps me realize how the bees are always buzzing and how the sound must drive the elephants crazy.

Right to the river!

“Wade on in, elephants!
You will be safe here!”

The elephants waded into the deep water.
Only the tips of their little noses were showing.
In those days, the elephants had short, short noses like a pig!¹

Just then the flames came over the hilltop.
The smoke began to billow down the hill.

“*Help! Help!*” buzzed the bees.
“This smoke will kill *us*!
We saved *you*, elephants.
Now you must save *us*.
Open your mouths!
Open your mouths and let us come inside.
We will be safe from the smoke!”

“What?
Open our mouths?”

But the elephants had to repay the bees.
So they opened their mouths wide.

“Bzzzzzzzzzz . . .”

The bees all went inside the elephant's heads.
The elephants closed their mouths.
Now their heads sounded like “bzzzzzzzzzzzz . . .”
But they kept their mouths shut to save the bees.
The flames roared down the hill.
The flames *jumped* the river
and roared up the other hill and away.

When the smoke had cleared away
the elephants opened their mouths.

“Okay bees! You can come out now.”
“Bzzzzzzzz . . . we like it in here,” said the bees.²
“It is nice and warm and moist and dark.
We are going to stay here and make honey!”

The elephant's heads were going "Bzzzzzzzz . . ."
They thought they would go crazy!

"We *have* to get those bees out.
What will we do?"

"I know! We can *wash* them out!"

"Good idea!"

The elephants each took a *big* mouthful of water.
The *blew* it out their noses!

"*Prae Pren!*
Prae Pren!
Prae Pren!"

It didn't work.

"Try harder, elephants!"

"*Prae Pren!*
Prae Pren!
Prae Pren!"

"It isn't working!
Blow *harder!*"

"*Prae Pren!*
Prae Pren!
Prae Pren!"

"*Stop stop!*
Look what is happening to our *noses!*"

Every time the elephants blew . . .
their noses got a little longer!
Now they were almost touching the ground!

"This isn't working.
We have to think of something else.
The bees were afraid of smoke.
Maybe we could *smoke* them out."

The elephants built a little smoky fire.
Each took a deep breath of the smoke.
They *held* their breath.



Genre Study

Folktales: Folktales often answer questions that children asked long ago. This folktale offers a make-believe answer to the question of how elephants got such long noses.



It worked!
Those bees couldn't stand that smoke.
They flew right out of the elephant's long noses.

"Bzzzzzzz . . ."

But the bees had really liked living inside the elephant's heads.
So to this day they make their homes
inside hollow trees in the forest.
They look for a dark hole shaped just like
the inside of an elephant's head.
They are called Phung Phrong bees,
bees who live in a hole like an elephant's head.³

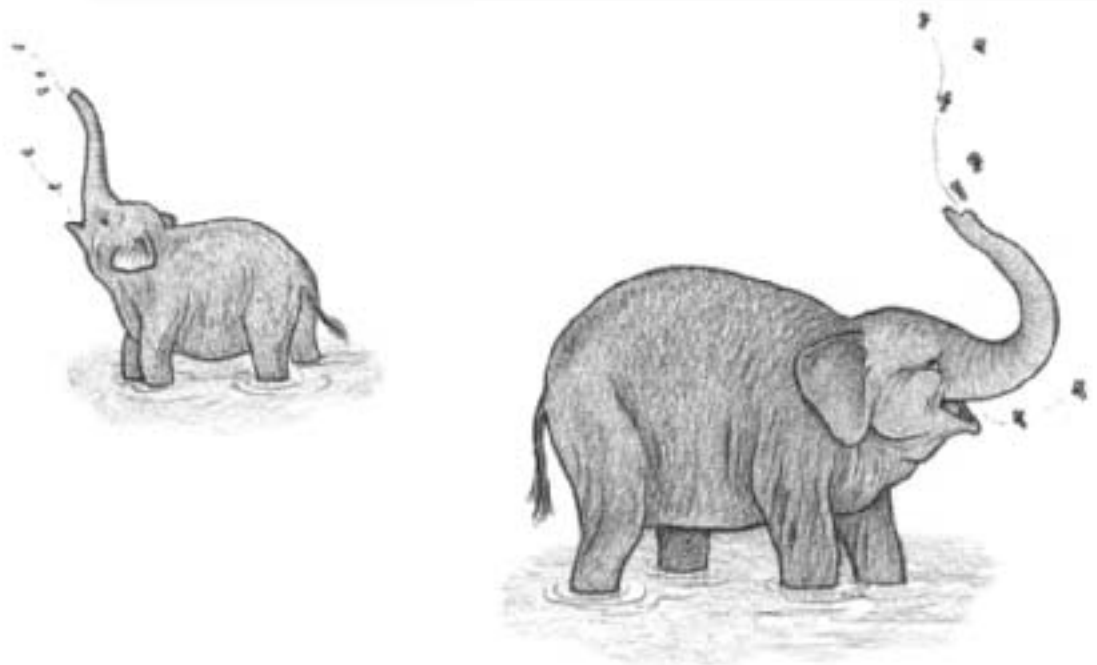
And the elephants . . .
sometimes they feel as if bees are *still* crawling around
inside their heads.
When that happens, they just suck up lots of water
and squirt it out their noses
to *wash out all the bees!*

So if you see an elephant squirting water around,
tell him,

"Don't worry, Mr. Elephant.
The bees are all gone.
The bees are all gone."

Think Aloud

³I wonder what Phung Phrong means. They do not sound like words in English. Since this is a folktale from Thailand, I think that Phung Phrong are words in the Thai language. The author says those type of bees are ones that live in a hole like an elephant's head so maybe this is what Phung Phrong means.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children retell the story by acting it out. Encourage them to imitate the sounds of the animals.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share something that they wondered about while listening to the story.

“I wonder . . .”

Cultural Perspective

Elephants in Thailand, called Indian elephants, are different from the elephants in Africa. Indian elephants are shorter, weigh less, and have smaller ears than African elephants. They also have shorter trunks.

Think and Respond

1. Does this story tell the real reason why elephants have trunks? Why or why not? *Possible response: No, because I don't think their noses could grow just from blowing water from them.* **Critical**
2. Why do people enjoy listening to folktales like this one? *Possible responses: They have animals that talk; they teach a lesson or answer a question.* **Genre**
3. Why do you think the author wrote this story? *Possible responses: To explain how elephants got their trunks; to tell why bees make their homes in hollow trees through a silly story.* **Author's Purpose**

The Fisherman and His Wife

a fairy tale

retold by Shirley C. Raines and Rebecca Isbell

Genre: Fairy Tale

Comprehension Strategy: Ask Questions

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 4



Before Reading

Genre: Tell children that fairy tales have make-believe elements such as magic and talking animals. This fairy tale is from Germany, a country in Europe, and is about a magical fish.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce these words before reading:

shabby: run down

discontent: unhappy

insisted: demanded

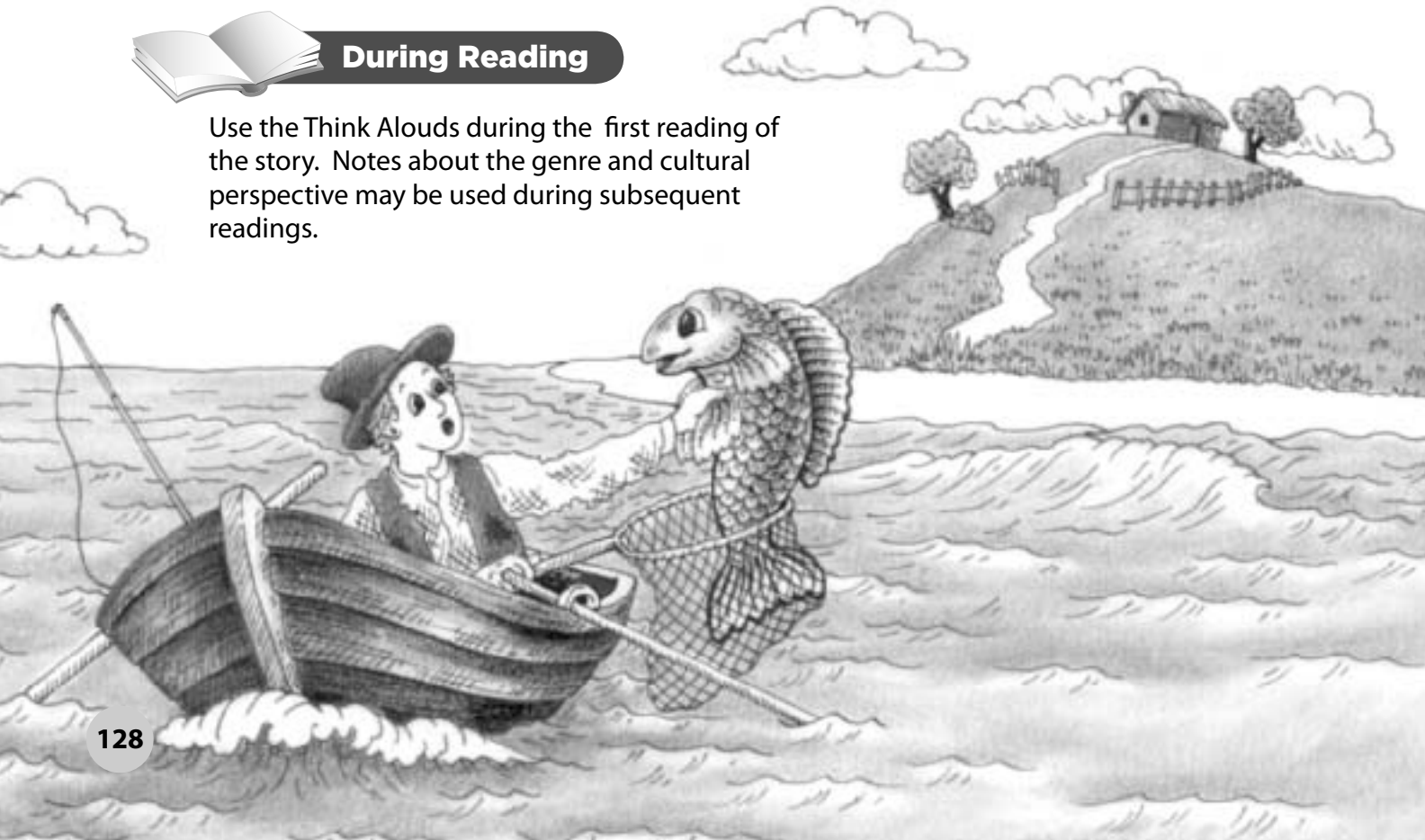
universe: Earth and everything in space

Set a Purpose for Reading: Invite children to listen to the selection to find out what happens to the fisherman when he finds a magic fish.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.





The Fisherman and His Wife

retold by Shirley C. Raines and Rebecca Isbell

Genre Study

Fairy Tale: Fairy tales often have a moral, or lesson. In this selection, the moral is clearly stated at the end.

Once upon a time there was a fisherman and his wife. They lived together in a hut on the top of a high hill. Every day the fisherman went to the ocean and fished all day long. Some days he caught many fish, and other days he didn't catch any fish at all.

One day, after fishing for many hours without catching anything, he suddenly felt a powerful tug on the end of his line. After much pulling and tugging, he reeled in an enormous fish. The fisherman was delighted at his catch. To his surprise the big fish began to talk.

The fish pleaded, "Please don't keep me. I won't taste very good because I am a magic fish. Please throw me back into the water so I can swim away."¹

The man said, "You are indeed a very special fish because you can talk. I will throw you back into the water and you can swim away."

The man returned home to his wife in the hut at the top of the hill. He told her about his day fishing. He explained that all he had caught was a magic fish that could talk. Because the magic fish was so special, he had thrown him back into the water.

His wife was very angry with him. She said, "A magic fish that could talk? Didn't you ask the fish for a magic wish?"

The man shrugged. "I didn't ask for anything. There is nothing that I really want," he said.

The wife said sharply, "We live in a shabby hut and you can't think of anything to wish for? Go back to the ocean and tell the magic talking fish that you want a house to live in."

So the man went back to the ocean. He called, "Magic fish, magic fish, we have a wish."

The magic fish swam up to the top of the water and asked, "What is your wish?"

Think Aloud

¹*I wonder what the word pleaded means. I know that the fish was just caught by the fisherman. He is begging for the man to let him go so I think pleaded means the same as begged.*



“My wife doesn’t want to live in a shabby hut any more. She would like to live in a house.”

The magic fish said, “Go back and see what you find.”

When the fisherman returned home, he found a lovely cottage with a living room, bedroom, and a kitchen. Behind the house was a little garden with ducks and chickens. He and his wife were very pleased. They agreed that this was a very nice house and garden. Yet, after a week had passed, the wife became very discontent. She told her husband, “This house is much too small. We don’t have enough room. It is too crowded. The garden is too small. The magic fish could give us a much larger house. Go back and ask the magic fish for a castle.”

The man didn’t want to go back, but his wife insisted. When he got to the ocean he called, “Magic fish, magic fish, we have a wish.”

The fish came swimming up out of the water. He asked, “What do you want?”

The man said, “My wife thinks the house is too small and wants a castle instead.”

“Go home and see what you find,” said the magic fish.

When the fisherman returned home, he saw a huge castle sitting on the top of the hill. His wife invited him inside to see the magnificent castle. Inside were many rooms: living rooms, dining rooms, kitchens, and fifteen bedrooms with baths. Each room was filled with fancy furniture that was finished in gold. Behind the castle was a big pasture with horses and cows. In front of the castle was a beautiful garden.

The man said, “This is wonderful! Let’s live in this beautiful castle and be happy.”

The very next day the wife woke up early. She looked at the beautiful castle and the wonderful land. She woke her husband up and said, “You should be King of this country.” The fisherman explained that he didn’t want to be King.

She said, “If you don’t want to be King, then I will be Queen. Go tell the fish that I want to be Queen of the castle.”²

The man slowly walked to the ocean. He didn’t want to ask the fish to make his wife the Queen of the castle, but he called, “Magic fish, magic fish, we have a wish.”



Think Aloud

²The wife seems to be very greedy. She keeps telling her husband to ask for more and more things.



The fish slowly came swimming out of the water and asked, "What do you want?"

The man hesitated and then said, "My wife wants to be Queen."

The fish replied, "Go home and see what you find."

When the man returned home he was amazed at what he saw. The castle was bigger and much grander than before. It was behind golden gates with fancy ironwork. Soldiers in bright red uniforms were outside the gate and castle. Inside the castle were marble floors and walls covered in gold. In one of the enormous rooms, his wife was sitting on a gold throne. She wore a diamond and ruby crown on her head and a velvet cape trimmed in white fur around her shoulders.

The man said, "Now you are Queen. You have a fine castle, gardens, horses, and soldiers. You have all you have ever wished for."

The wife thought a moment and then quickly demanded, "Well there is one more thing I would like. I would like to be ruler of the universe." The man felt very sad. He could not believe that his wife still wanted more. He did not want to ask the magic fish for anything else, but his wife insisted.

So, he slowly walked back to the ocean. This time the water was not clear and blue, as it had been before. The ocean water was black and rough with many waves.³ The wind was blowing and the trees were shaking.

The man called, "Magic fish, magic fish, we have a wish."

The magic fish did not come, so he called again, "Magic fish, magic fish, we have a wish."

The magic fish still did not appear, so he called again, "Magic fish, magic fish, we have a wish."

Slowly the magic fish came out of the water and asked, "What do you want now?"

"My wife wants to be ruler of the entire universe," the man said.

The fish replied, "Go home and see what you find."

When the man returned home, there were no soldiers, no horses, no cows, no garden, and no castle. Nothing was left but a shabby hut. And to this day, the man and his wife live in that same shabby hut, on the top of the hill.



Think Aloud

³I figured out that something different is going to happen because the water is not clear and blue as it was when the fisherman made all his other wishes. The water is black and rough so maybe something bad is going to happen.



After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children draw a picture of each wish that the wife asked in sequence. Invite children to act out this sequence.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 4 to prompt children to share something that they figured out while listening to the story.

“I figured
out _____
because . . .”

Cultural Perspective

There are many castles in Germany. One famous castle is the Neuschwanstein Castle. Walt Disney designed the Sleeping Beauty castle at Disneyland after this famous castle.

Think and Respond

1. How would you describe the wife? How would you describe the fisherman?
*Possible responses: She was greedy and always wanted more. He was nice and happy and grateful for what he had. **Inferential***
2. What parts of the fairy tale could be real and which parts do you know are make-believe? *Possible responses: There could really be a fisherman and wife. The magic fish is make-believe. **Genre***
3. What might the author want you to learn by listening to this fairy tale? *Possible response: Be happy with what you have. **Author's Purpose***



Tyler's Trip to the Library



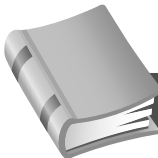
a story

by Constance Andrea Keremes

Genre: Fiction

Comprehension Strategy: Ask Questions

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Explain to children that fiction stories are ones that may be based on actual events or people, but have parts that are made up by the author. Invite children to think of other fiction stories they have heard, such as "Jennifer Bing, Why Won't You Sing?"

Expand Vocabulary: Before reading, introduce these terms:

information: facts about something

silence: no noise

headphones: a listening device that fits over the ears

guardian: a person who is responsible for someone else

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to the selection to find out what Tyler learns on his trip to the library.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre may be used during subsequent readings.



Tyler's Trip to the Library

by Constance Andrea Keremes

Tyler was poking around behind a pile of old clothes in his closet.

He *knew* there must be a dinosaur *somewhere* in the house.

When he climbed out from under his sweatshirts, there was a dust ball on the end of his nose.

"Tyler," his dad laughed. "What *are* you doing?"

"I'm looking for a dinosaur," he said. "In art class, my teacher said there are places where we can find out about dinosaurs. Then someone spilled a jar of red paint, and with all the mess, she never told us *where*. I think dinosaurs could be hiding anywhere!"

"I'll bet your teacher was going to say you can find out about dinosaurs by *reading* about them. A good book can make lots of things come alive. Let's ride our bikes to the library and see if we can find a book about dinosaurs."

Tyler and his dad parked their bikes in front of a tall building with large glass windows.

"Wow, I bet you could fit a lot of dinosaurs in there!" Tyler said. "Let's go in and take a look!"

The children's librarian, Ms. Rivera, gave them a big smile when they pushed open the glass door. "How can I help?" she asked.

"We're looking for dinosaurs!" said Tyler.

"And you will find them here," Ms. Rivera laughed. "Follow me."

Ms. Rivera led them to a large desk where a man was working on a computer.

"This is Mr. Peters," she said. "He sits at our Information Desk, and he can find out almost anything you want to know."

Tyler looked up at a sign on the desk. "Does that say 'dinosaurs'?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Peters, "The sign says, 'Silence.' Libraries are for reading and studying, you know, so please talk in a quiet voice."

"OK," whispered Tyler. "Is there a book that makes dinosaurs *come alive*?"¹

"We have dozens of dinosaur books," answered Mr. Peters. "First I'll show you and your dad how to use our computer to print out a list of them."

Genre Study

Fiction: This story could have happened in real life and these characters could be real. But since this story is fiction, the people and events in it are made up or created by the author.

Think Aloud

¹I know that books don't really make things come alive. The author means that books can help things seem more real through words and pictures.



In a very few minutes, Tyler was holding a list of titles of all the dinosaur books the library owned. The list even showed which books were on the shelves, and which were checked out.

Next, Mr. Peters and Ms. Rivera led them to a big room with bright yellow walls and a cherry red carpet. Everywhere Tyler looked, he found something interesting. There were hundreds of books, plus magazines, and listening tapes, low tables just the right size, toys, puzzles, and computers. Colorful posters decorated the walls.

"This is the children's section," said Mr. Peters. "You can find all your favorite storybooks here." He took a book from the shelf. "Here is a pop-out book about a dinosaur."

"OK, Dad," teased Tyler. "Watch out! It is going to jump out of the book!"

"That one might not," said Mr. Peters. "But during story hour, Ms. Rivera makes this one jump!" Mr. Peters pulled a fuzzy green dinosaur puppet from a basket of stuffed animals.

"This is Drew Dinosaur," laughed Ms. Rivera. "He comes out on Saturdays to say 'hi' to the children who come to Story Hour. He listens to the book I read, and sometimes he sings and dances, too."

"Sounds like fun," said Tyler softly, "but these are not real dinosaurs! I want to know about *real* ones. I want to find out how big they were, and what they ate, and how long their tails were, and which ones were friendly, and . . ."

"Whoa!" said Ms. Rivera. "You want to know *facts*, or things that are true, about dinosaurs. We have a special section for books like that—it's called the Nonfiction Section."² She led Tyler and his dad to more rows of shelves along a wall.

Tyler looked at the list of books on the computer printout Mr. Peters had given them. His dad showed him the word "dinosaur" at the top. Then he and Ms. Rivera helped Tyler find several of the books listed on the printout.

"Now let's look in the magazine section. You might find an article with good pictures about dinosaurs in a science magazine. Or, you can go to the listening station and use the headphones to listen to someone reading a dinosaur book on tape or CD."

As they watched, Tyler tried the headphones on. His eyes were like saucers. "Wow!" he said. "I'm listening to what it would sound like if a dinosaur was walking nearby. It sounds like THUNDER."



Think Aloud

²I wonder what nonfiction means. Nonfiction must be books that have true information because Ms. Rivera says that Tyler wants books with facts, or things that are true. Then she tells him to go to the Nonfiction Section.

Think Aloud

³Tyler learns a lot about the library in this story. I think this story is mostly about the library and what it is like to visit there.

“How about playing a dinosaur computer game?” Ms. Rivera asked. She led Tyler to a sunny corner where a computer station was set up. Beside the computer there was a stack of CD-ROMs and headphones. “You can put on a CD-ROM and play a game or you could also ask someone to help you use the Internet for information.”

“Dad was right. A library can make *anything* come alive!” said Tyler.

Then he thought of something. He dug his hands into his pocket and pulled out three raisins, one eraser, and two pennies.

“I guess it costs a lot of money to use the library,” he said sadly.

“You don’t need any money to use a library,” said Ms. Rivera. “Libraries are free! All you need is a library card. Then you can borrow things from the library. Come, I’ll help you get one.”

At the main desk, Tyler printed his name on a form. His dad filled in the rest of the spaces for him—birth date, address, parent or guardian’s name. Then Tyler got his very own card. Ms. Rivera showed him where to sign his name on the back.³

On his way home, the basket on Tyler’s bike was filled with books he had taken out on his new card.

“Do you want to check your closet again for dinosaurs?”

“They’re not in my closet,” said Tyler. “They’re in books, in the library! Maybe I’ll write a book and call it *The Dinosaur in the Library*.”

“Good one,” said Dad. “Or, how about *Tyler’s Terrible Tyrannosaurus*?”

“Sometimes, Dad,” said Tyler, “you have the *best* ideas!”





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children draw pictures of the things that can be found or done at the library according to the story. Invite children to describe the purpose of each area in the library.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share questions they have about Tyler and his library trip.

“I wonder . . .”

Think and Respond

1. Picture in your mind what the library in the story looks like. What do you see?
Possible responses: yellow walls, red carpet, lots of books and magazines, an Information Desk, computers **Analytical**
2. Make-believe stories that can actually happen are called realistic fiction. Name some things from this story that can happen in real life. *Possible responses: There could really be a boy named Tyler. He and his dad can go to the library. He can really get a library card.* **Genre**
3. What did the author want you to learn from listening to this story? *Possible response: She wants you to learn about all the things you can find at the library and how much fun it can be to go there.* **Author's Purpose**

The Knee-High Man

an African American folktale
retold by Julius Lester

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Visualize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 3



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that a folktale is a story shared over many years through telling and retelling the story. Explain that children will hear a folktale told long ago by African Americans. Point out that some folktales, like the one they will hear, include messages or lessons. Ask children if they remember lessons taught in folktales they have heard before, such as “The Sticky-Sticky Pine” and “The Talking Vegetables.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

bellow: the deep, roaring sound made by a bull

field: a wide, open piece of land

whip: to beat someone in a fight

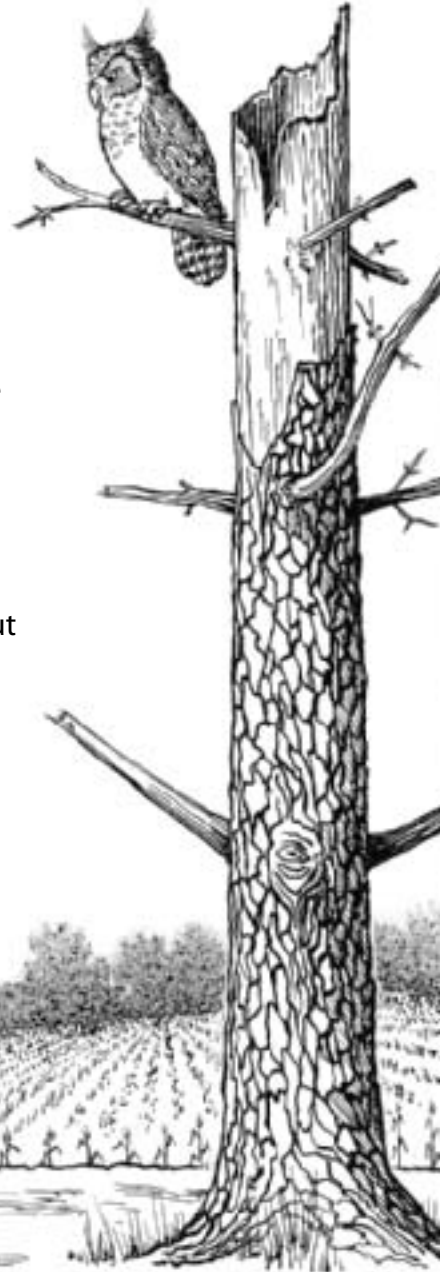
distance: a far away point or place

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to visualize how the animals try to help the knee-high man grow bigger.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.



The Knee-High Man

an African American folktale
retold by Julius Lester

Once upon a time there was a knee-high man. He was no taller than a person's knees. Because he was so short, he was very unhappy. He wanted to be big like everybody else.

One day he decided to ask the biggest animal he could find how he could get big. So he went to see Mr. Horse. "Mr. Horse, how can I get big like you?"

Mr. Horse said, "Well, eat a whole lot of corn. Then run around a lot. After a while you'll be as big as me."

The knee-high man did just that. He ate so much corn, that his stomach hurt. Then he ran and ran until his legs hurt.¹ But he didn't get any bigger. So he decided that Mr. Horse had told him something wrong. He decided to go ask Mr. Bull.

"Mr. Bull? How can I get big like you?"

Mr. Bull said, "Eat a whole lot of grass. Then bellow and bellow as loud as you can. The first thing you know, you'll be as big as me."

So the knee-high man ate a whole field of grass. That made his stomach hurt. He bellowed and bellowed and bellowed all day and all night. That made his throat hurt. But he didn't get any bigger. So he decided that Mr. Bull was all wrong too.

Now he didn't know anyone else to ask. One night he heard Mr. Hoot Owl hooting, and he remembered that Mr. Owl knew everything. "Mr. Owl? How can I get big like Mr. Horse and Mr. Bull?"²

"What do you want to be big for?" Mr. Hoot Owl asked.

"I want to be big so that when I get into a fight, I can whip everybody," the knee-high man said.

Mr. Hoot Owl hooted. "Anybody ever try to pick a fight with you?"

The knee-high man thought a minute. "Well, now that you mention it, nobody ever did try to start a fight with me."

Mr. Owl said, "Well, you don't have any reason to fight. Therefore, you don't have any reason to be bigger than you are."

Genre Study

Folktale: Many folktales begin with the words "Once upon a time." This tells readers that they will hear a story from long ago that may include make-believe people or animals.

Think Aloud

¹ I was able to picture in my mind how the knee-high man looks when he is eating corn and running until his legs hurt. I imagined him holding his stuffed tummy and rubbing his sore legs.

Think Aloud

² I can tell that this story is mostly about the knee-high man and how he wants to get bigger. It tells how the knee-high man asks different animals to help him.

Think Aloud

³Mr. Hoot Owl really is very wise. He knows that the Knee-High Man is just the right size.

“But, Mr. Owl,” the knee-high man said, “I want to be big so I can see far into the distance.”

Mr. Hoot Owl hooted. “If you climb a tall tree, you can see into the distance from the top.”

The knee-high man was quiet for a minute. “Well, I hadn’t thought of that.”

Mr. Hoot Owl hooted again. “And that’s what’s wrong, Mr. Knee-High Man. You hadn’t done any thinking at all. I’m smaller than you, and you don’t see me worrying about being big. Mr. Knee-High Man, you wanted something that you didn’t need.”³





After Reading

Retell the Story: Have children draw three pictures to show the beginning, middle, and end of the story. Have them use their pictures to retell the story.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 3 to prompt children to visualize and then describe their favorite part of the story.

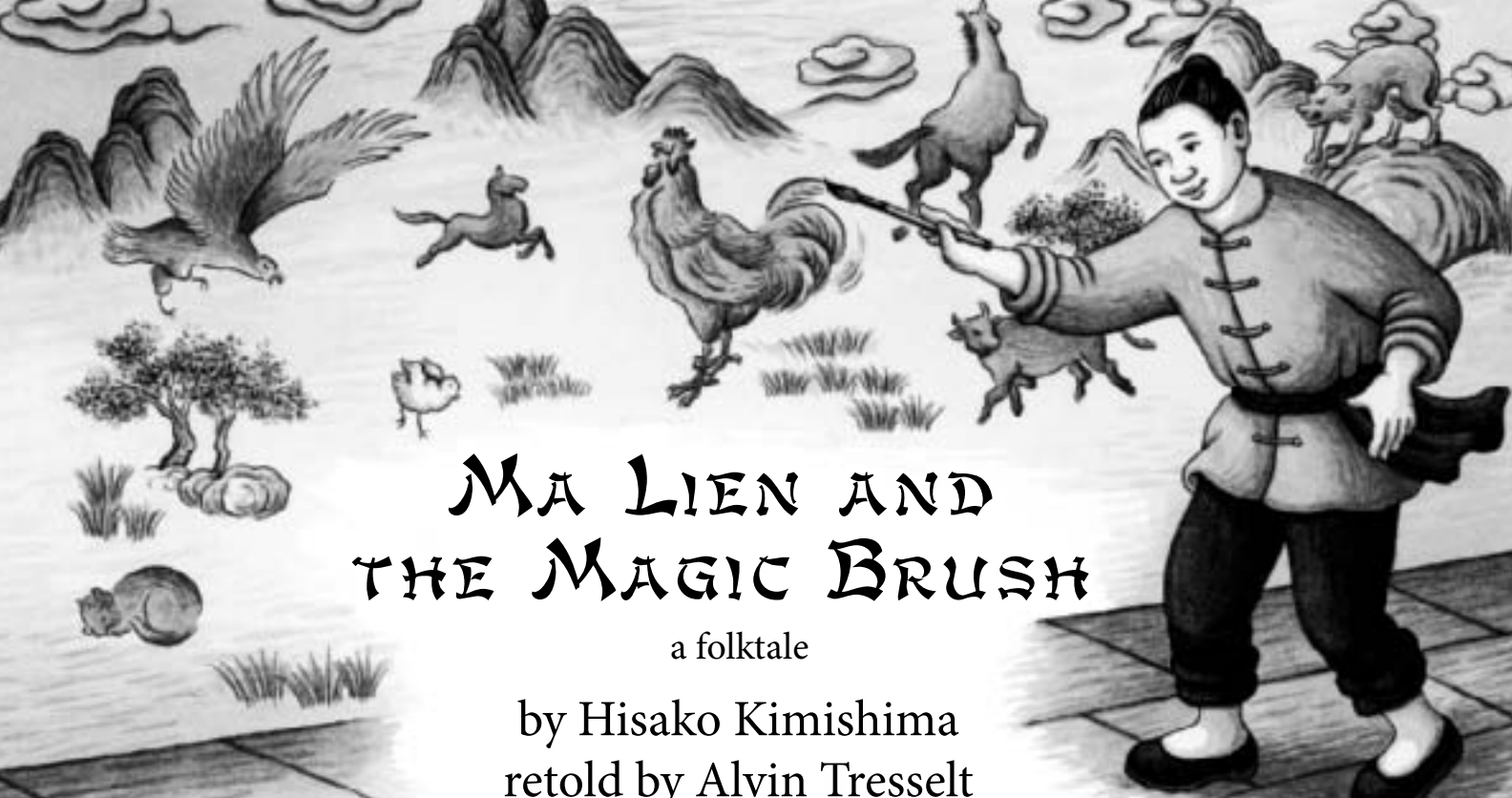
“I was able to
picture in my
mind . . .”

Cultural Perspective

The story of the knee-high man was first told by African slaves in the American South. The story may have been a retelling of an African folktale.

Think and Respond

1. How do you think the knee-high man felt at the end of the story? *Possible response: He felt happy because he learned that he did not need to be tall to get what he wanted.* **Inferential**
2. Could this folktale really have happened? Why? *Possible response: No, because animals don't really talk.* **Genre**
3. What might the author want you to learn from this story? *Possible responses: We should be happy with the way we are; we would be happier if we didn't want things we didn't need.* **Author's Purpose**



MA LIEN AND THE MAGIC BRUSH

a folktale

by Hisako Kimishima
retold by Alvin Tresselt

Genre: Folktale

Comprehension Strategy: Ask Questions

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 1



Before Reading

Genre: Remind children that folktales are stories that have been told and retold for many years. This particular folktale is from China. Chinese folktales have been passed on for thousands of years. Suggest that children think about other folktales they have heard, such as “The Knee-High Man” and “The Rabbit and the Elephant.”

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

peasant: a poor, country farmer

portrait: a picture created by a painter

mandarin: an important public official in China

lumbered: walked with clumsiness

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to find out what happens when Ma Lien gets a paintbrush.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

MA LIEN AND THE MAGIC BRUSH

by Hisako Kimishima

retold by Alvin Tresselt

There once lived in China a poor peasant boy named Ma Lien. Day after day he worked hard in the fields so that he would have food to eat and a small hut to live in. Ma Lien's greatest dream was to be an artist, but the boy had not so much as a copper coin with which to buy a brush.

One day as he trudged along under a heavy load, he passed by the house of a famous artist. Going over the gate in the high wall, Ma Lien peeked in, hoping to see the great man at work.

Silently he stood, watching the artist as he painted a portrait of the mandarin. At last the boy could hold his excitement no longer, and he boldly spoke up.

"Oh, great one," he said, "could you let me have one of your brushes—an old one that you don't need anymore—so that I, too, might paint a picture?"

On hearing this unexpected voice the artist turned around. When he saw it was only a poor peasant boy daring to ask for one of his brushes he became very angry.

"Ha, so you think you would like to paint!" he cried.¹ "Away with you and back to your fields!" And he drove the frightened Ma Lien from his gate.

But Ma Lien would not be discouraged. He drew pictures wherever he could, using a stone to scratch on a flat rock, or his fingers to draw in the wet sand of the riverbank.

When he went back to his hut at night, he drew pictures on the wall by the light of a flickering candle. Soon he had covered the walls with pictures of everything he could think of.

With practice, Ma Lien became more and more skillful. One day he drew a picture of a small chicken. A hawk flew by and circled around and around, thinking it was a real chicken.

Another time he drew a scowling wolf on a rock in the pasture. The cows and sheep were so frightened by this wolf that they would not go near the rock, even though it was surrounded with lush sweet grass.



Think Aloud

¹I notice the author says the painter cried, but I don't think this means he is sad. I think this means he yells angrily at Ma Lien.



Genre Study

Folktale: Some folktales feature magical characters or objects that have special powers. The character in this folktale receives a magical paintbrush from a wizard.

Think Aloud

²I wonder what Ma Lien will do with such a wonderful paintbrush. He says he'll use it wisely, so I don't think he will be greedy with it.

But with all his skill, Ma Lien still did not have a brush. Lying one night on his bed he looked around his room at all the pictures he had scratched on the clay walls and sighed.

"Oh, if only I had a brush," he said. "What beautiful pictures I would paint." With that there was a flash of light, and standing before the boy was an old wizard. He was leaning on a twisted cane, and his white beard fell to the floor.

"Ma Lien," he said in a creaky voice, "you have worked very hard and now you have earned a brush. Use it wisely, for it has great power."

And saying this he handed the trembling boy a beautiful paintbrush. Before Ma Lien could even stammer out a thank you, the old man had vanished.

With a cry of joy the boy rushed over to the one bare spot on his wall and quickly painted a proud and happy rooster. But he had no sooner painted the last curling feather of the rooster's tail when the bird sprang from the wall and flew to the windowsill. There he gave a great *cock-a-doodle-doo* and disappeared into the night. "Now I know why the wizard said this brush had great power," said Ma Lien. "Do not worry, old man. I *will* use it wisely."²

The next morning as Ma Lien was walking to the mountain to gather firewood, he passed a rice paddy. There he saw a man and a young boy pulling a heavy plow to till the paddy. Ma Lien quickly went over to the wall of an old shed and painted a strong and healthy water buffalo. Again, just as he finished, the beast leaped from the wall and with a low *moooo* he lumbered down to the paddy. Now with the help of the buffalo the man and his son soon had the paddy ready for planting.

Just at that moment the mandarin came by, and seeing the power of Ma Lien's magic brush, he ordered his men to seize the poor boy. When they had brought Ma Lien to the mandarin, he commanded the boy to paint a pile of silver coins for him. Ma Lien, remembering the wizard's words, refused, and the mandarin had him thrown in the dungeon with his other prisoners.

Ma Lien soon discovered that the other men had done no wrong, but had been imprisoned by the mandarin so that he could steal their lands. "Never fear," said the boy, "I will have us all free before too long."

As the night passed, Ma Lien waited until the guards had dozed off. Then quickly he painted a door on the wall. The prisoners pushed against it, the door swung open and they fled into the night. The mandarin's men came chasing after Ma Lien, but the boy easily escaped on the fine horse he had painted for himself.

Ma Lien knew he would not be safe if he remained on the mandarin's lands, so he rode for many miles until he came to a strange village. Here he continued to help anyone he could with his magic brush. He painted buffaloes to help the farmers in their fields. He painted chickens for the farmers' wives, and he painted toys to keep the children happy.

One day he came upon some farmers hard at work carrying buckets of water to their dried-up fields. "That work is much too hard for you," said Ma Lien, and he set about painting a fine water wheel so that it would be easier to bring the water from the river into the fields. And so it was that Ma Lien and his wonderful brush became known throughout the land.

It wasn't long before the mandarin learned where Ma Lien was living. He sent his soldiers to the village and when they found the boy they seized him and dragged him back to the palace. The mandarin instantly took away the brush and commanded that the boy be thrown into the dungeon. "Without this I don't think he will escape so easily," he laughed. Then he sent for the court painter and ordered him to paint a picture with the brush.³

"What would you have me paint?" he asked.

"A tree," said the mandarin. "A tree with leaves of gold that will fall like the rain when I shake the branches."

The artist went right to work and soon had a fine tree painted on the wall of the palace. But when the mandarin rushed to shake the tree he got no more than a bump on the head for his trouble. The tree was nothing but a painting on the wall.

Now the mandarin realized that only Ma Lien could paint pictures that would become real. Sending for the boy, he spoke kindly to him. "Ma Lien," he said softly, "if you will paint but one picture for me I will give you your freedom." The boy, thinking of a way to trick the greedy man, agreed to do as he was asked.



Think Aloud

³*It seems to me the problem in this story is that the mandarin is greedy and captures Ma Lien. The mandarin wants to use the magic paintbrush just to help himself. I wonder how Ma Lien will solve this problem without his magic paintbrush.*



The mandarin's eyes lit up with delight. He handed the brush to Ma Lien and said, "Paint me a mountain of pure gold." The boy went to work at once, painting a broad expanse of blue sea. The wide sea spread all across the wall.

"Why do you paint the sea?" demanded the mandarin. "I ordered a mountain of gold."

"I have not finished," said the boy quietly, and with that he painted a great gold mountain rising up out of the sea.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" cried the man. "Now paint me a ship so that I can sail to my mountain and bring back the gold."

In a twinkling Ma Lien had painted a fine ship, worthy of a mandarin who was about to travel to a mountain of gold. The man wasted no time in hurrying aboard with a troop of his finest soldiers. The sail was raised and slowly the ship rode out to sea.

"Too slow, too slow!" shouted the mandarin. "Give us a wind to speed us along." Obediently, Ma Lien painted a wind cloud. The wind came whistling down and the sails filled out. The wind ruffled the water and great waves rose about the ship.

"Too much!" cried the mandarin angrily. "You will sink my ship." But Ma Lien paid no attention. He went right on painting storm clouds. Now the wind howled and shrieked, and the waves crashed about the ship. Then with a great *crrrack*, the ship split in two and sank in the stormy waters.

Once more Ma Lien returned to his simple life with the peasants, always ready to help them with their work. And never again was he forced to use his magic brush for evil and greed.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Give children a sheet of drawing paper divided in thirds. Ask children to draw the beginning of the story in the first box, the middle of the story in the second box, and the end of the story in the third box. Invite children to dictate a sentence for each picture.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 1 to prompt children to share questions they had about the folktale.

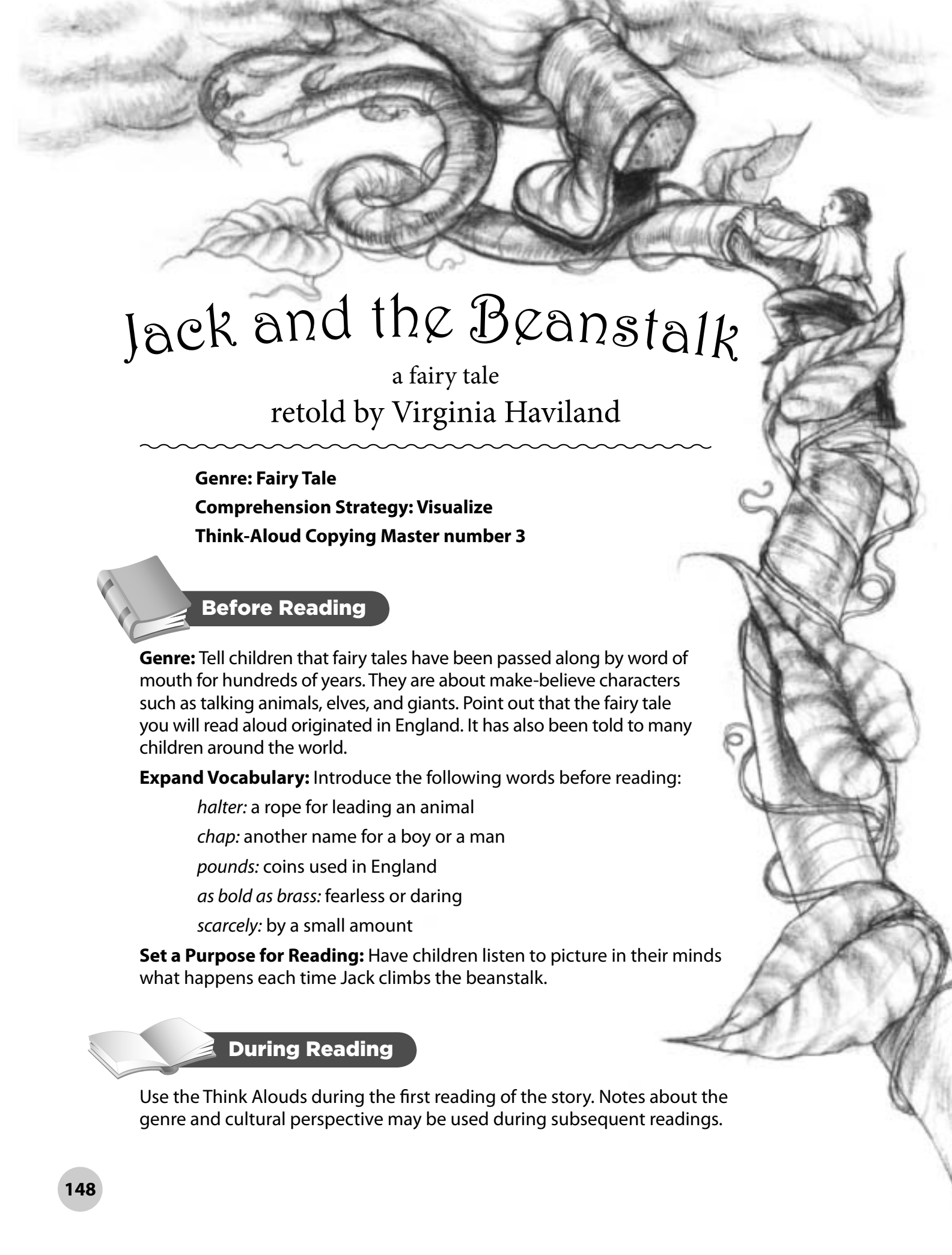
“I wonder . . .”

Cultural Perspective

A rice paddy is a watery field in China where rice is grown. Rice fields can also be found in other countries, including the United States.

Think and Respond

1. Why did Ma Lien only paint things that could help others? *Responses will vary. Possible responses: because he had a kind heart; because the wizard told him to use the paintbrush wisely; because the paintbrush could only be used to do good things* **Inferential**
2. How is this folktale like others you have heard? *Possible responses: It has magical items; a bad character and a good character; a moral or lesson* **Genre**
3. What lesson does the author want to teach us about kindness? *Possible response: We should be kind and share good fortune with other people.* **Author's Purpose**

A detailed black and white illustration of Jack climbing the beanstalk. Jack is shown from the side, clinging to the side of the massive beanstalk. The beanstalk is thick and textured, with large, heart-shaped leaves. At the top, the beanstalk is coiled around a large, gnarled tree trunk. The background shows a cloudy sky.

Jack and the Beanstalk

a fairy tale
retold by Virginia Haviland

Genre: Fairy Tale

Comprehension Strategy: Visualize

Think-Aloud Copying Master number 3



Before Reading

Genre: Tell children that fairy tales have been passed along by word of mouth for hundreds of years. They are about make-believe characters such as talking animals, elves, and giants. Point out that the fairy tale you will read aloud originated in England. It has also been told to many children around the world.

Expand Vocabulary: Introduce the following words before reading:

halter: a rope for leading an animal

chap: another name for a boy or a man

pounds: coins used in England

as bold as brass: fearless or daring

scarcely: by a small amount

Set a Purpose for Reading: Have children listen to picture in their minds what happens each time Jack climbs the beanstalk.



During Reading

Use the Think Alouds during the first reading of the story. Notes about the genre and cultural perspective may be used during subsequent readings.

Jack and the Beanstalk

an English fairy tale

retold by Virginia Haviland

Once upon a time there was a poor widow who had an only son, named Jack, and a cow, named Milky-white. All they had to live on was the milk the cow gave every day. This they carried to the market and sold. But one morning Milky-white gave no milk.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" cried the widow.

"Cheer up, Mother! I'll go and get work somewhere," said Jack.

"We've tried that before, and nobody would take you," said his mother. "We must sell Milky-white and with the money start a shop."

"All right, Mother," said Jack. "It's market day today. I'll soon sell Milky-white. Then we'll see what we can do."

So he took the cow's halter in his hand, and started off. He had not gone far when he met a funny-looking old man, who said to him, "Good morning, Jack."

"Good morning to you," said Jack, wondering how the man knew his name.

"Well, Jack, and where are you off to?" said the man.

"I'm going to market to sell our cow."

"Oh, you look the proper sort of chap to sell cows," said the man. "I wonder if you know how many beans make five."

"Two in each hand and one in your mouth," said Jack, as sharp as a needle.

"Right you are," said the man, "and here they are, the very beans themselves." He pulled out of his pocket a number of strange-looking beans. "Since you are so sharp," said he, "I don't mind trading with you—your cow for these beans."

"Go along!" said Jack.

"Ah! You don't know what these beans are," said the man. "If you plant them at night, by morning the stalks will be right up to the sky."

"Really?" said Jack. "You don't say so."

"Yes, that is so, and if it doesn't turn out to be true, you can have your cow back."

Genre Study

Fairy Tale: Fairy tales often include language common to the country in which it was first told. In this fairy tale, Jack and the old man talk like many people do in England. For instance, the word *sharp* means “smart”; *go along* and *you don’t say so* mean “I don’t believe you”; and *right* means “all right” or “okay.”

Think Aloud

¹*Jack is very brave to climb up that big beanstalk. I wonder what he’ll find at the top.*

“Right,” said Jack. He handed over Milky-white’s halter and pocketed the beans.

Back home went Jack. It was not dusk by the time he got to his door.

“Back already, Jack?” said his mother. “I see you haven’t got Milky-white, so you’ve sold her. How much did you get for her?”

“You’ll never guess, Mother,” said Jack.

“No, you don’t say so! Good boy! Five pounds? Ten? Fifteen? No, it can’t be twenty!”

“I told you you couldn’t guess. What do you say to these beans? They’re magical—plant them at night and . . .”

“What!” said Jack’s mother. “Have you been such a fool as to give away my Milky-white for a set of dry beans? As for your magic beans, here they go out of the window. Now off with you to bed. Not a drop shall you drink and not a bite shall you swallow this very night.”

So Jack went upstairs to his little room in the attic. Sad and sorry he was, to be sure.

At last he dropped off to sleep.

When he woke up, his room looked very strange! The sun was shining, yet the room seemed dark and shadowy. Jack jumped up and ran to the window. What do you think he saw? Why the beans his mother had thrown out of the window into the garden had sprung up into a big beanstalk. It went up and up till it reached the sky. The old man had spoken the truth after all.

The beanstalk grew close to Jack’s window and ran up beyond like a great ladder. So Jack jumped onto the beanstalk, and began to climb.¹ He climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed. At last, through the clouds, he reached the sky.

When he got there he found a long, broad road going on as straight as an arrow. So he walked along, and he walked along, and he walked along till he came to a great tall house. On the doorstep there was a great tall woman.

“Good morning, mum,” said Jack, quite polite. “Could you be so kind as to give me some breakfast?” For he hadn’t had anything to eat the night before, you know. He was as hungry as a hunter.

“It’s breakfast you want, is it?” said the great tall woman. “It’s breakfast you’ll *be* if you don’t move off from here. My man is a giant, and there’s nothing he likes better than boys broiled on toast. You’d better be moving on or he’ll soon be coming.”

“Oh! Please, mum, do give me something to eat, mum. I’ve had nothing since yesterday morning, really and truly, mum,” said Jack. “I may as well be broiled as die of hunger.”

Well, the giant’s wife was not half so bad after all. She took Jack into the kitchen, and gave him a chunk of bread and cheese and jug of milk. But Jack hadn’t half finished these when—*thump! thump! thump!*—the whole house began to tremble with the noise of someone coming.

“Goodness gracious me! It’s my old man,” said the giant’s wife. “What on earth shall I do? Come along quick and jump in here.” She bundled Jack into the oven, just as the giant came in.

He was a big man, to be sure. At his belt he had three calves strung up by the heels. He threw them down on the table and said, “Here, wife, boil me two of these for breakfast. Ah! What’s this I smell? . . .

*“Fee-fi-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman!
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.”²*

“Nonsense, dear,” said his wife. “You’re dreaming. Or perhaps you smell the scraps of that little boy you liked so much for yesterday’s dinner. Here, go wash and tidy up. By the time you come back your breakfast will be ready for you.”

Off the giant went. Jack was just going to jump out of the oven and run away when the woman told him not to. “Wait till he’s asleep,” said she. “He always has a nap after breakfast.”

The giant had his breakfast. After that he went to a big chest and took out of it two bags of gold. Down he sat and counted till at last his head began to nod. He began to snore till the whole house shook again.

Then Jack crept out on tiptoe from his oven. As he passed the giant, he took one of the bags of gold under his arm. Off he ran till he came to the beanstalk. He threw down the bag of gold, which of course fell into his mother’s garden. He climbed down and climbed down till at last he got home. He told his mother what had happened and showed her the gold.

“Well, Mother,” he said, “wasn’t I right about the beans? They *are* really magical, you see.”

They lived on the bag of gold for some time, but at last they came to the end of it. Jack made up his mind to try his luck once more at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning



Think Aloud

²*I was able to picture in my mind just how big and mean the giant is by the things he says and the way the author describes him.*

he rose early and got onto the beanstalk. He climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed. At last he came out on to the road again and up to the great tall house he had been to before. There, sure enough, was the great tall woman standing on the doorstep.

“Good morning, mum,” said Jack, as bold as brass. “Could you be so good as to give me something to eat?”

“Go away, my boy,” said the great tall woman, “or else my man will eat you up for breakfast. But aren’t you the boy who came here once before? Do you know, that very day my man missed one of his bags of gold!”

“That’s strange, mum,” said Jack. “I dare say I could tell you something about that. But I’m so hungry I can’t speak till I’ve had something to eat.”

Well, the great tall woman was so curious that she took him in and gave him something to eat. But he had scarcely begun munching it, as slowly as he could, when—*thump! thump! thump!*—they heard the giant’s footstep, and his wife again hid Jack in the oven.

Everything happened as it did before. In came the giant, roaring “Fee-fi-fo-fum,” and had his breakfast of three broiled oxen. Then he ordered, “Wife, bring me the hen that lays the golden eggs.”

So she brought it. Her husband said, “Lay,” and the hen laid an egg all of gold. But then the giant began to nod his head and to snore till the house shook.

Now Jack crept out of the oven on tiptoe and caught hold of the golden hen. He was off before you could say “Jack Robinson.” This time, the giant woke—because the hen gave a cackle. Just as Jack got out of the house, he heard the giant calling. “Wife, wife, what have you done with my golden hen?”

And the wife said, “Why, my dear?”

But that was all Jack heard, for he rushed off to the beanstalk and climbed down in a flash. When he got home he showed his mother the wonderful hen, and said, “Lay!” to it. It laid a golden egg every time he said, “Lay!”

Well, Jack was not content. It wasn’t very long before he decided to try his luck again up there at the top of the beanstalk.³ One fine morning he rose early and stepped onto the beanstalk. He climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, and he climbed, till he came to the very top. This time he knew better than to go straight to the giant’s house. When he came near it, he waited

Think Aloud

³*I think that not content means Jack is not happy with just the coins and the hen—he wants more riches. I think it is foolish for Jack to go up the beanstalk again. I’m afraid he will get caught this time.*

behind a bush till he saw the giant's wife come out with a pail to get some water. Then he crept into the house and hid in a copper tub. He hadn't been there long when he heard *thump! thump! thump!* as before. In walked the giant and his wife.

"Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!" cried out the giant. "I smell him, wife, I smell him."

"Do you, my dear?" said the wife. "Well then, if it's the little rogue that stole your gold and the hen that laid the golden eggs, he's sure to have got into the oven." And they both rushed to the oven.

But Jack wasn't there, luckily. The giant's wife said, "There you are again with your fee-fi-fo-fum! Why, of course, it's the boy you caught last night that I've just broiled for your breakfast. How forgetful I am! And how careless you are not to know the difference between alive and dead, after all these years.

So the giant sat down to his breakfast. Every now and then he would mutter, "Well I could have sworn . . ." And he'd get up and search the larder and the cupboards and everything. Only, luckily, he didn't think of the tub.

After breakfast, the giant called out, "Wife, wife, bring me my golden harp." So she brought it and put it on the table before him. "Sing!" he ordered, and the golden harp sang most beautifully. It went on singing till the giant fell asleep and began to snore like thunder.

Jack now got out of the tub very quietly and crept like a mouse over to the table. Up he crawled, caught hold of the golden harp, and dashed with it toward the door. But the harp called out quite loudly. "Master! Master!"

The giant woke up just in time to see Jack running off with his harp.

Jack ran as fast as he could. The giant came rushing after, and would soon have caught him, only Jack had a head start and knew where he was going. When he got to the beanstalk, the giant was not more than twenty yards away. Suddenly Jack disappeared. When the giant came to the end of the road, he saw Jack below climbing down for dear life.

Well, the giant didn't like to trust himself to such a ladder. He stood and waited, so Jack got another start.

But the harp cried out again, "Master! Master!"

The giant swung himself down onto the beanstalk, which shook with his weight. Down climbed Jack, and after him climbed the giant.



Jack climbed down, and climbed down, and climbed down till he was very nearly home. Then he called out, "Mother! Mother! Bring me an ax, bring me an ax!" His mother rushed out with the ax in her hand. When she came to the beanstalk, she stood stock-still with fright. There was the giant with his legs just through the clouds.

Jack jumped down, took the ax, and chopped at the beanstalk, almost cutting it in two. The giant felt the beanstalk shake, so he stopped to see what the matter was. Then Jack chopped again. The beanstalk was cut in two. It began to topple over. Down crashed the giant, and that was the end of him!

Jack gave his mother the golden harp. With the magical harp and the golden eggs, Jack and his mother became very rich. Jack married a Princess, and they all lived happily ever after.





After Reading

Retell the Story: Give children a sheet of paper folded in half. Have children draw a picture of something that happens to Jack before he climbs the beanstalk on one side of the paper. Then ask them to draw a picture of something that happens to Jack after he climbs the beanstalk on the other side. Encourage them to retell the story in their own words, including what items Jack carried down the beanstalk.

Student Think Aloud

Use Copying Master number 3 to prompt children to share how they visualize their favorite part of the story.

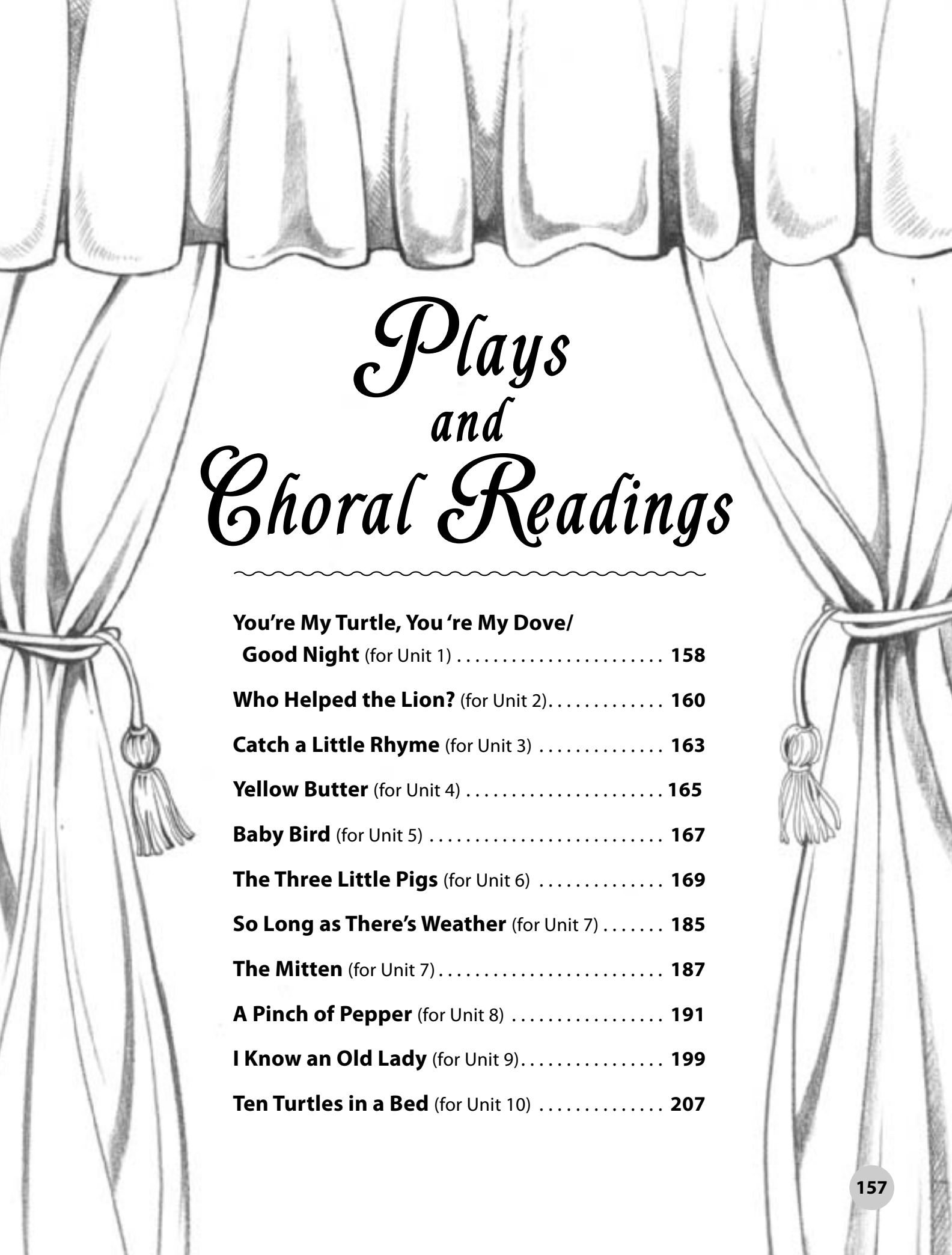
"I was able to
picture in my
mind . . ."

Cultural Perspective

In England the word *mum* can mean either "madam" or "mother."

Think and Respond

1. How do you think the man who gave Jack the beans knew his name? Why do you think this is? *Possible response: He was magical. The beans were magic beans, so the man must be magical himself.* **Inferential**
2. What parts of the fairy tale were make believe? *Possible responses: the magic beans, the giant, the huge beanstalk, the hen and harp.* **Genre**
3. Why might the author have written a fairy tale so full of magical things? *Possible response: She wanted to entertain listeners.* **Author's Purpose**



Plays and Choral Readings

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You're My Turtle, You're My Dove

by Eve Merriam

~~~~~  
**Solo 1:** You're my turtle,

**Solo 2:** you're my dove,

**All:** coo, coo,  
you're the one I love.

**Solo 3:** You're my safety,

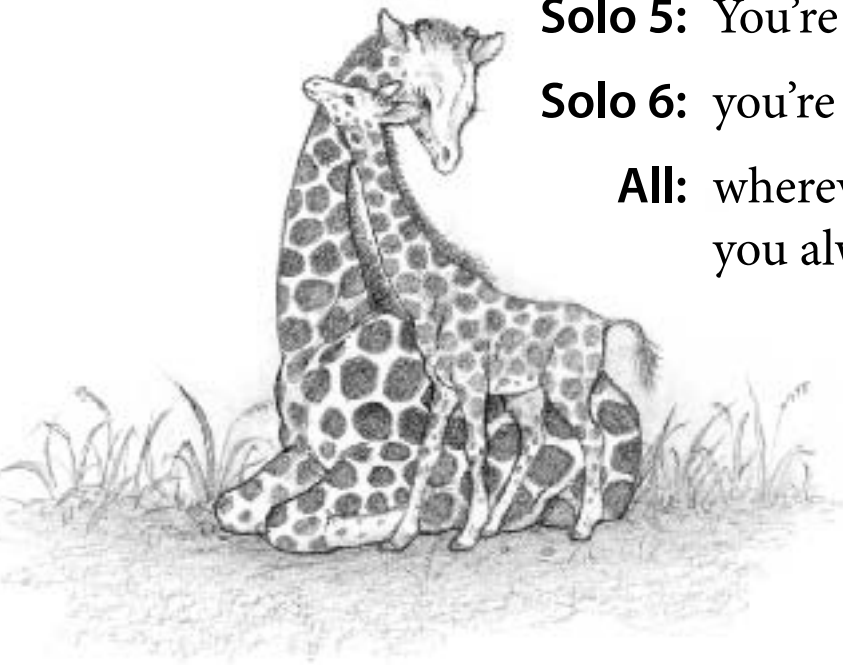
**Solo 4:** you're my pin,

**All:** hold me close  
and fasten me in.

**Solo 5:** You're my jumping,

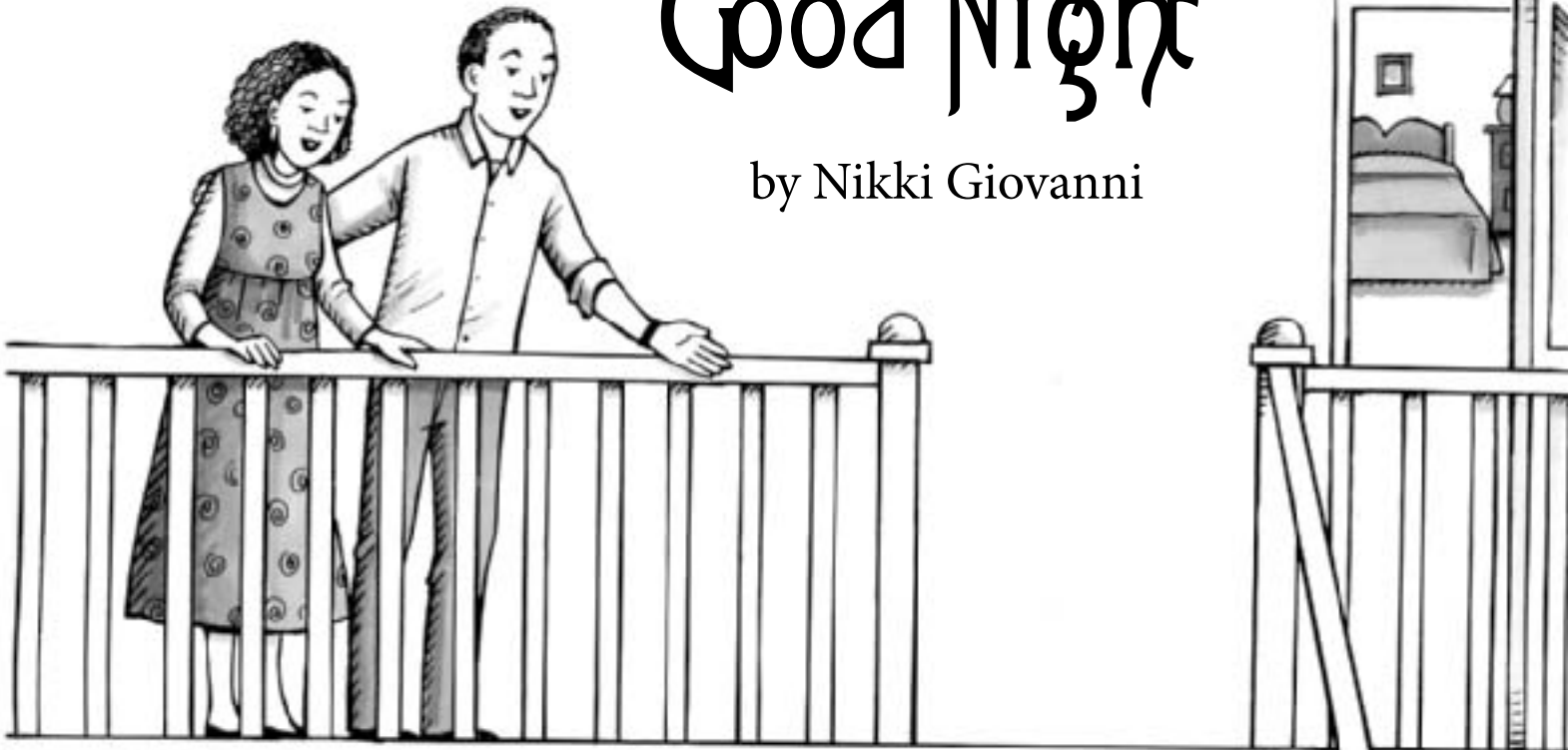
**Solo 6:** you're my jack,

**All:** wherever you go,  
you always come back.



# Good Night

by Nikki Giovanni



**Solo 1:** Goodnight Mommy

**Solo 2:** Goodnight Dad

**All:** I kiss them as I go

**Solo 3:** Goodnight Teddy

**Solo 4:** Goodnight Spot

**All:** The moonbeams call me so

**Group 1:** I climb the stairs  
Go down the hall  
And walk into my room

**Group 2:** My day of play is ending  
But my night of sleep's in bloom



# Who Helped the Lion?

by Sally Jarvis

**PLAYERS:**  
**Lion      Mouse**

---

**Lion:** (*asleep*) Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z.

**Mouse:** (*runs on Lion's tail*) La-la-la-la!

**Lion:** Who is on my tail?  
I will eat you up!

**Mouse:** Oh, Mr. Lion, please don't eat me!

**Lion:** Why did you wake me?



**Mouse:** You are so big I did not know  
I was on your tail. I was just  
running for fun.

**Lion:** Is that right?

**Mouse:** Oh, yes! And, Mr. Lion, if you help  
me by letting me go, one day I will  
help you.

**Lion:** Ho! Ho! Ho! How can a tiny mouse  
like you help a big lion like me?  
But I like the way you talk.  
I will let you go.

**Mouse:** Oh, thank you! Thank you!  
*(He runs away.)*

**Lion:** Ho! Ho! Ho! What a funny little  
mouse! Now that I'm up, I will go  
for a walk.

*(He does not see a lion net.  
He puts his foot in the net.  
He cannot get out.)*

**Lion:** Help! Help! Help!

**Mouse:** *(runs up to him)* What is it?



**Lion:** Look at me! My foot is in the net.  
If I do not get it out, the man will  
come and take me away.

**Mouse:** I will help you.

**Lion:** Oh, Mouse! You are too little to  
help me.

**Mouse:** Look at this.

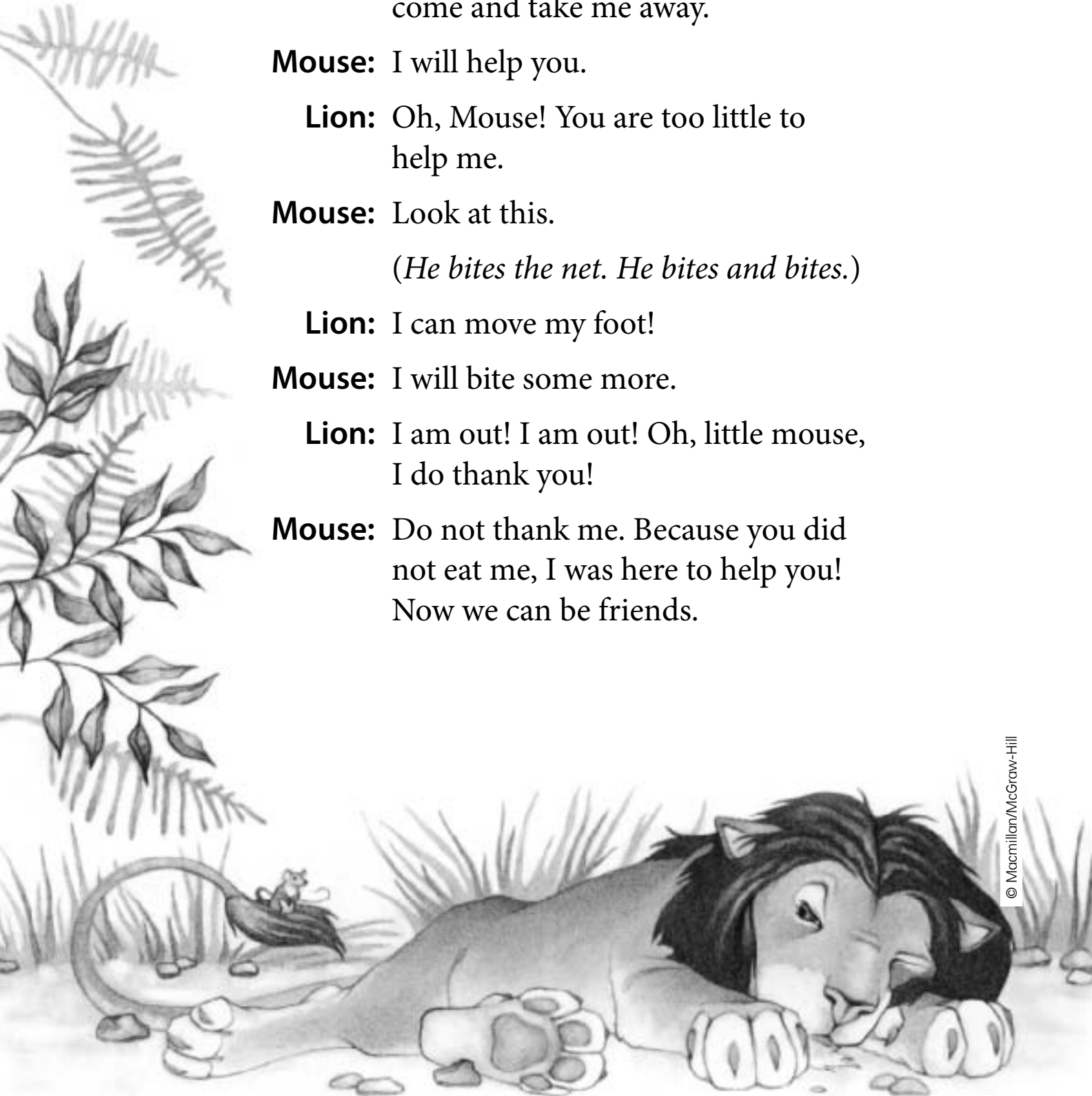
*(He bites the net. He bites and bites.)*

**Lion:** I can move my foot!

**Mouse:** I will bite some more.

**Lion:** I am out! I am out! Oh, little mouse,  
I do thank you!

**Mouse:** Do not thank me. Because you did  
not eat me, I was here to help you!  
Now we can be friends.



# Catch a Little Rhyme

by Eve Merriam

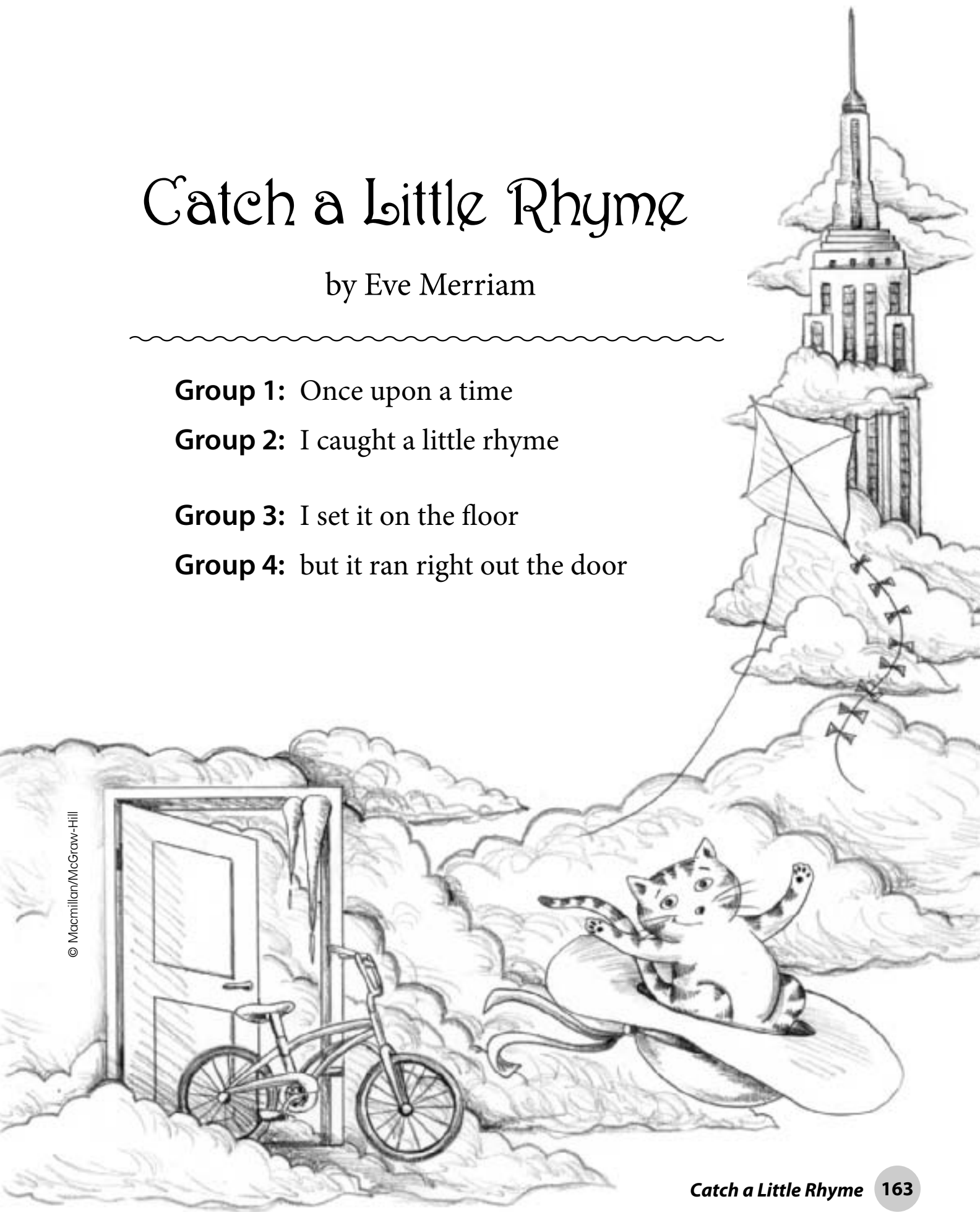
**Group 1:** Once upon a time

**Group 2:** I caught a little rhyme

**Group 3:** I set it on the floor

**Group 4:** but it ran right out the door

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**Group 1:** I chased it on my bicycle

**Group 2:** but it melted to an icicle

**Group 3:** I scooped it up in my hat

**Group 4:** but it turned into a cat

**Group 1:** I caught it by the tail

**Group 2:** but it stretched into a whale

**Group 3:** I followed it in a boat

**Group 4:** but it changed into a goat

**Group 1:** When I fed it tin and paper

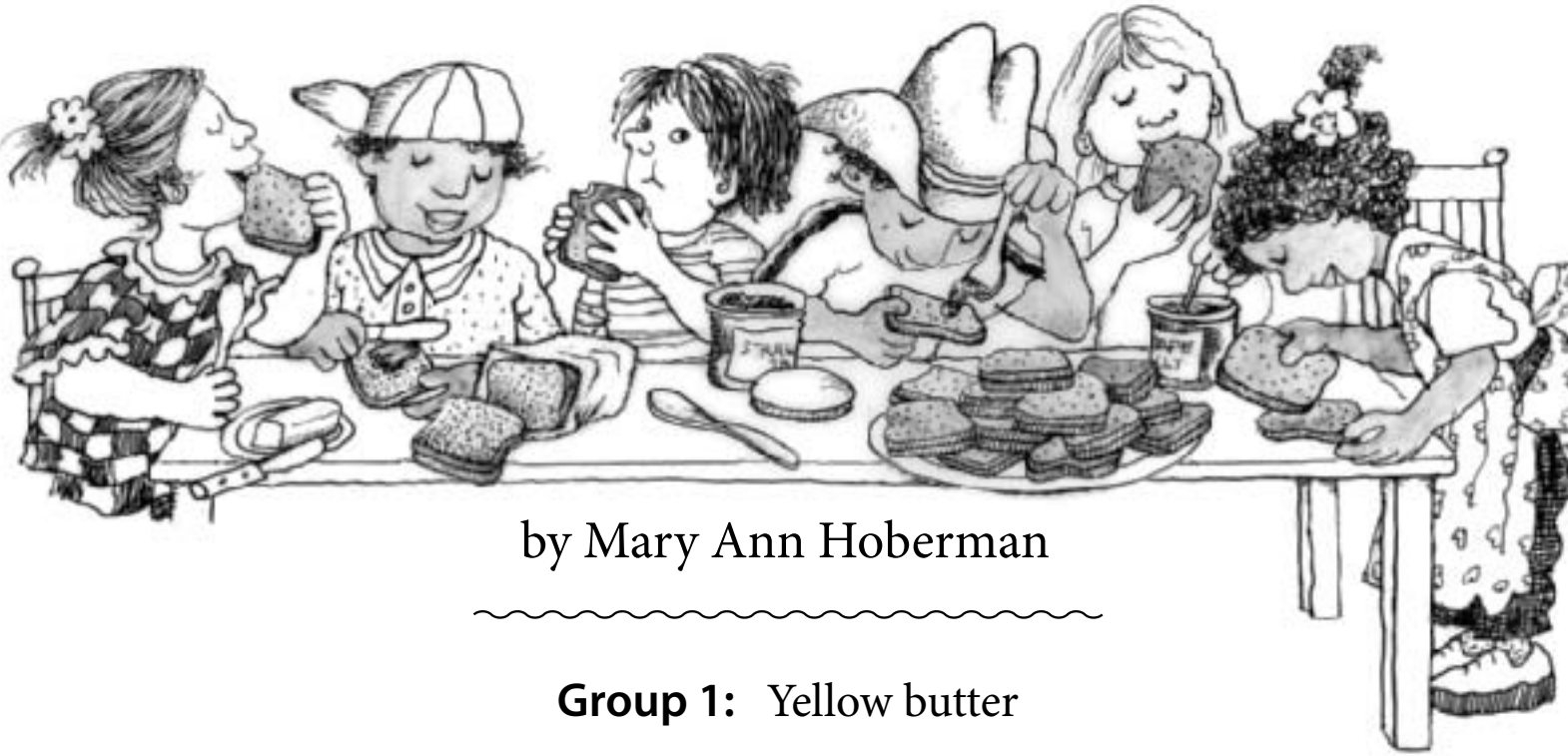
**Group 2:** it became a tall skyscraper

**Group 3:** Then it grew into a kite

**Group 4:** and flew far out of sight . . .



# Yellow Butter



by Mary Ann Hoberman

---

**Group 1:** Yellow butter

**Group 2:** purple jelly

**Group 3:** red jam

**Group 4:** black bread

**Solo 1 or Leader:** Spread it thick

Say it quick

**Group 1:** Yellow butter

**Group 2:** purple jelly

**Group 3:** red jam

**Group 4:** black bread



**Solo 2 or Leader:** Spread it thicker  
Say it quicker

**Group 1:** Yellow butter

**Group 2:** purple jelly

**Group 3:** red jam

**Group 4:** black bread

**Solo 3 or Leader:** Now repeat it  
while you eat it

**Group 1:** Yellow butter

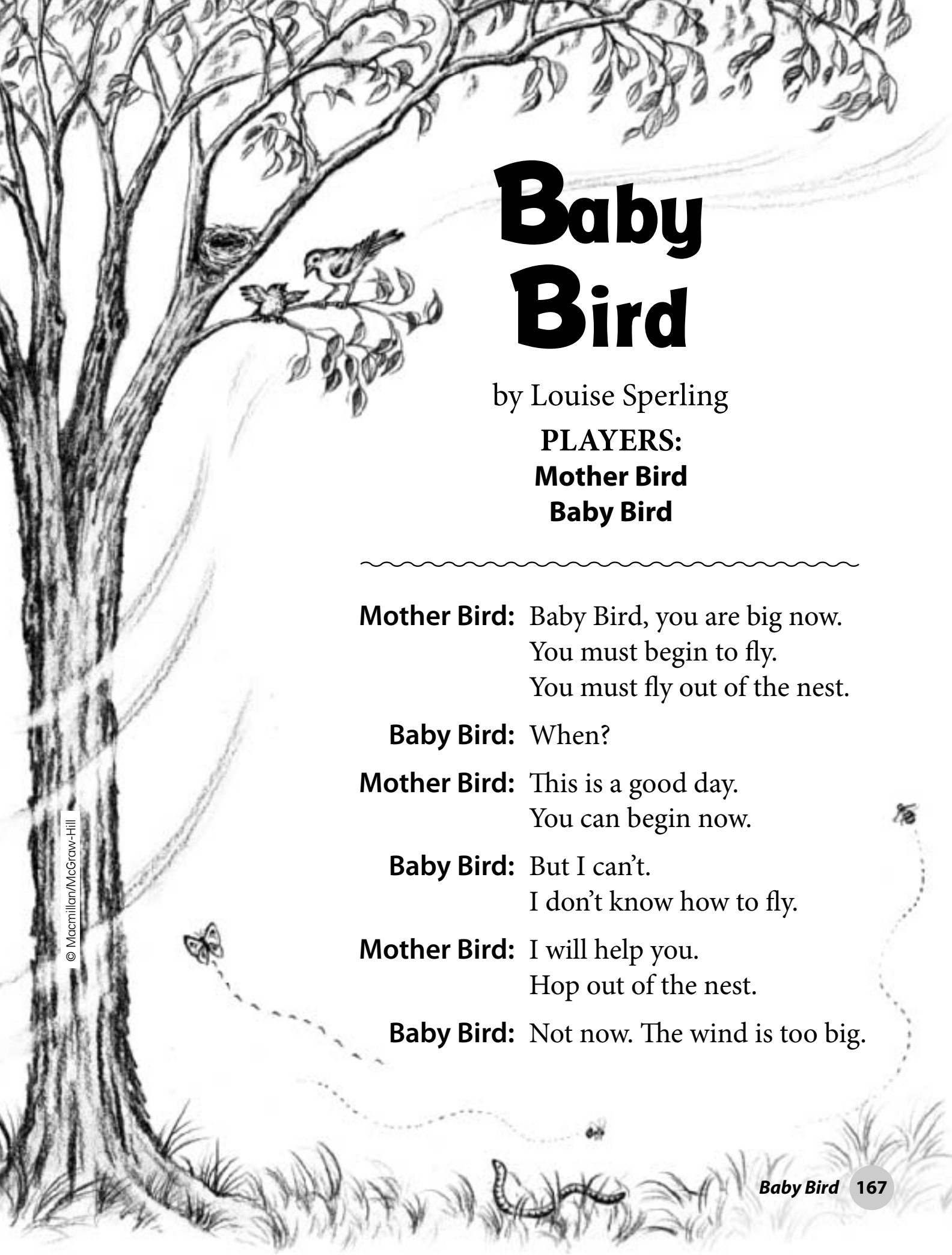
**Group 2:** purple jelly

**Group 3:** red jam

**Group 4:** black bread

**Solo 4 or Leader:** Don't talk  
with your mouth full!





# Baby Bird

by Louise Sperling

**PLAYERS:**

**Mother Bird**

**Baby Bird**

---

**Mother Bird:** Baby Bird, you are big now.  
You must begin to fly.  
You must fly out of the nest.

**Baby Bird:** When?

**Mother Bird:** This is a good day.  
You can begin now.

**Baby Bird:** But I can't.  
I don't know how to fly.

**Mother Bird:** I will help you.  
Hop out of the nest.

**Baby Bird:** Not now. The wind is too big.

**Mother Bird:** The wind is small.  
The leaves only wiggle.  
Now hop out.

**Baby Bird:** I had better not. I may fall.

**Mother Bird:** The grass will catch you.

**Baby Bird:** Isn't the grass hard?

**Mother Bird:** The grass is as soft as feathers.  
Now hop out of the nest quickly!

**Baby Bird:** (*hopping*) Ooooh!

**Mother Bird:** Take one more hop.

**Baby Bird:** Oooh! Oooh!

**Mother Bird:** Take one more -

**Baby Bird:** HELP!

**Mother Bird:** Baby Bird, are you all right?

**Baby Bird:** (*begins to cry*) I fell . . .  
(*stops crying*) I mean . . .  
I FLEW!

**Mother Bird:** Are you hurt?

**Baby Bird:** Hurt? No! I *flew* here.  
The small wind helped me.  
And the grass is as soft as feathers!  
Come on down and see

# The Three Little Pigs

an English fairy tale  
retold by Flora Annie Steel

Once upon a time there was an old mother pig who had three little pigs. As she had not enough for them to eat, she said they had better go out into the world and seek their fortunes.

Now, the oldest pig went first, and as he trotted along the road he met a man carrying a bundle of straw.

So he said very politely, "If you please, sir, could you give me that straw to build me a house?"

And the man, seeing what good manners the little pig had, gave him the straw. The little pig set to work and built a beautiful house with it.

Now, the next little pig met a man carrying a bundle of sticks. Being very polite, the little pig said to him, "If you please, sir, could you give me those sticks to build me a house?"

And the man, seeing what good manners the little pig had, gave him the sticks. The little pig set to work and built himself a beautiful house.

Then the next little pig met a man with a load of bricks. He was just as polite as the other little pigs, and he said to the man, "If you please, sir, could you give me those bricks to build me a house?"

And the man, seeing what good manners the little pig had, gave him the bricks. The little pig set to work and built himself a strong brick house.





Soon after the three houses were finished, an old wolf happened to pass by the house of straw. First, he looked at the house, and then he smelt the pig inside.

So he knocked on the door and said, "Little pig! Little pig! Let me come in!"

But the little pig saw the wolf's big paws through the keyhole, so he answered back, "No! No! By the hair of my chinny chin chin!"

Then the wolf showed his teeth and said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in. But the little pig was not there, for he had run out the back way, and had gone to the little pig that lived in the house of sticks.

But the old wolf could smell pigs a long way, and he went straight to the house of sticks and knocked on the door and said, "Little pigs! Little pigs! Let me come in!"

But one little pig peeped through the keyhole, and the other peeped under the door. One saw the wolf's big ears, and the other saw his long tail. And they both answered back in the same breath, "No! No! By the hair of our chinny chin chins!"

Then the wolf showed his teeth and said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in. But the old wolf did not get the two little pigs, for they ran away as fast as they could and went straight to the little pig that lived in the house of bricks.

The old wolf got his breath and went right after the little pigs. When he got to the house of bricks he was very angry. He knocked hard on the door and said, "Little pigs! Little pigs! Let me come in!"

But the three little pigs answered right back and said, "No! No! By the hair of our chinny chin chins!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf, showing his teeth.

He huffed and he puffed. He puffed and he huffed. And he huffed, huffed, and he puffed, puffed; but he could not blow the house in. At last he was so out of breath that he couldn't huff and he couldn't puff anymore. So he thought a bit.

Then he said, "Little pigs! I know where there is ever so nice a field of turnips."

"Do you?" said the little pigs. "And where may that be?"

"I'll show you," said the wolf. "If you will be ready at six o'clock tomorrow morning, I will call round for you, and we can go together to Farmer Smith's field and get turnips for dinner."

"Thank you kindly," said the little pigs. "We will be ready at six o'clock sharp."

But, you see, the little pigs were not to be taken in so easily. So they got up at five o'clock, trotted off to Farmer Smith's field, rooted up the turnips, and were home eating them for breakfast when the wolf clattered at the door.

"Little pigs! Little pigs!" cried the wolf. "Aren't you ready?"

"Ready?" said the little pigs. "Why, what a sluggard you are! We've been to the field and come back again. We are having a nice potful of turnips for breakfast."

Then the old wolf grew red with rage. But he was determined to eat the little pigs, so he said, as if he didn't care, "I'm glad you like them. But I know of something better than turnips."

"Indeed?" said the little pigs. "And what may that be?"

"A nice apple tree down in Merry Gardens, with the juiciest, sweetest apples on it! So if you will be ready at five o'clock tomorrow morning, I will come round for you, and we can get the apples together."

"Thank you kindly," said the little pigs. "We will surely be ready at five o'clock sharp."

Now, the next morning the little pigs bustled up ever so early, and it wasn't four o'clock when they started to get the apples. But, you see, the wolf had been taken in once and wasn't going to be taken in again, so he also started at four o'clock. The little pigs had just got their baskets half full of apples when they saw the wolf coming down the road licking his lips.

"Hello!" said the wolf. "Here already? You are early birds! Are the apples nice?"

"Very nice," said the little pigs. "We'll throw you down one to try."

But they threw it so far away, that when the wolf went to pick it up, the little pigs jumped down with their baskets and ran home.

Well, the old wolf was angry!

But he went the next day to the little pigs' house and called through the door, as mild as milk, "Little pigs! Little pigs! You are so clever, I should like to take you to the Fair. So if you will come with me this afternoon, you shall have a happy time."

"Thank you kindly," said the little pigs. "What time shall we start?"

"At three o'clock sharp," said the wolf. "So be sure to be ready."







We'll be ready before three," sniggered the little pigs. And they were! They started early in the morning and went to the Fair, and rode in a swing, and enjoyed themselves ever so much, and bought a great butter churn, and trotted away toward home long before three o'clock.

But just as they got to the top of the hill, what should they see but the wolf coming up, all panting and red with rage!

Well, there was no place to hide but in the butter churn. So they jumped into it, and were just pulling down the cover when the churn started to roll down the hill.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

Of course the little pigs inside began to squeal. Then the wolf heard the noise and saw the butter churn rolling down on top of him.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

The old wolf was so frightened that he turned tail and ran away.

But he was still determined to get the little pigs for his dinner. So he went the next day to the house and told them how sorry he was not to have been able to keep his promise of going to the Fair, because of an awful, dreadful, terrible Thing that had rushed at him, making a fearsome noise.

"Dear me!" said the little pigs. "That must have been us! We hid inside the butter churn when we saw you coming, and it started to roll! We are sorry we frightened you!"

This was too much. The wolf danced about with rage and swore he would come down the chimney and eat all the little pigs for his supper. But while he was climbing onto the roof, one little pig made up a blazing fire, and one put on a big pot full of water to boil, and, just as the wolf was coming down the chimney, the other little pig took off the lid, and plump! The wolf fell into the scalding water.



# The Three Little Pigs

retold by Caroline Juneau-Pierre

## CAST:

**Narrator/Teacher**

**Wolf**

**Mama Pig**

**Big Brother Pig**

**Little Brother Pig**

**Sister Pig**

**Peddler**

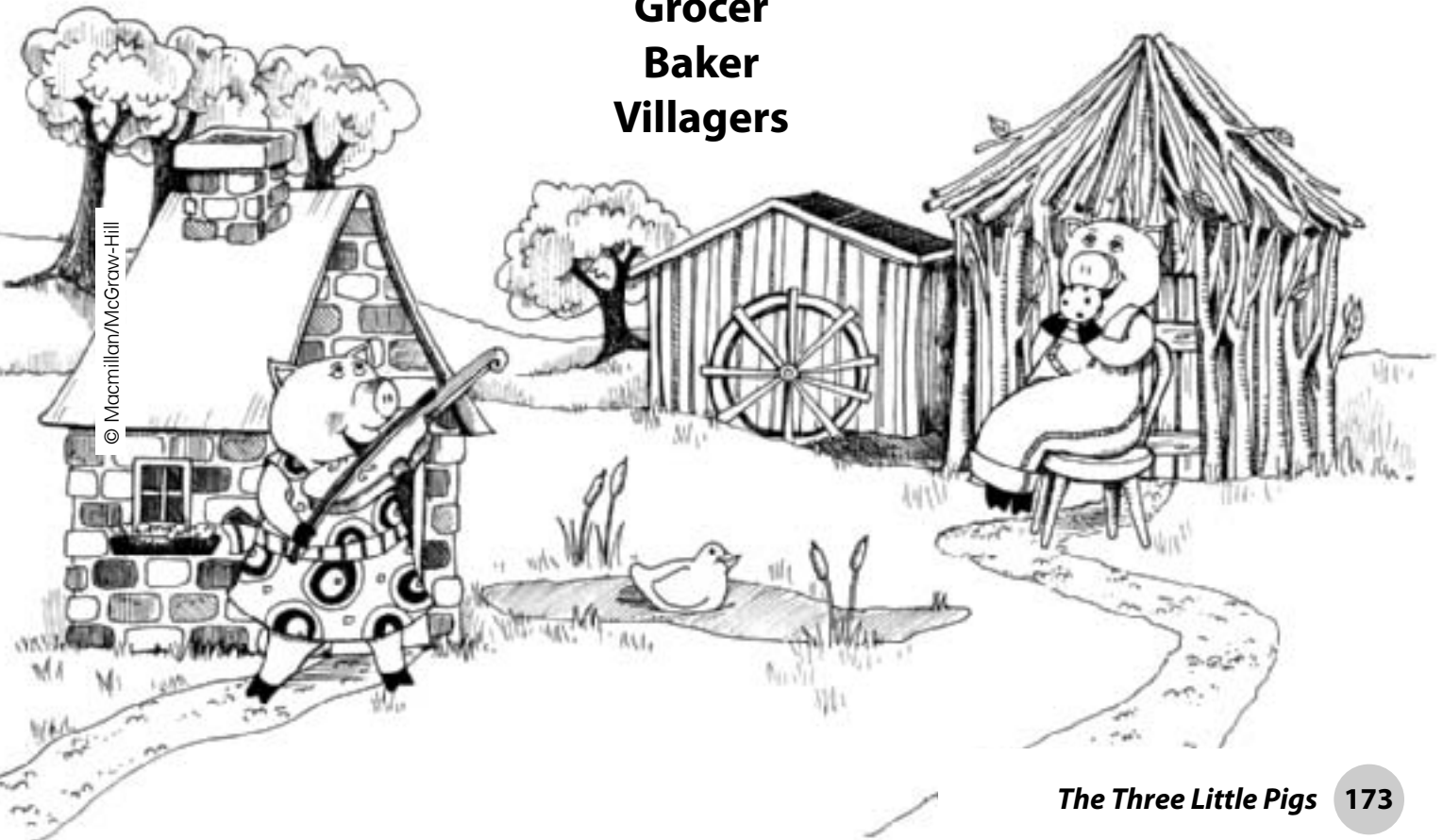
**Truck Driver**

**Basket Weaver**

**Grocer**

**Baker**

**Villagers**



## Scene I

**Narrator/Teacher:** Once upon a time there lived a family of pigs. The family lived in a village beside a grocer and a baker.

**Narrator/Teacher:** One sunny day, Mama Pig called her piglets together.

**Mama Pig:** Little pigs! Little pigs! It is now time for you to leave and build your own homes.

**Big Brother Pig:** Hmmm. What home can I build?  
[*questioning look*]

**Sister Pig:** Hmmm. What home can I build?  
[*questioning look*]

**Little Brother Pig:** Hmmm. What home can I build?  
[*questioning look*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** The little pigs packed their bags and left to build their homes. Mama Pig and the villagers waved good-bye to the pigs.

**Mama Pig:** Good-bye, my little pigs. [*waving*]

**Grocer:** Good-bye, little pigs. [*waving*]

**Baker:** Good-bye, little pigs. [*waving*]

**Villagers:** Good-bye, little pigs. [*waving*]



**Big Brother Pig:** Good-bye. [*waving*]

**Sister Pig:** Good-bye. [*waving*]

**Little Brother Pig:** Good-bye. [*waving*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** The three pigs traveled down the road together. On the road they met a peddler near an orchard. The peddler was selling bundles of sticks.

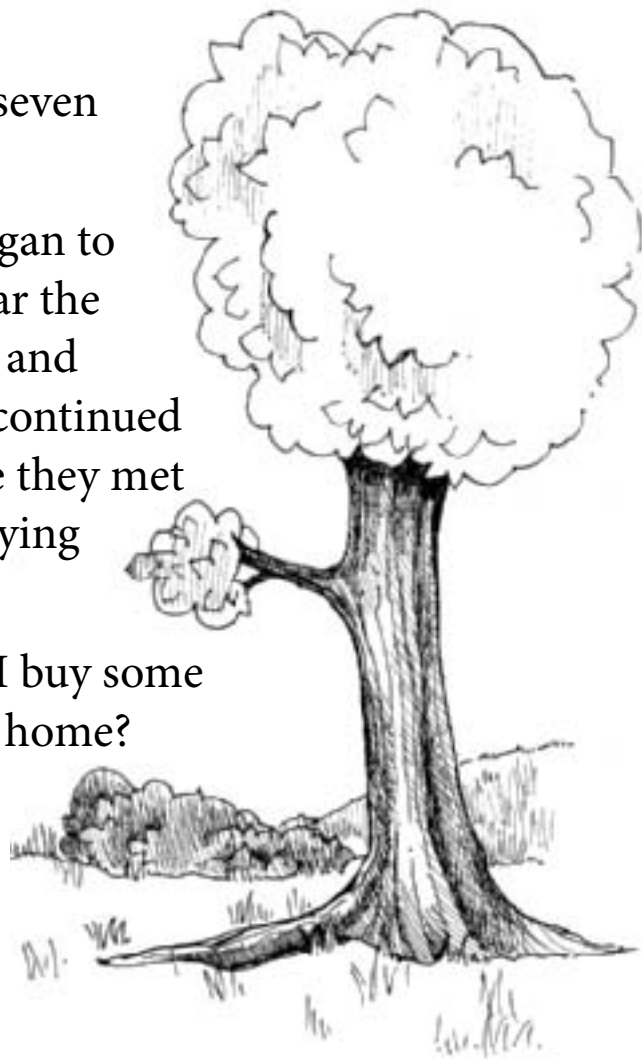
**Big Brother Pig:** Peddler, can I buy some sticks to build my home?

**Peddler:** Yes. I can sell you seven bundles of sticks.

**Narrator/Teacher:** Big Brother Pig began to build his home near the orchard. Sister Pig and Little Brother Pig continued on the road, where they met a truck driver carrying a load of bricks.

**Sister Pig:** Truck Driver, can I buy some bricks to build my home?

**Truck Driver:** Yes. I can sell you one ton of bricks.



**Narrator/Teacher:** Sister Pig began to build her home beside a lake. Little Brother Pig continued down the road alone where he met a weaver, weaving straw baskets.

**Little Brother Pig:** Basket Weaver, can I buy some straw to build my home?

**Basket Weaver:** Yes. I can sell you six bushels of straw.

**Narrator/Teacher:** Little Brother Pig bought six bushels of straw and began to build his home beside a mill.

**Narrator/Teacher:** The little pigs began to build their homes. They worked quickly before night arrived.

**Big Brother Pig:** My house I will build. In a home I will live. [*hammering*]

**Sister Pig:** My house I will build. In a home I will live.

**Little Brother Pig:** My house I will build. In a home I will live.



## Scene II

**Narrator/Teacher:** After building their homes, each pig settled in for a quiet night. Big Brother Pig poured hot tea from a kettle. Sister Pig played her violin by the fireplace. And Little Brother Pig nibbled on a biscuit.

**Big Brother Pig:** A home I have built. My home, sweet home! [*singing and pouring*]

**Sister Pig:** A home I have built. My home, sweet home! [*singing and strumming*]

**Little Brother Pig:** A home I have built. My home, sweet home! [*singing and nibbling*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** While Big Brother Pig sat pouring his tea there was a loud knock at the door.

**Wolf:** Little pig! Little pig! Let me come in! I am a big bad wolf. [*loud, roaring voice*]

**Big Brother Pig:** No! No! Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!



**Wolf:** Then I will huff and puff and blow your house in!

**Narrator/Teacher:** Big Brother Pig was frightened of the big bad wolf. He jumped out the back window and ran to Sister Pig's house. [*running*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** The wolf grew angry because the little pig would not let him in. He took a deep breath and blew the house of sticks down.

**Wolf:** [*blowing*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** When Big Brother Pig arrived at Sister Pig's house, he told her about the wolf that blew his house down.

**Big Brother Pig:** Oh! Sister Pig. The wolf blew my house of sticks down. [*crying*]

**Sister Pig:** You are now safe in my home, sweet home. [*hugging*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** The wolf then went to the home of Little Brother Pig and knocked on the door.

**Wolf:** Little pig! Little pig! Let me come in! I am a big bad wolf. [*loud, roaring voice*]



**Little Brother Pig:** No! No! Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!

**Wolf:** Then I will huff and puff and blow your house in! [*loud, roaring voice*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** Little Brother Pig was frightened of the big bad wolf. He jumped out the back window and ran to Sister Pig's house. [*running*]

The wolf took a deep breath and blew the house of straw down. He grew angrier.

**Wolf:** I will blow your house in! [*blowing*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** When Little Brother Pig arrived at Sister Pig's house, he told them about the wolf that blew his house down.

**Little Brother Pig:** Oh! Big Brother Pig and Sister Pig. The wolf blew my house of straw down. [*crying*]

**Sister Pig:** You are now safe in my home, sweet home. [*hugging*]





**Narrator/Teacher:** The wolf grew angrier. He stomped his feet and flapped his arms in a furious rage. Then he dropped to the ground and fell asleep.

### Scene III

**Narrator/Teacher:** Meanwhile, the pigs warmed themselves by the fire and thought of a plan to get rid of the wolf. They telephoned Mama Pig to ask her and the villagers to help.



**All Three Pigs:** Mama Pig! Mama Pig! The big bad wolf blew our houses down. Can you and the villagers help us get rid of this wolf? [*action of speaking on a telephone*]

**Mama Pig:** When the wolf knocks at the door and begins to huff and puff, tell him to visit the home of your mother. The grocer, the baker, the villagers, and I will make a special meal for him. [*action of speaking on a telephone*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** Again the wolf came to the pigs' home and knocked at the door.

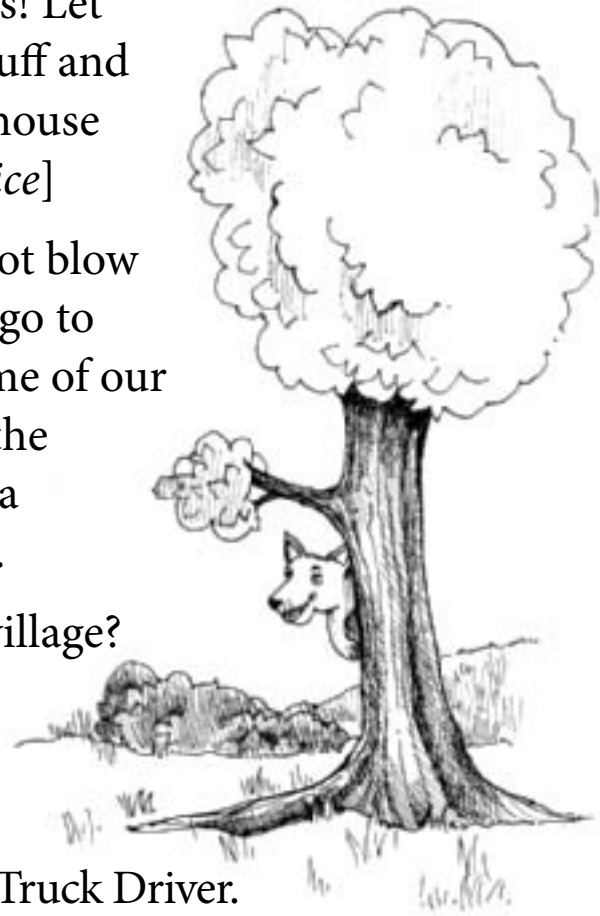
**Wolf:** Little Pigs! Little Pigs! Let me come in! I will huff and puff and blow your house in! [*loud, roaring voice*]

**All Three Pigs:** No! No! You must not blow our house in. If you go to the home, sweet home of our Mama Pig, she and the villagers have made a special meal for you.

**Wolf:** How can I find the village?

**All Three Pigs:** You must travel down the road. Go past the Basket Weaver. Go past the Truck Driver. Go past the Peddler.

**Narrator/Teacher:** The wolf was very hungry so he hurried down the road. The little pigs jumped out the back window and ran to the village where Mama Pig and the villagers were waiting.



**Wolf:** Yum. Yum. A special meal waits for me. [*walking and licking his lips*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** All the villagers were waiting inside Mama Pig's house. The baker baked loaves of bread. The grocer brought fruits and vegetables. The villagers brought delicious food dishes, too. They were eating, dancing, and having a merry time. And Mama Pig put a big pot of water on the fire to boil. When the wolf arrived at Mama Pig's house he heard laughter inside. He sniffed the delicious smells of food from inside. He knew something special was happening on the other side of the door.

**Wolf:** Knock! Knock! Let me come in! I am the big bad wolf. I am here for my special meal. [*sniffing*]

**All:** Oh! Mr. Wolf, we have made a special meal for you. But the door will not open. The door is stuck.



**Narrator/Teacher:** The wolf tried **pushing** the door but it did not open. The wolf tried **kicking** the door but it did not open. The wolf grew angry.

**Wolf:** I must come in! If you do not let me in, then I will huff and puff and blow the house in.

**All:** No! No! Please do not blow the house in. If you climb up to the chimney then you can come in.

**Narrator/Teacher:** The wolf agreed and climbed up the house and down into the chimney.

**Wolf:** Yum. Yum. A special meal waits for me. [*licking lips*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** The villagers smiled with glee and danced knowing that if the wolf fell into the pot of boiling water it would be the end of the big bad wolf.

When the wolf got to the bottom of the chimney he saw a big pot of boiling water. Now everyone knows that the wolf is very clever and will outwit even the smartest ones.





**Wolf:** You can't catch me. I'm too clever. [*snickering laughter*]

**Narrator/Teacher:** The wolf slowly crept around the boiling pot and reached for Mama Pig's cooking apron and hat hanging beside the fireplace. He then put on the apron and hat and joyfully danced into the crowd of villagers. He even grabbed the baker's delicious apple pie just before escaping out the window and no one was the wiser.

**Wolf:** You can't catch me. I'm too clever. [*snickering laughter*]





# So Long as There's Weather

by Tamara Kitt

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**Group 1:** Whether it's cold  
or whether it's hot,

**All:** I'd rather have weather  
whether or not  
it's just what I'd choose.

**Group 2:** Summer or Spring  
or Winter or Fall—  
any weather is better than  
no weather at all.

**All:** I really like weather.



**Group 1:** I never feel whiney  
when weather is rainy.

**Group 2:** And when it's sunshiny  
I don't feel complainy.

**All:** Weather sends me.  
So—

**Group 1:** Rain?

**Group 2:** Let it SPLASH!

**Group 1:** Thunder?

**Group 2:** CRRRASH!

**Group 1:** Hail?

**Group 2:** Clitter-clatter!

**Group 1:** What does it matter—

**All:** so long as there's weather!





# The Mitten

retold by Margaret H. Lippert

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## THE PLAYERS:

**Grandmother**

**Boy**

**Frog**

**Mouse**

**Owl**

**Rabbit**

**Bug**





*(Boy walks up to grandmother with wood.)*

**Boy:** I have the wood you asked me to get, Grandmother, but I dropped a mitten in the woods. I will go and look for it now.

**Grandmother:** No, come in now. You can't look for your mitten at night. You can look for it another time.

*(Boy and Grandmother go in.)*

*(Mouse and Frog are in the woods.)*

**Frog:** What are you looking for, Mouse?

**Mouse:** I am looking for a new home.

*(She sees the red mitten on the ground.)*

Who dropped that red mitten?  
I can live in it.

*(She walks into the mitten.)*

This is my new home!

**Frog:** May I come in, too?

**Mouse:** Yes, but don't step on me.

*(Frog hops into the mitten.)*

**Frog:** I like your new home.

*(Owl is in the woods. He sees the mitten.)*

**Owl:** Who dropped that red mitten?  
I will fly down and look in it.

**Frog:** Who is that?

**Owl:** It is Owl.

May I come in?

**Mouse:** Yes, you may.  
We can all fit.

*(Owl walks into the mitten.)*

**Owl:** I like your home.

*(Rabbit walks up.)*

**Rabbit:** It is late now. Where can I sleep?  
That mitten will do.

*(Rabbit hops up to the mitten.)*

**Mouse:** Who are you?

**Rabbit:** I am Rabbit. May I come in?

**Owl:** Another one can fit.

*(Rabbit hops into the mitten.)*

**Frog:** This is fun!

*(Bug walks up to the mitten.)*

**Bug:** What is in that red mitten? I will go  
and see.





**Mouse:** STOP! NO MORE!

**Frog:** We can't fit another one in this mitten.

**Rabbit:** Bug is very little. We can let Bug come in.

*(Bug walks into the mitten. The mitten rips.)*

**Bug:** Look out! Look out!

**Frog:** Now no one will sleep in this mitten.

*(The sun is up. Boy is looking for his mitten.)*

**Boy:** I can't find the mitten I dropped.

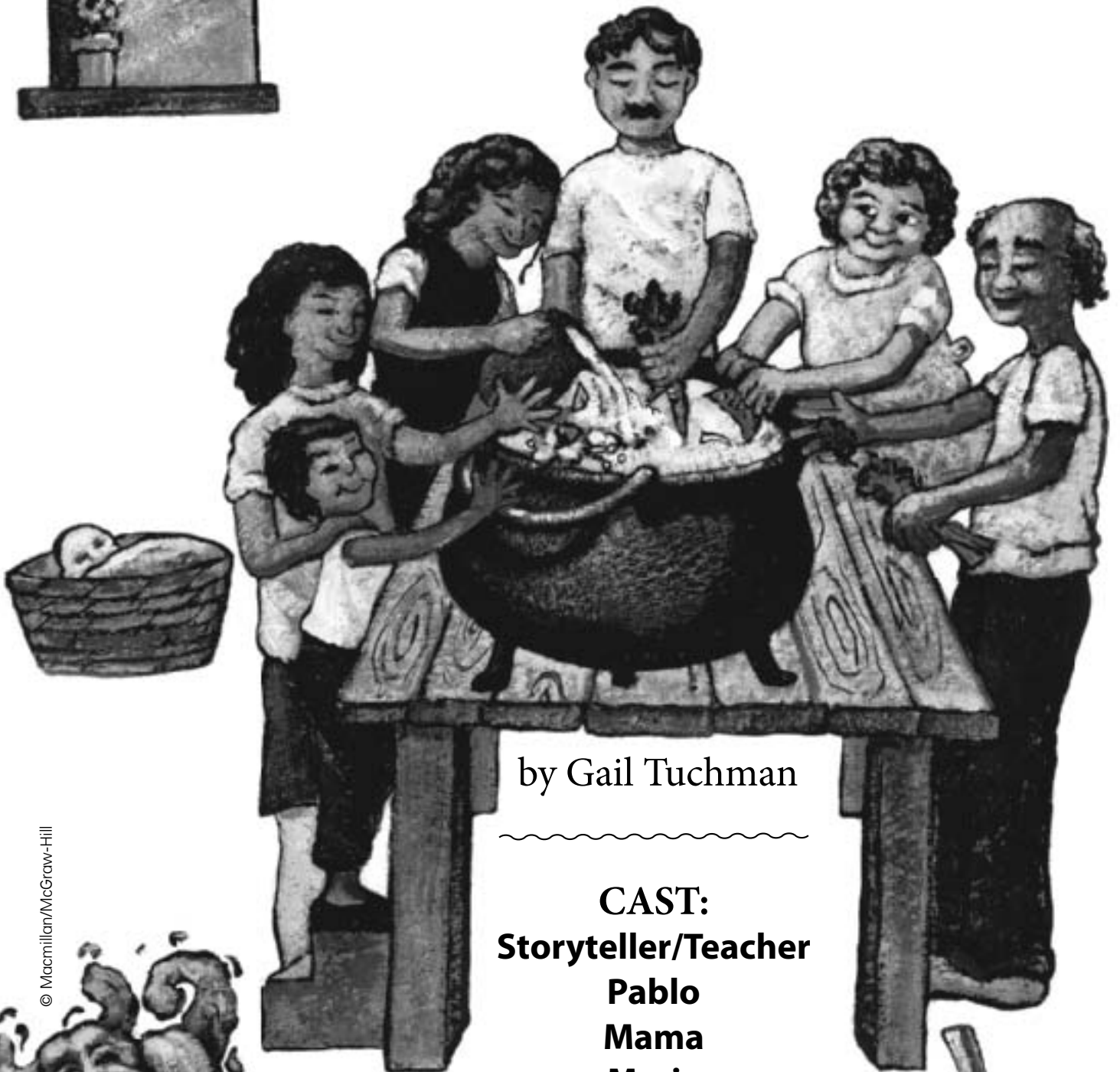
*(He sees the mitten on the ground and picks it up.)*

**Boy:** This *was* my mitten. I will take it home to Grandmother. She will know what to do with it.





# A Pinch of Pepper



by Gail Tuchman

CAST:  
Storyteller/Teacher

Pablo

Mama

Maria

Papa

Grandmama

Grandpapa

Baby



**Storyteller/Teacher:** Mama stood at the big stove. She was making soup. Some days she made corn soup. Some days she made rice soup. Some days she made pea soup. But on Saturdays, she always made chicken soup.

**Mama:** While this soup cooks, I can work in the garden. I'll pick beans and tomatoes. I'll pull onions and dig potatoes.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Mama went out to the garden. She picked vegetables. She pulled weeds. But when she saw the hot peppers, she stopped.

**Mama:** Uh oh! I forgot to put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Mama's hands were dirty. So she called to her daughter.

**Mama:** Maria, please put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Maria:** I can't, Mama. I'm washing the pups.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Mama called to her son.

**Mama:** Pablo, please put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Pablo:** I can't, Mama. I'm painting the fence.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Mama called to her husband.

**Mama:** Papa, please put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Papa:** I can't, Mama. I'm fixing the gate.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Mama called to Grandmama and Grandpapa.

**Mama:** Grandmama, Grandpapa, please put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Grandmama:** I can't, Mama. I'm chopping wood.

**Grandpapa:** I can't, Mama. I'm rocking the baby.

**Baby:** Wah! Wah! Wah!

**Mama:** I guess I'll just do it myself!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Mama opened the kitchen door.

**All:** SQUEAKITY SQUEAK.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Mama washed her hands. She put a pinch of pepper in the pot. Then she went back to the garden. Soon Maria opened the door.



**All:** SQUEAKITY SQUEAK.

**Maria:** I want to help Mama. I'll put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Then Maria went back to washing the pups, while Mama worked in the garden. Soon Pablo opened the door.

**All:** SQUEAKITY SQUEAK.

**Pablo:** I want to help Mama. I'll put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Then Pablo went back to painting the fence, while Maria washed the pups, and Mama worked in the garden. Soon Papa opened the door.

**All:** SQUEAKITY SQUEAK.

**Papa:** I want to help Mama. I'll put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Then Papa went back to fixing the gate, while Pablo painted the fence, while Maria washed the pups, and Mama worked in the garden. Soon Grandmama opened the door.

**All:** SQUEAKITY SQUEAK.



**Grandmama:** I want to help Mama. I'll put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Then Grandmama went back to chopping wood, while Papa fixed the gate, while Pablo painted the fence, while Maria washed the pups, and Mama worked in the garden. Soon Grandpapa opened the door.

**All:** SQUEAKITY SQUEAK.

**Grandpapa:** I want to help Mama. I'll put a pinch of pepper in the pot.

**Baby:** Wah! Wah! Wah!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Then Grandpapa went back to rocking the baby, while Grandmama chopped the wood, while Papa fixed the gate, while Pablo painted the fence, while Maria washed the pups, and Mama came in from the garden.

**All:** SQUEAKITY SQUEAK.

**Mama:** The soup is done at last!  
Everyone, please come in and eat.





**Storyteller/Teacher:** Maria stopped washing.  
Pablo stopped painting. Papa  
stopped fixing. Grandmama  
stopped chopping. Grandpapa  
stopped rocking.

**All:** We're hungry!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Everyone sat down. Mama  
carried in the big pot. She  
lifted the lid.

**All:** SNIFF! SNIFF! SNIFF!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Noses twitched. Noses itched.

**Baby:** Wah! Wah! Wah!

**All:** Ah . . . Ah . . . Ah . . .  
Chooooooooooo!

**Mama:** The soup is making you  
sneeze! I wonder why. I only  
put a pinch of pepper in the  
pot!

**All:** So did I!

**Mama:** No point in sitting and  
sneezing. I have an idea. If we  
make more soup, we won't  
smell the pepper. I'll put more  
water in the pot.  
SPLASH! SPLASH!

**Papa:** I'll wash more carrots and put them in the pot.  
PLUNK! PLUNK!

**Pablo:** I'll cut more beans and put them in the pot.  
PLINK! PLINK!

**Maria:** I'll dig more potatoes and put them in the pot.  
PLOP! PLOP!

**Grandpapa:** I'll pull more onions and put them in the pot.  
SLOSH! SLOSH!

**Grandmama:** I'll pick more tomatoes and put them in the pot.  
SQUISH! SQUISH!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Everyone put something in the soup. Now the big pot was full. And nobody, but *nobody*, put a pinch of pepper in the pot!

**Mama:** We have so much soup. Let's invite the neighbors!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** All the neighbors came. Everyone sat down. Once again, Mama carried in the big pot. She lifted the lid.

**All:** SNIFF! SNIFF! SNIFF!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** No noses twitched. No noses itched. So Mama served the soup.

**All:** Yummmm. This soup tastes great!

**Mama:** Yes, it does. But maybe it needs just a pinch of pepper!



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# I KNOW AN OLD LADY

retold by Julie Small-Gamby

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## CAST:

**Storyteller/  
Teacher  
Old Lady  
Fly  
Dr. Quack  
Spider**

**Bird  
Cat  
Dog  
Cow  
Horse**





**Storyteller/Teacher:** I know an Old Lady who swallowed a fly. Listen to her, and she'll tell you why.

**Old Lady:** Last week, I had a bad cold. I felt like I was going to sneeze. My mouth was open. Just then a fly flew by. Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . .

**Fly:** Buzz, buzz, buzz.

**Old Lady:** The fly flew in. And I swallowed it!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Soon the Old Lady began to feel funny.

**Fly:** Buzz, buzz, buzz.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Finally the Old Lady could stand it no longer. She ran to see Dr. Quack.

**Old Lady:** Dr. Quack! Dr. Quack! I swallowed a fly! It won't stop buzzing. I think I'm going to die!

**Dr. Quack:** Now, now. Don't worry. This happens all the time. I have just the thing to help you. Now open wide and swallow this spider. He'll catch the fly.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** The Old Lady opened wide. She swallowed the spider.

**Old Lady:** Gulp, gulp.





**Storyteller/Teacher:** She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. And you know why she swallowed the fly. Soon she began to feel funny.

**Fly:** Buzz, buzz, buzz.

**Spider:** Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Finally the Old Lady could stand it no longer. She ran to see Dr. Quack.

**Old Lady:** Dr. Quack! Dr. Quack! The buzzing was bad enough. But now I have the wriggles and the jiggles.

**Dr. Quack:** Now, now. Don't worry. This happens all the time. I have just the thing to help you. Now open wide and swallow this bird. She'll catch the spider.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** So the Old Lady swallowed the bird. How absurd!

**Old Lady:** Gulp, gulp.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** She swallowed the bird to catch the spider. She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. And you know why she swallowed the fly. Soon she began to feel funny.

**Fly:** Buzz, buzz, buzz.





**Spider:** Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle.

**Bird:** Chirp, chirp, chirp.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Finally the Old Lady could stand it no longer. She ran back to Dr. Quack.

**Old Lady:** Dr. Quack! Dr. Quack! The buzzing and wriggling were bad enough. But now I'm chirping like a bird. Feathers fly out when I open my mouth!



**Dr. Quack:** Now, now. Don't worry. This happens all the time. I have just the thing to help you. Now open wide and swallow this cat. She'll catch the bird.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** So the Old Lady swallowed the cat. Imagine that!

**Old Lady:** Gulp, gulp.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** She swallowed the cat to catch the bird. She swallowed the bird to catch the spider. She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. And you know why she swallowed the fly. Soon she began to feel funny.

**Fly:** Buzz, buzz, buzz.

**Spider:** Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle.



**Bird:** Chirp, chirp, chirp.

**Cat:** Meow, meow, meow.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Finally the Old Lady could stand it no longer. She ran to see Dr. Quack.

**Old Lady:** Dr. Quack! Dr. Quack! The buzzing and wriggling and chirping were bad enough. But now I'm meowing like a cat. I feel purr-fectly awful!

**Dr. Quack:** Now, now. Don't worry. This happens all the time. I have just the thing to help you. Now open wide and swallow this dog. He'll catch the cat.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** So the Old Lady swallowed the dog. What a hog!

**Old Lady:** Gulp, gulp.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** She swallowed the dog to catch the cat. She swallowed the cat to catch the bird. She swallowed the bird to catch the spider. She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. And you know why she swallowed the fly. Soon she began to feel funny.

**Fly:** Buzz, buzz, buzz.

**Spider:** Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle.

**Bird:** Chirp, chirp, chirp.







**Cat:** Meow, meow, meow.

**Dog:** Woof, woof, woof.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Finally the Old Lady could stand it no longer. She ran back to Dr. Quack.

**Old Lady:** Dr. Quack! Dr. Quack! The buzzing and wriggling and chirping and meowing were bad enough. But now I'm barking like a dog! I feel just aarf-ful!

**Dr. Quack:** Now, now. Don't worry. This happens all the time. I have just the thing to help you. Now open wide and swallow this cow. She'll catch the dog.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** So the Old Lady swallowed the cow. I don't know how!

**Old Lady:** Gulp, gulp.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** She swallowed the cow to catch the dog, She swallowed the dog to catch the cat. She swallowed the cat to catch the bird. She swallowed the bird to catch the spider. She swallowed the spider to catch the fly. And you know why she swallowed the fly. Soon she began to feel funny.





**Fly:** Buzz, buzz, buzz.

**Spider:** Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle.

**Bird:** Chirp, chirp, chirp.

**Cat:** Meow, meow, meow.

**Dog:** Woof, woof, woof.

**Cow:** Moo, moo, moo.

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Finally the Old Lady could stand it no longer. She ran back to Dr. Quack.

**Old Lady:** Dr. Quack! Dr. Quack! The buzzing and wriggling and chirping and meowing and barking were bad enough. But now I'm mooing like a cow!

**Dr. Quack:** Now, now. Don't worry. This happens all the time. I have just the thing to help you. Now open wide and swallow this horse. He'll catch the cow.

**Old Lady:** Swallow a horse? Wait a minute! The spider and the bird didn't help. The cat and the dog did no good at all. The cow just made me moo. I think I'd better get out of here!

**Horse:** Good idea. Jump on!





**Storyteller/Teacher:** So the Old Lady jumped on the horse and rode off, of course.

**Old Lady:** Giddyap!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Just then, the horse hit a bump.

**Horse:** Neigh! Neigh! Neigh!

**Storyteller/Teacher:** Out flew  
the cow  
the dog  
the cat  
the bird  
the spider  
and the fly!



**Cow:** Moo, Moo, Moo!

**Dog:** Woof, Woof, Woof!

**Cat:** Meow, Meow, Meow!

**Bird:** Chirp, Chirp, Chirp!

**Spider:** Wriggle, Wriggle, Wriggle!

**Fly:** Buzz, Buzz, Buzz!

**Old Lady:** Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!



# Ten Turtles in a Bed

by Fatima Mehmed

## CAST:

|                         |                  |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| <b>Narrator/Teacher</b> | <b>Turtle 6</b>  |
| <b>Turtle 1</b>         | <b>Turtle 7</b>  |
| <b>Turtle 2</b>         | <b>Turtle 8</b>  |
| <b>Turtle 3</b>         | <b>Turtle 9</b>  |
| <b>Turtle 4</b>         | <b>Turtle 10</b> |
| <b>Turtle 5</b>         |                  |

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**Narrator/Teacher:** There were ten in a bed  
And the turtles said

**All Turtles:** “Roll over, roll over”  
(*spin around once*)

**Narrator/Teacher:** So they all rolled over  
And one fell out  
(*Turtle 10 crawls away.*)



**Narrator/Teacher:** There were nine in a bed  
And the turtles said

**Turtles 1–9:** “Roll over, roll over”  
*(spin around once)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** So they all rolled over  
And one fell out  
*(Turtle 9 crawls away.)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** There were eight in a bed  
And the turtles said

**Turtles 1–8:** “Roll over, roll over”  
*(spin around once)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** So they all rolled over  
And one fell out  
*(Turtle 8 crawls away.)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** There were seven in a bed  
And the turtles said

**Turtles 1–7:** “Roll over, roll over”  
*(spin around once)*





**Narrator/Teacher:** So they all rolled over  
And one fell out

*(Turtle 7 crawls away.)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** There were six in a bed  
And the turtles said

**Turtles 1–6:** “Roll over, roll over”  
*(spin around once)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** So they all rolled over  
And one fell out

*(Turtle 6 crawls away.)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** There were five in a bed  
And the turtles said

**Turtles 1–5:** “Roll over, roll over”  
*(spin around once)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** So they all rolled over  
And one fell out

*(Turtle 5 crawls away.)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** There were four in a bed  
And the turtles said





**Turtles 1–4:** “Roll over, roll over”

*(spin around once)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** So they all rolled over  
And one fell out

*(Turtle 4 crawls away.)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** There were three in a bed  
And the turtles said

**Turtles 1–3:** “Roll over, roll over”

*(spin around once)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** So they all rolled over  
And one fell out

*(Turtle 3 crawls away.)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** There were two in a bed  
And the turtles said

**Turtles 1–2:** “Roll over, roll over”

*(spin around once)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** So they all rolled over  
And one fell out

*(Turtle 2 crawls away.)*

**Narrator/Teacher:** There was one in a bed  
And the last one said

**Turtle 1:** “Good night”



# Additional Read-Aloud Selections

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# Chippewa Lullaby

a Chippewa lullaby

Pine tree gently sigh

Sing a lullaby

For my baby

Little brooklet flow

Murmur soft and low

For my baby

Breezes come and sing

Let the cradle swing

For my baby

# The Mockingbird

a traditional lullaby

Hush, little baby, don't say a word.

Mama's going to buy you a mockingbird.

If the mockingbird won't sing,

Mama's going to buy you a diamond ring.

If the diamond ring turns to brass,

Mama's going to buy you a looking glass.

If the looking glass gets broke,

Mama's going to buy you a billy goat.

# SLEEP MY BABY

a Nigerian lullaby

Sleep, my baby, near to me

Lu, lu, lu- lu, lu, lu-

Close your velvet eyes

Far away in their nest

Baby birds flutter down to rest

High in the trees far from harm

Tiny monkey sleeps

Deep in his mother's arms

Sleep, my baby, near to me

Lu, lu, lu- lu, lu, lu-

Close your velvet eyes



# Brer Turtle Helps Out

an African American folktale

The sun was shining and the air was warm. Brer Rabbit was out walking. "What a mighty pleasant day!" he said. He was just about to sing a song when he heard someone crying for help.

"Help me! Help me! Please, somebody help me!" came a voice.

"Where are you?" Brer Rabbit hollered back.

"Down in the ditch, under a big rock!"

Brer Rabbit scampered down the ditch. And whom do you think he saw?

Why, it was Brer Wolf, stuck under a big old rock!

Brer Rabbit said, "Now what are you doing under that rock, Brer Wolf? That's one big rock, all right."

Brer Rabbit wondered if this was just one of Brer Wolf's clever tricks. Brer Wolf was always trying to catch Brer Rabbit.

But then Brer Rabbit heard Brer Wolf cry out again, "Oh please, come on down here and help get this rock off of me!"

Now Brer Rabbit felt truly bad for miserable old Brer Wolf. So he rolled that big old rock off Brer Wolf, then asked, "Are you hurt?"

Brer Wolf checked himself over and said, "Well, I must be the luckiest wolf in the world. I don't seem to be hurt one bit."

As soon as Brer Wolf realized that he wasn't hurt, he grabbed Brer Rabbit to eat him. Well! Now it was Brer Rabbit's turn to cry out. "Is this the way you thank folks who assist you?"

"Thank you for assisting me," said Brer Wolf. "Now I'm free to eat you!"

Brer Rabbit said, "Whoa, Brer Wolf. I do believe it's against the law to hurt folks who've done you a friendly turn. Now I'd be willing to leave the whole matter up to old Brer Turtle, who's been around these parts forever."

Brer Wolf agreed that Brer Turtle was honest and wise, so off they went to find him.

Brer Rabbit and Brer Wolf brought Brer Turtle to the ditch. After hearing each of them tell his side of the story, Brer Turtle said, "I need to see just how Brer Wolf was stuck under the big old rock."

So Brer Wolf lay down and Brer Rabbit rolled the rock back on top of him. Brer Turtle walked slowly around Brer Wolf, studying the situation, this way and that way.

Brer Wolf cried, "Hurry it up, Brer Turtle! This is no time to play games. This rock is crushing me!"

At last Brer Turtle said, "Brer Rabbit, you helped old Brer Wolf here, like a friend would do. And Brer Wolf thanked you for your help, as is only right. But then Brer Wolf was going to eat you up. Now that's where you were wrong, Brer Rabbit. Brer Wolf is no friend of yours. You had no business bothering Brer Wolf when he was under his rock."

"I do thank you for clearing that up, Brer Turtle," said Brer Rabbit.

Brer Turtle said, "You're welcome, Brer Rabbit. See, Brer Wolf, that's what friends do in these parts. They say 'Thank you' and 'You're welcome' and then they go on their way."

And that's just what Brer Rabbit and Brer Turtle did. They left Brer Wolf right where Brer Rabbit found him, down in the ditch, stuck under that big old rock!

# Cinderella

a classic fairy tale

Once upon a time there was a young girl named Ella. Before Ella was old enough to make her own way in the world, her mother grew very ill. "Always be a kind and dutiful girl, my little Ella," her mother told her. "And you will come to no great harm when I am gone."

After Ella's mother died, her father married again, and his new wife became Ella's stepmother. This new wife was proud and cruel and she had two daughters who were exactly like her. Almost as soon as the wedding took place, Ella's new stepmother and stepsisters began to make her life a misery.

"What is this unfortunate creature doing in our good rooms?" her stepmother asked. "Away to the kitchen with her! If she wants to eat, then she must work for her food. She will be our servant."

Ella's stepsisters took her dresses away and gave her rags to wear. "A servant doesn't need pretty things!" they said.

Then they put her to work. Poor Ella got up every day before sunrise, carried water, made the fire, cooked, served, and cleaned. She only had a few leftovers to eat. She had no bed to sleep in so she slept near the fireplace to keep warm. Because of this she was often covered in ashes—or cinders—so everyone started to call her Cinderella.

Even in her ragged clothing with ashes on her face, Cinderella was more beautiful than her stepsisters. And she was as good and kind as she was beautiful.

One day, news arrived that the king was going to have a ball. At this ball his son, the prince, would choose a bride. The two proud stepsisters were invited. Immediately, they started to prepare for the ball. It was Cinderella's job to help.

"I think the prince will like me in this dress," said the older stepsister, trying on a red gown.

"This necklace is exactly the color of my eyes," said the younger one.

"Don't you wish you could go to the ball, Cinderella?" they teased. Then they laughed. For everyone knew that Cinderella, covered in rags and ashes, would never be invited to the king's ball.

At last, it was time for the ball, and Cinderella watched her stepsisters leave in their coach. When she lost sight of them, she began to weep.

Her godmother, who was a fairy, appeared just then. "What is wrong, child?" she asked.

"I wish I could. I wish I could." Cinderella was crying so much that she could not finish.

"I know, my dear," said the fairy godmother. "You wish you could go to the ball."

Cinderella nodded.

"Well, then you shall," said the godmother. "First, go to the pumpkin patch and fetch me the best pumpkin you can find."

Cinderella soon returned with a big, fat pumpkin. The fairy godmother touched it with her magic wand and it turned into a beautiful coach. Next, her godmother called softly into a mouse hole and six little mice came out. As she tapped them one by one with her wand, they turned into stately gray horses to draw the coach. Then a stray cat came by. The fairy godmother quickly tapped it with her wand. Before Cinderella's eyes, the cat became a coachman with a long beard, to drive the coach.

"I hope your coach pleases you, my dear," said the godmother.

"Oh yes!" answered Cinderella. "But how can I go to the ball wearing these rags?"

The godmother simply touched Cinderella with her wand and at once her clothes were turned into a gown of gold and silver. Then she gave Cinderella the most beautiful glass slippers.

Just as Cinderella was about to leave, the fairy godmother said, "Be sure to be back by midnight, my dear. If you stay even a minute longer, then your coach will turn back into a pumpkin, your horses will be mice, and your coachman will be a cat. And your gown will once again be rags."

Cinderella promised. Then she was off. The magic coach flew through the air to the palace. The prince had been told that a great princess would soon arrive, and he ran out to receive Cinderella himself. He led her into the hall. A hush came over the guests as they entered.

"How lovely she is!" everyone whispered.

The prince led her across the floor and they danced together again and again. A fine meal was served but the young prince only gazed at Cinderella, and could not eat a bite. After the meal, they danced some more. Cinderella was so happy that she forgot to watch the clock and suddenly it struck twelve midnight.

At once Cinderella dashed away. Although the prince rushed after her, he could not catch Cinderella. In her haste, she left behind one of the glass slippers, which he picked up and carried with him.

Cinderella's coach had vanished and she had to run home in the dark. Her fine clothes were gone, too. All that remained was the other glass slipper.

When her stepsisters came home, they talked and talked about the mysterious princess from the ball. "Of course, one so low as you, Cinderella, could barely imagine her loveliness," they said.

A few days later, the king announced that his son would marry the young woman who had left her glass slipper at the ball. The prince was determined to find the mysterious princess, and he knew that only she could fit her foot perfectly into the glass slipper. The prince's men went from house to house, trying the slipper on every young woman in the land.

Time went by, but nowhere could they find a young woman whose foot fit into the slipper. At last it was brought to the two stepsisters. They pushed and pushed, each trying to squeeze a foot inside. But they could not.

Cinderella said, "Let me try it on."

Her sisters began to laugh and tease her. But the prince's men looked at Cinderella and saw her kindness and beauty. They offered her the slipper, and it went on her foot at once. Then, while her stepsisters watched in astonishment, Cinderella drew from her pocket the other glass slipper and put it on, too.

Now the stepsisters knew: Cinderella had been the unknown princess they had admired at the ball! They threw themselves at her feet to beg her forgiveness. Cinderella hugged them and said that she forgave them with all her heart.

Then Cinderella was taken to the prince. He was overwhelmed with love for her. Soon they were married and lived happily ever after from that day on.





# Little Ashes

a Native American *Cinderella* fairy tale

Once upon a time, there lived a father and his three daughters. They lived in a wigwam by the side of a lake. The two older sisters were lazy and mean. They ordered their younger sister around and made her do all the work. They sat idly by, gossiping and fixing their hair.

"We're hungry!" the two older sisters would say. "Make us our dinner now!" "We're cold!" they would complain. "Get more wood and build up the fire!"

The younger sister was as hard-working as the older two were lazy. And she was as good-hearted as they were mean. She never complained. She cleaned the wigwam, and cooked the meals, and cut wood for the fire. In fact, she spent so much time cooking and tending to the fire, that she was covered in ashes and soot from head to toe. The older sisters teased her about the way she looked.

"Just look at you!" they laughed. "You have ashes on your face and ashes in your hair. Your clothes are covered in ashes, too. Your name should be 'Little Ashes!'" And from then on, "Little Ashes" is what they called her.

Across the lake from the father and his daughters, there lived a powerful hero of the tribe. His name was Strong Wind. Everyone knew of him and his brave deeds. But no one had ever seen him. Why? Because Strong Wind had the power to make himself invisible. The only person who was able to see him was his sister, Soft Rain. Others could see only his footprints as he passed by. Or they could see the flap of his wigwam open and fall as he went in and out. But they could never see Strong Wind himself.

One day, Strong Wind said to his sister, "Soft Rain, it is time for me to marry. I would like a maiden who has a good and kind heart to be my wife. If I find such a maiden, she will be able to see me. The one who can see me is the one I will marry."



The news quickly spread among all the maidens of the village. Each maiden hoped she would be the one to marry Strong Wind. Each one put on her finest dress and best shell beads and went to the wigwam where Strong Wind and Soft Rain lived.

Soft Rain was very wise. She knew that many would pretend to see her brother, although they really could not see him. So she thought of a clever test for the maidens seeking to marry her brother. She greeted each maiden kindly and politely. Strong Wind sat quietly by his sled and watched.

"Do you see my brother?" Soft Rain asked each maiden.

"Oh, yes!" each one cried, even though it was not true. "Of course, I see him!"

Soft Rain then asked, "By what does my brother pull his sled?"

"By a heavy rope!" answered one maiden.

"No, no, by a leather belt!" said another.

"He has a dog to pull his sled!" said a third.

But they were all guessing, for they could not see Strong Wind at all. None had a heart that was good and kind enough to see him. They all failed Soft Rain's test. She asked no more questions. She just sent them home.

Like all the other maidens of the village, Little Ashes and her sisters wished to marry Strong Wind. The two older sisters began to prepare. Little Ashes remained quiet, saying nothing of her wish.

The older sisters ran to their father. "Father, Father," one sister cried. "We must have cloth to make new dresses!"

"Yes," said the other sister. "And we must have shells to make necklaces!"

Their father gave them cloth and shells. Then the two sisters turned to Little Ashes and said, "You sew so well, Little Ashes! You will make our new dresses!"

Little Ashes sewed and sewed. She made a beautiful skirt and blouse for each sister. "Now I need a belt covered with shells!" said one sister. "And I must have a beautiful headband made entirely of shells!" said the other. Little Ashes made what they wanted. When she was finished, all the cloth and all the shells their father had given them were used up. Not one scrap of cloth or one shell remained.



Little Ashes watched as the older sisters dressed in their new finery. Sadly, she saw them leave to go to Strong Wind's wigwam. Soft Rain greeted the two maidens kindly and politely. Strong Wind sat quietly by his sled and watched. "Do you see my brother?" she asked.

"Of course!" they both said, even though Strong Wind was invisible to them.

"By what does he pull his sled?" Soft Rain asked.

"By a rope made of grass!" guessed one sister.

"By a vine from a tree!" guessed the other sister.

Soft Rain shook her head. "No, you do not see my brother," she said. So she asked no more questions. She just sent the two sisters away.

While her sisters were gone, Little Ashes went to her father. "Father, may I please have some cloth for a new dress? And may I have shells for a necklace, too?"

Her father shook his head sadly. "All that I had I gave to your sisters," he said. "They did not think to share them with you. I'm sorry, my child, I have no more cloth or shells." He took Little Ashes by the hands. "But you have no need of them," he told her. "You have a good and kind heart. One day your reward will be far greater than a new dress or a fine necklace. I am sure of it."

Poor Little Ashes! Disappointed and downhearted, she went for a walk in the woods. As she was walking, she saw on the ground some pieces of white bark that had fallen from a birch tree. "I can make a dress of bark!" she thought happily. "Thank you, kind tree!" Then she saw all around her little white and yellow flowers. "I can weave these flowers into a necklace! Thank you, Mother Earth!" she cried.

Little Ashes took just as much bark as she needed for a dress. She picked just as many flowers as she needed for a necklace. And, once again thanking Mother Earth, she ran home to sew. Her fingers flew and soon she was finished. Then she washed her face and hair in the lake and put on her new clothing. She had some feathers stored away for making a blanket. She took two of these and braided them in her hair. She was ready.

In her bark dress, flowers, and feathers, Little Ashes arrived at Strong Wind's wigwam. Soft Rain greeted her kindly and politely.

"Do you see my brother?" Soft Rain asked.

"There is a handsome man coming up the path," answered Little Ashes. "Is he your brother?"



“By what does he pull his sled?” asked Soft Rain.

“By the trunks of two oak trees,” Little Ashes replied.

Soft Rain smiled. She had one more question. “What does he wear around his shoulders?”

“He wears a beautiful blanket made of a double rainbow!” Little Ashes exclaimed.

“Yes, you do see my brother!” cried Soft Rain. “You must have a good and kind heart. You are the maiden that my brother seeks for his wife! What is your name?”

“Little Ashes,” the young girl answered.

Soft Rain, Strong Wind, and Little Ashes sat together and talked through the night. Little Ashes explained why she was called by that name.

As the sun rose on a new day, Strong Wind said, “You will be my wife, the light of my life. So I will call you Dawn Light.”

With great joy, Strong Wind and Dawn Light were married. Dawn Light’s father was so happy for his youngest daughter. Her sisters were not.

Strong Wind said, “Dawn Light, your sisters need to learn a lesson for their mean ways. I will make them tremble before us.” Then Strong Wind turned the two sisters into two birch trees. Their leaves shivered in the breeze. They trembled in the softest rain. But Dawn Light had a good and kind heart, and she would not let Strong Wind punish them for more than a day and a night. “I am sure they will mend their ways,” she said.

“As you wish, my good and kind wife,” said Strong Wind. And they all lived happily ever after.

# The Story of Yeh-Shen

a *Cinderella* fairy tale from China

Once upon a time in China, there lived a girl named Yeh-Shen. She was as good and kind as she was beautiful. Her father often said that Yeh-Shen had a heart of gold.

After her father died, Yeh-Shen lived with her Stepmother and Stepsister. They were jealous of Yeh-Shen's beauty and her goodness, and they did not treat her kindly. They dressed her in old clothes that looked like rags. Instead of a bed, they gave her straw to sleep on. Instead of a room, they made her sleep on the floor in front of the fire. And all day long, Stepmother and Stepsister ordered Yeh-Shen about.

"Yeh-Shen, sweep the floor! Fetch the water!" cried Stepmother.

"And bring more wood for the fire!" added Stepsister.

Yeh-Shen just bowed and obeyed. "Yes, Stepmother. Yes, Stepsister," she said. She was kept busy doing chores from morning till night.

Yeh-Shen had only one friend. It was a beautiful fish with large golden eyes. The fish lived in the pond nearby. Each day without fail, Yeh-Shen took a minute to go to the pond and feed her friend. The girl had very little to eat. Stepmother gave her mostly scraps and leftovers. But still she managed to save a few crumbs and share them with her friend, the beautiful fish with the golden eyes.

Yeh-Shen sang, "Little Friend, Little Friend, I am here. Come to me." When the fish heard Yeh-Shen's voice, it swam up to where Yeh-Shen was waiting. Then the girl put out her hand and shared her food with the fish.

One day, Stepmother saw Yeh-Shen at the pond. Curious to know what the girl was doing, Stepmother hid behind a tree and watched. She heard Yeh-Shen sing her little song. Then she saw the beautiful fish with the golden eyes swim up to the edge of the pond. She thought, "That fish would make a delicious dinner for Stepsister and me! I must have it!"

The next day, Stepmother pretended to need firewood. She ordered Yeh-Shen to go to the forest and not return until she found enough firewood to last a few days. Once Yeh-Shen was out of sight, Stepmother went to the pond. Stepsister followed behind her.

Stepmother leaned over the water and sang using Yeh-Shen's voice, "Little Friend, Little Friend, I am here. Come to me." The fish came, and the cruel woman scooped it up in a net.

Later, Yeh-Shen returned with the firewood. She was tired and hungry. But she did not forget her friend. She had saved a few grains of rice from breakfast. She went to the pond and sang, "Little Friend, Little Friend, I am here. Come to me." But the fish did not appear. "Where is my friend?" wondered Yeh-Shen. "Why does my friend not come?"

Meantime, in the house, Stepmother and Stepsister had finished their dinner of fish and rice. Stepmother came to the door and called, "Yeh-Shen, come here this minute. There are dishes to be washed! And throw away these fish bones!" When Yeh-Shen heard those words, she knew what had happened to her friend. She cried and cried as if her heart would break.

"Do not cry," said a kindly voice. Yeh-Shen lifted her head and saw before her an old man in a long coat. He smiled at her, for he could see her goodness. "Your kindness deserves a reward," the old man said. "Dry your tears, my child. Here is what you must do. Keep the bones of the fish with the golden eyes in this pouch. The bones will grant you a wish."

Yeh-Shen thanked the old man and filled the pouch with the fish bones. Then she carefully hid the pouch under her straw bed.

In a few weeks, it was the time of the Moon Festival. Everyone in the village was invited to the palace to celebrate. Stepmother and Stepsister could hardly wait.

"Yeh-Shen, help me with my dress!" said Stepmother.

"Yeh-Shen, help me with my hair!" said Stepsister.

The two put on their finest clothes and jewels. "You will stay here, Yeh-Shen," ordered Stepmother. "Scrub the floors. Make sure they are spotless by the time we return!" And Stepmother and Stepsister went off to the festival, leaving Yeh-Shen behind.

Yeh-Shen wanted, more than anything, to go, too. "But I cannot go dressed in rags," she said to herself. Then she thought of the pouch of fish bones. She remembered that it would grant her a wish! She ran and got the pouch. She held it against her heart. Then she closed her eyes and made a wish. "Oh, how I wish I could go to the festival!" she whispered. And when she opened her eyes, she was dressed in a beautiful blue gown. On her head was a golden band. And on her tiny feet were the most beautiful tiny golden slippers she had ever seen.

Yeh-Shen was overjoyed! "Thank you, thank you!" she cried. "Now I can go to the festival!"

When Yeh-Shen entered the palace, everyone turned to look at her. "What a beautiful young woman!" they exclaimed. "Who is she?" they wondered. Stepmother and Stepsister looked at her, too. "Don't we know her?" Stepsister asked.

"She looks a little bit like Yeh-Shen," answered Stepmother. "But, of course, that is impossible!"

The king could not take his eyes off Yeh-Shen. He was captured not just by her beauty, but also by the goodness and kindness in her face. He could see that she had a heart of gold. "I must find out who she is," said the king, walking toward Yeh-Shen.

But Yeh-Shen saw Stepmother and Stepsister looking at her with puzzled expressions. Afraid that they would speak to her, Yeh-Shen turned and ran from the room. In her rush, one of the golden slippers fell off her foot. She stopped to take off the other slipper, so that she could run faster. And the moment she did that, her beautiful blue gown turned back to rags. She had to get away! She ran out of the palace, leaving her one tiny golden slipper behind.

A guard picked up the tiny golden slipper and took it to the king. He had never seen another one like it. "I must find the owner of this slipper," he said. "I will not be happy until I do." The king made a plan. He had the guard place the slipper in a tent. Then he told the rest of his guards to ride out to all the corners of the land.

"Make this announcement to all the ladies in my kingdom," he ordered. "They may come to the Tent of the Golden Slipper and try the slipper on. The one it fits may take it."

Many ladies came. They pushed and pulled to try to get the tiny slipper on, but they couldn't. It didn't fit.

Yeh-Shen waited until it was dark to go to the Tent of the Golden Slipper. There she saw the tiny golden slipper she had lost. How happy she was to find it! She went to get it, but the guard stopped her. He saw her rags and did not believe that the slipper could be hers.

"You must try it on to prove that it fits," he ordered.

Yeh-Shen bowed and obeyed. The golden slipper fit her perfectly! When the guard saw this, he took Yeh-Shen to the king. The king looked at the girl dressed in rags. But, as before, he could see that she was kind and good.

"Do you have the other slipper?" he asked.

Yeh-Shen pulled the matching slipper out of her pocket and put it on. When both tiny shoes were on her tiny feet, her rags changed back to the beautiful blue gown.

The king was overjoyed! He found the young woman he was looking for. He knew that Yeh-Shen was his true love. Yeh-Shen was very happy, too. The king was a kind and good man. She knew that her beloved fish had helped her heart of gold find its reward. Stepmother and Stepsister stamped their feet in anger! They could not believe Yeh-Shen's good fortune. But Yeh-Shen paid them no mind. She and the king were married. And they lived happily ever after.





# Think-Aloud

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I wonder . . .



**I made a  
connection when . . .**



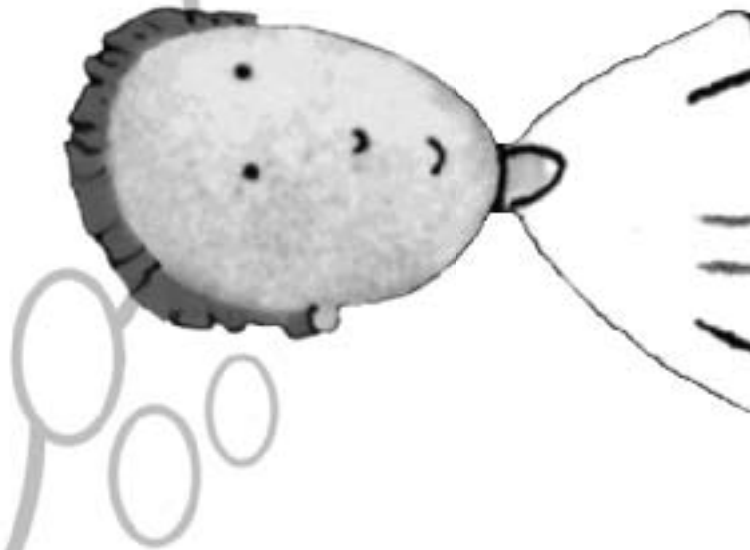
**I was able  
to picture  
in my mind . . .**



I figured out  
\_\_\_\_\_ because . . .



I noticed the  
author used ...



I thought \_\_\_\_\_  
was important in this  
text because . . .

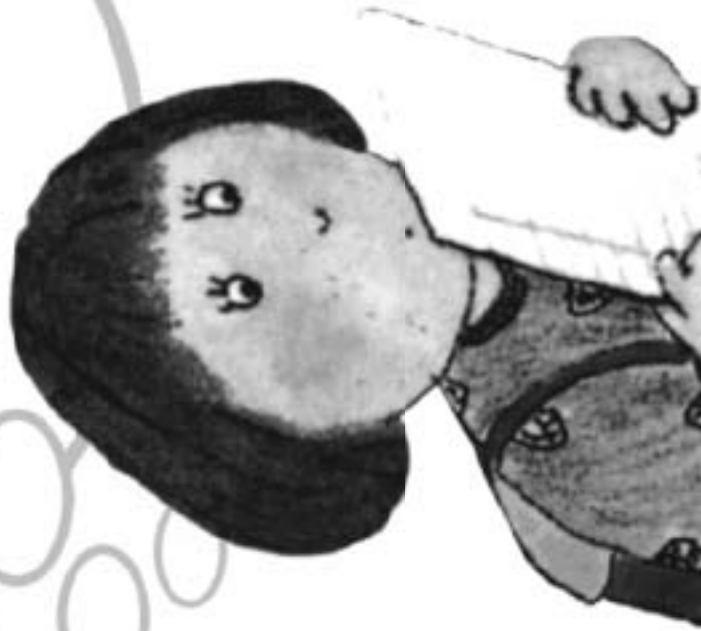




This was mostly  
about...



**When I read \_\_\_\_\_,  
I had to re-read,  
read back, read on . . .**





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# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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